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THE WORKS OF
THOMAS CARLYLE
IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XIV

HISTORY OF
FREDERICK THE GREAT
III

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HISTORY

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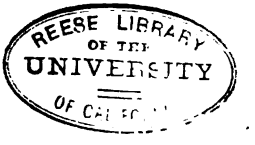
VOLUME III



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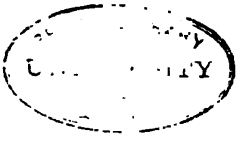

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BOOK IX

LAST STAGE OF FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP: LIFE IN RUPPIN

1732-1736

CHAPTER I

PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHRISTINA OF BRUNSWICK-BEVERN

WE described the Crown-Prince as intent to comply, especially in all visible external particulars, with Papa's will and pleasure;—to distinguish himself by real excellence in Commandantship of the Regiment Goltz, first of all. But before ever getting into that, there has another point risen, on which obedience, equally essential, may be still more difficult.

Ever since the grand Catastrophe went off *without* taking Friedrich's head along with it, and there began to be hopes of a pacific settlement, question has been, Whom shall the Crown-Prince marry? And the debates about it in the Royal breast and in Tobacco-Parliament, and rumours about it in the world at large, have been manifold and continual. In the Schulenburg Letters we saw the Crown-Prince himself much interested, and eagerly inquisitive on that head. As was natural: but it is not in the Crown-Prince's mind, it is in the Tobacco-Parliament, and the Royal breast as influenced there, that

the thing must be decided. Who in the world will it be, then?

Crown-Prince himself hears now of this party, now of that. England is quite over, and the Princess Amelia sunk below the horizon. Friedrich himself appears a little piqued that Hotham carried his nose so high; that the English would not, in those life-and-death circumstances, abate the least from their 'Both marriages or none,'—thinks they should have saved Wilhelmina, and taken his word of honour for the rest. England is now out of his head;—all romance is too sorrowfully swept out: and instead of the 'sacred air-cities of hope' in this high section of his history, the young man is looking into the 'mean clay hamlets of reality,' with an eye well recognising them for real. With an eye and heart already tempered to the due hardness for them. Not a fortunate result, though it was an inevitable one. We saw him flirting with the beautiful wedded Wreech; talking to Lieutenant-General Schulenburg about marriage, in a way which shook the pipeclay of that virtuous man. He knows he would not get his choice, if he had one; strives not to care. Nor does he, in fact, much care; the romance being all out of it. He looks mainly to outward advantages; to personal appearance, temper, good manners; to 'religious principle,' sometimes rather in the reverse way (fearing an *overplus* rather);—but always to likelihood of moneys by the match, as a very direct item. Ready command of money, he feels, will be extremely desirable in a Wife; desirable and almost indispensable, in present straitened circumstances. These are the notions of this ill-situated Cœlebs.

The parties proposed first and last, and rumoured of in Newspapers and the idle brains of men, have been very many,—no limit to their numbers; it *may* be anybody: an intending purchaser, though but possessed of sixpence, is in a sense proprietor of the whole Fair! Through Schulenburg we heard his own account of them, last Autumn;—but the far noblest of the lot was hardly glanced at, or not at all, on

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that occasion. The Kaiser's eldest Daughter, sole heiress of Austria and these vast Pragmatic-Sanction operations; Archduchess Maria Theresa herself,—it is affirmed to have been Prince Eugene's often-expressed wish, That the Crown-Prince of Prussia should wed the future Empress.[1] Which would indeed have saved immense confusions to mankind! Nay, she alone of Princesses, beautiful, magnanimous, brave, was the mate for such a Prince,—had the Good Fairies been consulted, which seldom happens:—and Romance itself might have become Reality in that case. with high results to the very soul of this young Prince! Wishes are free: and wise Eugene will have been heard, perhaps often, to express this wish; but that must have been all. Alas, the preliminaries, political, especially religious, are at once indispensable and impossible: we have to dismiss that day-dream. A Papal-Protestant Controversy still exists among mankind; and this is one penalty they pay for not having settled it sooner. The Imperial Court cannot afford its Archduchess on the terms possible in that quarter.

What the Imperial Court can do is, to recommend a Niece of theirs, insignificant young Princess, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, who is Niece to the Empress; and may be made useful in this way, to herself and us, think the Imperial Majesties;—will be a new tie upon the Prussians and the Pragmatic Sanction, and keep the Alliance still surer for our Archduchess in times coming, think their Majesties. She, it is insinuated by Seckendorf in Tobacco-Parliament; ought not she, Daughter of your Majesty's esteemed friend,—modest-minded, innocent young Princess, with a Brother already betrothed in your Majesty's House,—to be the Lady? It is probable she will.

Did we inform the reader once about Kaiser Karl's young marriage adventures; and may we, to remind him, mention them a second time? How Imperial Majesty, some five-and-

[1] Hormayr, *Allgemeine Geschichte der neuesten Zeit* (Wien, 1817), i. 13; cited in Preuss, i. 71.

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twenty years ago, then only King of Spain, asked Princess Caroline of Anspach, who was very poor, and an orphan in the world. Who at once refused, declining to think of changing her religion on such a score;—and now governs England, telegraphing with Walpole, as Queen there instead. How Karl, now Imperial Majesty, then King of Spain, next applied to Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel; and met with a much better reception there. Applied to old Anton Ulrich, reigning Duke, who writes big Novels, and does other foolish good-natured things;—who persuaded his Granddaughter that a change to Catholicism was nothing in such a case, that he himself should not care in the least to change. How the Granddaughter changed accordingly, went to Barcelona, and was wedded;—and had to dun old Grandpapa, 'Why don't you change, then?' Who did change thereupon; thinking to himself, 'Plague on it, I must, then!' the foolish old Herr. He is dead; and his Novels, in six volumes quarto, are all dead: and the Granddaughter is Kaiserinn, on those terms, a serene monotonous well-favoured Lady, diligent in her Catholic exercises; of whom I never heard any evil, good rather, in her eminent serene position. Pity perhaps that she had recommended her Niece for this young Prussian gentleman; whom it by no means did 'attach to the Family,' so very careful about him at Vienna! But if there lay a sin, and a punishment following on it, here or elsewhere, in her Imperial position, surely it is to be charged on foolish old Anton Ulrich; not on her, poor Lady, who had never coveted such height, nor durst for her soul take the leap thitherward, till the serene old literary gentleman showed her how easy it was.

Well, old Anton Ulrich is long since dead,[1] and his religious accounts are all settled beyond cavil; and only the sad duty devolves on me of explaining a little what and who his rather insipid offspring are, so far as related to readers of this History. Anton Ulrich left two sons; the elder of whom was Duke, and the younger had an Apanage, Blankenburg

[1] 1714, age 70. Hübner, t. 190.

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by name. Only this younger had children,—serene Kaiserinn that now is, one of them. The elder died childless,[1] precisely a few months before the times we are now got to; reigning Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel,[2] all but certain Apanages, and does not concern us farther. To that supreme dignity the younger has now come, and his Apanage of Blankenburg and children with him;—so that there is now only one outstanding Apanage (Bevern, not known to us yet); which also will perhaps get reunited, if we cared for it. Ludwig Rudolf is the name of this new sovereign Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, or Duke in chief; age now sixty; has a shining, bustling, somewhat irregular Duchess, says Wilhelmina; and a nose—or rather almost no nose, for sad reasons!'[3] Other qualities or accidents I know not of him,—except that he is Father of the Vienna Kaiserinn; Grandfather of the Princess whom Seckendorf suggests for our Friedrich of Prussia.

In Ludwig Rudolf's insipid offspring our readers are unexpectedly somewhat interested; let readers patiently attend, therefore. He had three Daughters, never any son. Two of his Daughters, eldest and youngest, are alive still; the middle one had a sad fate long ago. She married, in 1711, Alexius the Czarowitz of Peter the Great: foolish Czarowitz, miserable and making others miserable, broke her heart by ill conduct, ill usage, in four years; so that she died; leaving him only a poor small Peter II., who is now dead too, and that matter ended all but the memory of it. Some accounts bear, that *she* did not die; that she only pretended it, and ran and left her intolerable Czarowitz. That she wedded, at Paris, in deep obscurity, an Officer just setting-out for Louisiana; lived many years there as a thrifty soldier's wife; returned to Paris with her Officer reduced to half-pay; and told him,—or told

[1] 1731, Michaelis, i. 132.

[2] 'Welf-*booths*' (Hutted Camp of the Welfs), according to Etymology. 'Brunswick,' again, is *Braun's*-Wick; 'Braun' (Brown) being an old militant Welf in those parts, who built some lodge for himself, as a convenience there,—Year 880, say the uncertain old Books. Hübner, t. 149; Michaelis, etc.

[3] Wilhelmina, ii. 121.

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some select Official person after him, under sevenfold oath, being then a widow and necessitous,—her sublime secret. Sublime secret, which came thus to be known to a supremely select circle at Paris; and was published in Books, where one still reads it. No vestige of truth in it,—except that perhaps a necessitous soldier's widow at Paris, considering or ways and means, found that she had some trace of likeness to the Pictures of this Princess, and had heard her tragic story.

Ludwig Rudolf's second Daughter is dead long years ago; nor has this fable as yet risen from her dust. Of Ludwig Rudolf's other two Daughters, we have said that one, the eldest, was the Kaiserinn; Empress Elizabeth Christina, age now precisely forty; with two beautiful Daughters, sublime Maria Theresa the elder of them, and no son that would live. Which last little circumstance has caused the Pragmatic Sanction, and tormented universal Nature for so many years back! Ludwig Rudolf has a youngest Daughter, also married, and a Mother in Germany,—to this day conspicuously so;—of whom next, or rather of her Husband and Family-circle, we must say a word.

Her Husband is no other than the esteemed Friend of Friedrich Wilhelm; Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, by title; who, as a junior branch, lives on the Apanage of Bevern, as his Father did; but is sure now to inherit the sovereignty and be Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel at large, he or his Sons, were the present incumbent, Ludwig Rudolf, once out. Present incumbent, we have just intimated, is his Father-in-law; but it is not on that ground that he looks to inherit. He is Nephew of old Anton Ulrich, Son of a younger Brother (who was also 'Bevern' in Anton's time); and is the evident Heir-male; old Anton being already fallen into the distaff, with nothing but three Granddaughters. Anton's heir will now be this Nephew: Nephew has wedded one of the Granddaughters, youngest of the Three, youngest Daughter of Ludwig Rudolf, Sovereign Duke that now is; which Lady, by the family she brought him, if no otherwise, is memorable

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or mentionable here, and may be called a Mother in Germany.[1]

Father Bevern her Husband, Ferdinand Albert the name of him, is now just fifty, only ten years younger than his serene Father-in-law Ludwig Rudolf:—whom, I may as well say here, he does at last succeed, three years hence (1735), and becomes Duke of Brunswick in General, according to hope; but only for a few months, having himself died that same year. Poor Duke; rather a good man, by all the accounts I could hear; though not of qualities that shone. He is at present 'Duke of Brunswick-Bevern,'—such his actual nomenclature in those ever-fluctuating Sibyl's-leaves of German History-Books, Wilhelmina's and the others;—expectant Duke of Brunswick in General; much a friend of Friedrich Wilhelm. A kind of Austrian soldier he was formerly, and will again be for brief times; General Feldmarschall so-styled; but is not notable in War, nor otherwise at all, except for the offspring he had by this serene Spouse of his. Insipid offspring, the impatient reader says; but permits me to enumerate one or two of them:

---

[1] ANTON ULRICH (1633-1714), Duke in Chief; that is, Duke of Brunswick-*Wolfenbüttel*.

FERDINAND ALBERT (1636-1687), his younger Brother apanaged in Bevern; that is, Duke of Brunswick-*Bevern*.

AUGUST WILHELM, elder Son and Heir (1662, 1714, 1731); had no Children.

LUDWIG RUDOLF, the younger Son (1671, 1731, 1735), apanaged in Blankenburg; Duke of Brunswick-*Blankenburg*; became *Wolfenbüttel*, 1731; died, 1st March 1735. No Son: so hat now the Bevern succeeded. Three Daughters:

FERDINAND ALBERT, eldest Son (an elder had perished, 1704, on the Schellenberg under Marlborough), followed in Bevern (1680, 1687-1704, 1735); Kaiser's soldier, Friedrich Wilhelm's friend; married his Cousin, Antoinette Amelia ('Mother in Germany,' as we call her). Duke in Chief, 1st March 1735, on Ludwig Rudolf's decease; died himself, 3d September same year.

Elisabeth Christina, the Kaiserina (1691, 1708, 1730).

Charlotte Christina (1694, 1711, 1715); Alexius of Russia's; had a *fabulous* end.

Antoinette Amelia (1695, 1712, 1762); Bevern's Wife, —a 'Mother in Germany.'

Born 1713, Karl the Heir (to marry our Friedrich's Sister).

1714, Anton Ulrich (Russia; tragedy of Czar Iwan).

1715, 8th November, Elisabeth Christina (Crown-Prince's).

1718, Ludwig Ernst (Holland, 1787).

1721, Ferdinand (Chatham's and England's) of the Seven-Years War.

1722, 1724, 1725, 1732, Four others; Boys the youngest Two, who were both killed in Friedrich's Wars.

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1°. Karl, eldest Son; who is sure to be Brunswick in General; who is betrothed to Princess Charlotte of Prussia,—'a satirical creature, she, fonder of my Prince than of him,' Wilhelmina thinks. The wedding nevertheless took effect. Brunswick in General duly fell in, first to the Father; then, in a few months more, to Karl with his Charlotte: and from them proceeded, in due time, another Karl, of whom we shall hear in this History;—and of whom all the world heard much in the French Revolution Wars; in 1792, and still more tragically afterwards. Shot, to death or worse, at the Battle of Jena, October 1806; 'battle lost before it was begun,'—such the strategic history they give of it. He peremptorily ordered the French Revolution to suppress itself; and that was the answer the French Revolution made him. From this Karl, what *new* Queens Caroline of England and portentous Dukes of Brunswick, sent upon their travels through the anarchic world, profitable only to Newspapers, we need not say!—

2°. Anton Ulrich; named after his august Great-Grandfather; does not write novels like him. At present a young gentleman of eighteen; goes into Russia before long, hoping to beget Czars; which issues dreadfully for himself and the potential Czars he begot. The reader has heard of a potential 'Czar Iwan,' violently done to death in his room, one dim moonlight night of 1764, in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, middle of Lake Ladoga; misty moon looking down on the stone battlements, on the melancholy waters, and saying nothing.—But let us not anticipate.

3°. Elizabeth Christina; to us more important than any of them. Namesake of the Kaiserinn, her august Aunt; age now seventeen; insipid fine-complexioned young lady, who is talked of for the Bride of our Crown-Prince. Of whom the reader will hear more. Crown-Prince fears she is 'too religious,'—and will have '*cagots*' about her (solemn persons in black, highly unconscious how little wisdom they have), who may be troublesome.

4°. A merry young Boy, now ten, called Ferdinand; with whom England within the next thirty years will ring, for some time, loud enough: the great 'Prince Ferdinand' himself,—under whom the Marquis of Granby and others became great; Chatham superintending it. This really was a respectable gentleman, and did considerable things,—a Trismegistus in comparison with the Duke of Cumberland whom he succeeded. A cheerful, singularly-polite, modest, well-conditioned man withal. To be slightly better known to us, if we live. He at present is a Boy of ten, chasing the thistle's beard.

5°. Three other sons, all soldiers, two of them younger than Ferdinand; whose names were in the gazettes down to a late period;—whom we shall ignore in this place. The last of them was marched out

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of Holland, where he had long been Commander-in-chief on rather Tory principles, in the troubles of 1787. Others of them we shall see storming forward on occasion, valiantly meeting death in the field of fight, all conspicuously brave of character; but this shall be enough of them at present.

It is of these that Ludwig Rudolf's youngest daughter, the serene Ferdinand Albert's wife, is Mother in Germany; highly conspicuous in their day. If the question is put, it must be owned they are all rather of the insipid type. Nothing but a kind of albuminous simplicity noticeable in them; no wit, originality, brightness in the way of uttered intellect. If it is asked, How came they to the least distinction in this world? —the answer is not immediately apparent. But indeed they are Welf of the Welfs, in this respect as in others. One asks, with increased wonder, noticing in the Welfs generally nothing but the same albuminous simplicity, and poverty rather than opulence of uttered intellect, or of qualities that shine, How the Welfs came to play such a part, for the last thousand years, and still to be at it, in conspicuous places?

Reader, I have observed that uttered intellect is not what permanently makes way, but *un*uttered. Wit, logical brilliancy, spiritual effulgency, true or *false*,—how precious to idle mankind, and to the Newspapers and History-Books, even when it is false: while, again, Nature and Practical Fact care next to nothing for it in comparison, even when it is true! Two silent qualities you will notice in these Welfs, modern and ancient; which Nature much values: *First*, consummate human Courage; a noble, perfect, and as it were unconscious superiority to fear. And then *secondly*, much weight of mind, a noble not too conscious Sense of what is Right and Not Right, I have found in some of them;—which means mostly *weight*, or good gravitation, good observance of the perpendicular; and is called justice, veracity, high-honour, and other such names. These are fine qualities indeed, especially with an 'albuminous simplicity' as vehicle to them. If the Welfs had not much articulate intellect, let us guess

they made a good use, not a bad or indifferent, as is commoner, of what they had.

Who his Majesty's Choice is; and what the Crown-Prince thinks of it

Princess Elizabeth Christina, the insipid Brunswick specimen, backed by Seckendorf and Vienna, proves on consideration the desirable to Friedrich Wilhelm in this matter. But his Son's notions, who as yet knows her only by rumour, do not go that way. Insipidity, triviality; the fear of '*cagotage*' and frightful fellows in black supremely unconscious what blockheads they are, haunts him a good deal. And as for any money coming,—her sublime Aunt the Kaiserinn never had much ready-money; one's resources on that side are likely to be exiguous. He would prefer the Princess of Mecklenburg, Semi-Russian Catharine or Anna, of whom we have heard; would prefer the Princess of Eisenach (whose name he does not know rightly); thinks there are many Princesses preferable. Most of all he would prefer, what is well known of him in Tobacco-Parliament, but known to be impossible, this long while back, to go upon a round of travel,—as for instance the Prince of Lorraine is now doing,—and look about him a little.

These candid considerations the Crown-Prince earnestly suggests to Grumkow, and the secret committee of Tobacco-Parliament; earnestly again and again, in his Correspondence with that gentleman, which goes on very brisk at present. 'Much of it lost,' we hear;—but enough, and to spare, is saved! Not a beautiful correspondence: the tone of it shallow, hard of heart; tragically flippant, especially on the Crown-Prince's part; now and then even a touch of the hypocritical from him, slight touch and not with will: alas, what can the poor young man do? Grumkow,—whose ground, I think, is never quite so secure since that Nosti business,—professes ardent attachment to the real interests

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of the Prince; and does solidly advise him of what is feasible, what not, in headquarters: very exemplary 'attachment'; credible to what length, the Prince well enough knows. And so the Correspondence is unbeautiful; not very descriptive even,—for poor Friedrich is considerably under mask, while he writes to that address; and of Grumkow himself we want no more 'description'; and is, in fact, on its own score, an avoidable article rather than otherwise; though perhaps the reader, for a poor involved Crown-Prince's sake, will wish an exact Excerpt or two before we quite dismiss it.

Towards turning-off the Brunswick speculation, or turning-on the Mecklenburg or Eisenach or any other in its stead, the Correspondence naturally avails nothing. Seckendorf has his orders from Vienna: Grumkow has his pension,—his cream-bowl duly set,—for helping Seckendorf. Though angels pleaded, not in a tone of tragic flippancy, but with the voice of breaking hearts, it would be to no purpose. The Imperial Majesties have ordered, Marry him to Brunswick, 'bind him the better to our House in time coming'; nay, the Royal mind at Potsdam gravitates, of itself, that way, after the first hint is given. The Imperial will has become the Paternal one; no answer but obedience. What Grumkow can do will be, if possible, to lead or drive the Crown-Prince into obeying smoothly, or without breaking of harness again. Which, accordingly, is pretty much the sum of his part in this unlovely Correspondence: the geeho-ing of an expert wagoner, who has got a fiery young Arab thoroughly tied into his dastard sandcart, and has to drive him by voice, or at most by slight *crack* of whip; and does it. Can we hope, a select specimen or two of these Documents, not on Grumkow's part, or for Grumkow's unlovely sake, may now be acceptable to the reader? A Letter or two picked from that large stock, in a legible state, will show us Father and Son, and how that tragic matter went on, better than description could.

Papa's Letters to the Crown-Prince during that final Cüstrin period, when Carzig and Himmelstädt were going on, and

there was such progress in Economics, are all of hopeful ruggedly affectionate tenor; and there are a good few of them: style curiously rugged, intricate, headlong; and a strong substance of sense and worth tortuously visible everywhere. Letters so delightful to the poor retrieved Crown-Prince then and there; and which are still almost pleasant reading to third-parties, once you introduce grammar and spelling. This is one exact specimen; most important to the Prince and us. Suddenly, one night, by estafette, his Majesty, meaning nothing but kindness, and grateful to Seckendorf and Tobacco-Parliament for such an idea, proposes,—in these terms (merely reduced to English and the common spelling):—

'*To the Crown-Prince at Cüstrin* (from Papa)

'Potsdam, 4th February 1732.

'My dear Son Fritz,—I am very glad you need no more physic. But you must have a care of yourself, some days yet, for the severe weather; which gives me and everybody colds; so pray be on your guard (*nehmet Euch hübsch in Acht*).

'You know, my dear Son, that when my children are obedient, I love them much: so, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you everything; and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought of nothing but of your well-being and how to establish you,—not in the Army only, but also with a right Stepdaughter, and so see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have had the Princesses of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and examined by trusty people, what their conduct is, their education and so on: and so a Princess has been found, the Eldest one of Bevern, who is well brought-up, modest and retiring, as women ought to be.

'You will without delay (*citò*) write me your mind on this. I have purchased the Von Katsch House; the Feldmarschall,' old Wartensleben, poor Katte's grandfather, 'as Governor' of Berlin, 'will get that to live in: and his Government House[1] I will have made-new for you,

[1] Fine enough old House, or Palace, built by the Great Elector; given by him to Graf Feldmarschall von Schomberg, the 'Duke Schomberg' who was killed in the Battle of the Boyne: 'same House, opposite the Arsenal, which belongs now (1855) 'to his Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia.' (Preuss, i. 73; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 12 *n.*)

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and furnish it all; and give you enough to keep house yourself there; and will command you into the Army, April coming' (which is quite a subordinate story, your Majesty !).

'The Princess is not ugly, nor beautiful. You must mention it to no mortal ;—write indeed to Mamma (*der Mama*) that I have written to you. And when you shall have a Son, I will let you go on your Travels,—wedding, however, cannot be before winter next. Meanwhile I will try and contrive opportunity that you see one another, a few times, in all honour, yet so that you get acquainted with her. She is a god-fearing creature (*gotteefürchtiges Mensch*), which is all in all; will suit herself to you' (be *comportable* to you) 'as she does to the Parents-in-law.

'God give his blessing to it; and bless You and your Posterity, and keep Thee as a good Christian. And have God always before your eyes; —and don't believe that damnable *Particular* tenet' (Predestination); 'and be obedient and faithful: so shall it, here in Time and there in Eternity, go well with thee ;—and whoever wishes that from the heart, let him say Amen.—Your true Father to the death,

'FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

'When the Duke of Lorraine comes, I will have thee come. I think thy Bride will be here then. Adieu ; God be with you.'[1]

This important Missive reached Cüstrin, by estafette, that same midnight, 4th-5th February; when Wolden, 'Hofmarschall of the Prince's Court' (titular Goldstick there, but with abundance of real functions laid on him), had the honour to awaken the Crown-Prince into the joy of reading. Crown-Prince instantly despatched, by another estafette, the requisite responses to Papa and Mamma,—of which Wolden does not know the contents at all, not he, the obsequious Goldstick ;—but doubtless they mean 'Yes,' Crown-Prince appearing so overjoyed at this splendid evidence of Papa's love, as the Goldstick could perceive.[2]

What the Prince's actual amount of joy was, we shall learn better from the following three successive utterances of his,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 55.

[2] Wolden's *Letter* to Friedrich Wilhelm, '5th February 1732': in Preuss, ii. part 2d (or *Urkundenbuch*), p. 206. Mamma's answer to the message brought her by this return estafette, a mere formal *Very-well*, written from the fingers outward, exists (*Œuvres*, xxvi. 65); the rest have happily vanished.

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confidentially despatched to Grumkow in the intermediate days, before Berlin or this 'Duke of Lorraine' (whom our readers and the Crown-Prince are to wait upon), with actual sight of Papa and the Intended, came in course. Grumkow's Letters to the Crown-Prince in this important interval are not extant, nor if they were could we stand them; from the Prince's Answers it will be sufficiently apparent what the tenor of them was. Utterance *first* is about a week after that of the estafette at midnight:

To General Feldmarschall von Grumkow, at Potsdam (from the Crown-Prince).

'Cüstrin, 11th February 1732.

'MY DEAR GENERAL AND FRIEND,—I was charmed to learn by your Letter that my affairs are on so good a footing' (Papa so well satisfied with my professions of obedience); 'and you may depend on it I am docile to follow your advice. I will lend myself to whatever is possible for me; and provided I can secure the King's favour by my obedience, I will do all that is within my power.

'Nevertheless, in making my bargain with the Duke of Bevern, manage that the *Corpus delicti*' (my Intended) 'be brought up under her Grandmother' (Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Ludwig Rudolf's Spouse, an airy coquettish Lady,—let her be the tutoress and model of my Intended, O General). 'For I should prefer being made a'—what shall we say? by a light wife,—'or to serve under the haughty *fontange*[1] of my Spouse' (as Ludwig Rudolf does, by all accounts), 'than to have a blockhead who would drive me mad by her ineptitudes, and whom I should be ashamed to produce.

'I beg you labour at this affair. When one hates romance heroines as heartily as I do, one dreads those "virtues" of the ferocious type' (*les vertus farouches*, so terribly aware that they are virtuous); and I had rather marry the greatest'—(unnameable)—'in Berlin, than a devotee with half-a-dozen ghastly hypocrites (*cagots*) at her beck. If it were still *möglich*' (possible, in German) 'to make her Calvinist' (*Réformée*; our Court-Creed, which might have an allaying tendency, and at least would make her go with the stream)? 'But I doubt that:—I will insist, however, that her Grandmother have the training of her.

[1] Species of top-knot; so named from Fontange, an unfortunate female of Louis Fourteenth's, who invented the ornament.

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What you can do to help in this, my dear Friend, I am persuaded you will do.

'It afflicted me a little that the King still has doubts of me, while I am obeying in such a matter, diametrically opposite to my own ideas. In what way shall I offer stronger proofs? I may give myself to the Devil, it will be to no purpose; nothing but the old song over again, doubt on doubt.—Don't imagine I am going to disoblige the Duke, the Duchess or the Daughter, I beseech you! I know too well what is due to them, and too much respect their merits, not to observe the strictest rules of what is proper,—even if I hated their progeny and them like the pestilence.

'I hope to speak to you with open heart at Berlin.'— —'You may think, too, how I shall be embarrassed, having to do the *Amoroso* perhaps without being it, and to take an appetite for mute ugliness,—for I don't much trust Count Seckendorf's taste in this article,'—in spite of his testimonies in Tobacco-Parliament and elsewhere. 'Monsieur! Once more, get this Princess to learn by heart the *École des Maris* and the *École des Femmes*; that will do her much more good than *True Christianity* by the late Mr. Arndt![1] If, besides, she would learn steadiness of humour (*toujours danser sur un pied*), learn music; and, *nota bene*, become rather too free than too virtuous, ah then, my dear General, then I should feel some liking for her, and a Colin marrying a Phyllis, the couple would be in accordance: but if she is stupid, naturally I renounce the Devil and her.'— —'It is said she has a Sister, who at least has common sense. Why take the eldest, if so? To the King it must be all one. There is also a Princess Christina Marie of Eisenach' (real name being Christina *Wilhelmina*, but no matter), 'who would be quite my fit, and whom I should like to try for. In fine, I mean to come soon into your Countries;[2] and perhaps will say like Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*.' * *

Paragraph of tragic compliments to Grumkow we omit. Letter ends in this way:

'Your Baireuth News is very interesting; I hope, in September next' (time of a grand problem coming there for Wilhelmina), 'my Sister will recover her first health. If I go travelling, I hope to have the consolation of seeing her for a fortnight or three weeks; I love her more than my life; and for all my obediences to the King, surely I shall deserve that

[1] Johann Arndt ('late' this long while back) *Vom wahren Christenthum*, Magdeburg, 1610.

[2] Did come, 26th February, as we shall see.

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recompense. The diversions for the Duke of Lorraine are very well schemed; but'—but what mortal can now care about them? Close, and seal.[1]

As to this Duke of Lorraine just coming, he is Franz Stephan, a pleasant young man of twenty-five, son of that excellent Duke Leopold Joseph, whom young Lyttelton of Hagley was so taken with, while touring in those parts in the Congress-of-Soissons time. Excellent Duke Leopold Joseph is since dead; and this Franz has succeeded to him,—what succession there was; for Lorraine as a Dukedom has its neck under the foot of France this great while, and is evidently not long for this world. Old Fleury, men say, has his eye upon it. And in fact it was, as we shall see, eaten-up by Fleury within four-years time; and this Franz proved the last of all the Dukes there. Let readers notice him: a man of high destiny otherwise, of whom we are to hear much. For ten years past he has lived about Vienna, being a born Cousin of that House (Grandmother was Kaiser Leopold's own Sister); and it is understood, nay, it is privately settled he is to marry the transcendent Archduchess, peerless Maria Theresa herself; and is to reap, he, the whole harvest of that Pragmatic Sanction sown with such travail of the Universe at large. May be King of the Romans (which means successor to the Kaisership) any day; and actual Kaiser one day.

We may as well say here, he did at length achieve these dignities, though not quite in the time or on the terms proposed. King of the Romans old Kaiser Karl never could quite resolve to make him,—having always hopes of male progeny yet; which never came. For his peerless Bride he waited six years still (owing to accidents), 'attachment mutual all the while;' did then wed, 1738, and was the happiest of men and expectant Kaisers:—but found, at length, the Pragmatic Sanction to have been a strange sowing of dragon's-teeth, and the first harvest reapable from it a world of armed men!—for the present he is on a grand Tour, for instruction

[1] Förster, iii. 160-162; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 37-39.

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and other objects; has been in England last; and is now getting homewards again, to Vienna, across Germany; conciliating the Courts as he goes. A pacific friendly eupeptic young man; Crown-Prince Friedrich, they say, took much to him in Berlin; did not quite swear eternal friendship; but kept-up some correspondence for a while, and 'once sends him a present of salmon.'—But to proceed with the utterances to Grumkow.

Utterance *second* is probably of prior date; but introducible here, being an accidental Fragment, with the date lost:

To the Feldmarschall von Grumkow (from the Crown-Prince; exact date lost)

'* * As to what you tell me of the Princess of Mecklenburg,' for whom they want a Brandenburg Prince,—'could not *I* marry her? Let her come into this Country, and think no more of Russia: she would have a dowry of two or three millions of roubles,—only fancy how I could live with that! I think that project might succeed. The Princess is Lutheran; perhaps she objects to go into the Greek Church?——I find none of these advantages in this Princess of Bevern; who, as many people, even of the Duke's Court, say, is not at all beautiful, speaks almost nothing, and is given to pouting (*faisant la fâchée*). The good Kaiserinn has so little herself, that the sums she could afford her Niece would be very moderate.'[1]

'Given to pouting,' too! No, certainly; your Insipidity of Brunswick, without prospects of ready-money; dangerous for *cagotage*; 'not a word to say for herself in company, and given to pouting': I do not reckon her the eligible article!—

Seckendorf, Schulenburg, Grumkow and all hands are busy in this matter: geeho-ing the Crown-Prince towards the mark set before him. With or without explosion, arrive there he must; other goal for him is none!—In the meanwhile, it appears, illustrious Franz of Lorraine, coming on, amid the proper demonstrations, through Magdeburg and the Prussian

[1] Fragment given in *Seckendorf's Leben*, iii. 249 *n*.

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Towns, has caught some slight illness and been obliged to pause; so that Berlin cannot have the happiness of seeing him quite so soon as it expected. The high guests invited to meet Duke Franz, especially the high Brunswicks, are already there. High Brunswicks, Bevern with Duchess, and still more important, with Son and with Daughter:—insipid *Corpus delicti* herself has appeared on the scene; and Grumkow, we find, has been writing some description of her to the Crown-Prince. Description of an unfavourable nature; below the truth, not above it, to avert disappointment, nay to create some gleam of inverse joy, when the actual meeting occurs. That is his art in driving the fiery little Arab ignominiously yoked to him; and it is clear he has overdone it, for once. This is Friedrich's *third* utterance to him; much the most emphatic there is:

To the General Feldmarschall von Grumkow

'Oüstrin, 19th Feb. 1732.

'Judge, my dear General, if I can have been much charmed with the description you give of the abominable object of my desires! For the love of God, disabuse the King in regard to her' (show him that she is a fool, then); 'and let him remember well that fools commonly are the most obstinate of creatures.

'Some months ago he wrote a Letter to Wolden,' the obsequious Goldstick, 'of his giving me the choice of several Princesses: I hope he will not give himself the lie in that. I refer you entirely to the Letter, which Schulenburg will have delivered,'—little Schulenburg called here, in passing your way; all hands busy. 'For there is no hope of wealth, no reasoning, nor chance of fortune that could change my sentiment as expressed there' (namely, that I will not have her, whatever become of me); 'and miserable for miserable, it is all one! Let the King but think that it is not for himself that he is marrying me, but for *myself*; nay, he too will have a thousand chagrins, to see two persons hating one another, and the miserablest marriage in the world;—to hear their mutual complaints, which will be to him so many reproaches for having fashioned the instrument of our yoke. As a good Christian, let him consider, If it is well done to wish to force people; to cause divorces, and to be the occasion of all the sins that an ill-assorted marriage leads us to commit! I am determined to front everything in the world sooner: and since things

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are so, you may in some good way apprise the Duke' of Bevern 'that, happen what may, I never will have her.

'I have been unfortunate (*malheureux*) all my life; and I think it is my destiny to continue so. One must be patient, and take the time as it comes. Perhaps a sudden tract of good fortune, on the back of all the chagrins I have made profession of ever since I entered this world, would have made me too proud. In a word, happen what will, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have suffered sufficiently for an exaggerated crime' (that of "attempting to desert";—Heavens!)—'and I will not engage myself to extend my miseries (*chagrins*) into future times. I have still resources:—a pistol-shot can deliver me from my sorrows and my life: and I think a merciful God would not damn me for that; but, taking pity on me, would, in exchange for a life of wretchedness, grant me salvation. This is whitherward despair can lead a young person, whose blood is not so quiescent as if he were seventy. I have a feeling of myself, Monsieur; and perceive that, when one hates the methods of force as much as I, our boiling blood will carry us always towards extremities.

* * 'If there are honest people in the world, they must think how to save me from one of the most perilous passages I have ever been in. I waste myself in gloomy ideas; I fear I shall not be able to hide my grief, on coming to Berlin. This is the sad state I am in;—but it will never make me change from being,'—surely to an excessive degree, the illustrious Grumkow's most etc. etc.

'FRIDERIC.'

'I have received a Letter from the King; all agog (*bien coiffé*) about the Princess. I think I may still finish the week here.[1] When his first fire of approbation is spent, you might, praising her all the while, lead him to notice her faults. *Mon Dieu*, has he not already seen what an ill-assorted marriage comes to,—my Sister of Anspach and her Husband, who hate one another like the fire! He has a thousand vexations from it every day. * * And what aim has the King? If it is to assure himself of me, that is not the way. Madam of Eisenach might do it; but a fool not (*point une bête*);—on the contrary, it is morally impossible to love the cause of our misery. The King is reasonable; and I am persuaded he will understand this himself.'[2]

Very passionate pleading; but it might as well address itself to the east-winds. Have east-winds a heart, that they should feel pity? *Jarni-bleu*, Herr Feldzeugmeister,—only take care he don't overset things again!

[1] 26th, did arrive in Berlin: Preuss (in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 58 *n.*).
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 41, 42.

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Grumkow, in these same hours, is writing a Letter to the Prince, which we still have,[1] How charmed his Majesty is at such obedience; 'shed tears of joy,' writes Grumkow, 'and said it was the happiest day of his life.' Judge Grumkow's feelings soon after, on this furious recalcitration breaking out! Grumkow's Answer, which also we still have,[2] is truculence itself in a polite form:—horrorstruck as a Christian at the suicide notion, at the—in fact at the whole matter; and begs, as a humble individual, not wishful of violent death and destruction upon self and family, to wash his poor hands of it altogether. Dangerous for the like of him; 'interfering between Royal Father and Royal Son of such opposite humours, would break the neck of any man,' thinks Grumkow; and sums-up with this pithy reminiscence: 'I remember always what the King said to me at Wusterhausen, when your Royal Highness lay prisoner in the Castle of Cüstrin, and I wished to take your part: "*Nein, Grumkow, denket an diese Stelle, Gott gebe dass ich nicht wahr rede, aber mein Sohn stirbt nicht eines natürlichen Todes; und Gott gebe dass er nicht unter Henkers Hände komme.* No, Grumkow, think of what I now tell you: God grant it do not come true,—but my Son won't die a natural death; God grant he do not come into the Hangman's hands yet!" I shuddered at these words, and the King repeated them twice to me: that is true, or may I never see God's face, or have part in the merits of our Lord.'—The Crown-Prince's 'pleadings' may fitly terminate here.

Duke of Lorraine arrives in Potsdam and in Berlin

Saturday 23d February 1732, his Serene Highness of Lorraine did at length come to hand. Arrived in Potsdam that day; where the two Majesties, with the Serene Beverns, with the Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, and the other high guests, had been some time in expectation. Suitable persons invited for the occasion: Bevern, a titular Austrian

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 43. [2] *Ib.* pp. 44-46.

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Feldmarschall; Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, an actual one (poor old Eberhard Ludwig's Cousin, and likely to be Heir there soon); high quasi-Austrian Serenities;—not to mention Schulenburg and others officially related to Austria, or acquainted with it. Nothing could be more distinguished than the welcome of Duke Franz; and the things he saw and did, during his three-weeks visit, are wonderful to Fassmann and the extinct Gazetteers. Saw the Potsdam Giants do their '*exercitia*,' transcendent in perfection; had a boar-hunt; 'did divine-service in the Potsdam Catholic Church';—went by himself to Spandau, on the Tuesday (26th), where all the guns broke forth, and dinner was ready: King, Queen and Party having made-off for Berlin, in the interim, to be ready for his advent there 'in the evening about five.' Majesties wait at Berlin, with their Party,—among whom, say the old Newspapers, 'is his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince': Crown-Prince just come in from Cüstrin; just blessed with the first sight of his Charmer, whom he finds perceptibly less detestable than he expected.

Serene Highness of Lorraine arrived punctually at five, with outburst of all the artilleries and hospitalities; balls, soirées, *exercitia* of the Kleist Regiment, of the Gens-d'Armes; dinners with Grumkow, dinners with Seckendorf, evening party with the Margravine Philip (Margravine in high colours);—one scenic miracle succeeding another, for above a fortnight to come.

The very first spectacle his Highness saw, a private one, and of no intense interest to him, we shall mention here for our own behoof. 'An hour after his arrival the Duke was carried away to his Excellency Herr Creutz the Finance-Minister's; to attend a wedding there, along with his Majesty. Wedding of Excellency Creutz's only daughter to the Herr *Hofjägermeister* von Hacke.'—*Hofjägermeister* (Master of the Hunt), and more specifically Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard or Giant regiment, much and deservedly a favourite with his Majesty. Majesty has known, a long while,

the merits military and other of this Hacke; a valiant expert exact man, of good stature, good service among the Giants and otherwise, though not himself gigantic; age now turned of thirty;—and unluckily little but his pay to depend on. Majesty, by way of increment to Hacke, small increment on the pecuniary side, has lately made him 'Master of the Hunt'; will, before long, make him Adjutant-General, and his right-hand man in Army matters, were he only rich;—has, in the meanwhile, made this excellent match for him; which supplies that defect. Majesty was the making of Creutz himself; who is grown very rich, and has but one Daughter: 'Let Hacke have her!' his Majesty advised;—and snatches-off the Duke of Lorraine to see it done.[1]

Did the reader ever hear of Finance-Minister Creutz, once a poor Regiment's Auditor, when his Majesty, as yet Crown-Prince, found talent in him? Can readers fish-up from their memory, twenty years back, anything of a terrific Spectre walking in the Berlin Palace, for certain nights, during that 'Stralsund Expedition' or famed Swedish-War time, to the terror of mankind? Terrific Spectre, thought to be in Swedish pay,—properly a spy Scullion, in a small concern of Grumkow *versus* Creutz?[2] This is the same Creutz; of whom we have never spoken more, nor shall again, now that his rich Daughter is well married to Hacke, a favourite of his Majesty's and ours. It was the Duke's first sight in Berlin; February 26th; prologue to the flood of scenic wonders there.

But perhaps the wonderfulest thing, had he quite understood it, was that of the 10th March, which he was invited to. Last obligation laid upon the Crown-Prince, 'to bind him to the House of Austria,' that evening. Of which take this account, external and internal, from authentic Documents in our hand.

[1] Fassmann, p. 430.
[2] Antea, vol. i. pp. 367-370; Wilhelmina.

Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to the Brunswick Charmer, Niece of Imperial Majesty, Monday Evening, 10th March 1732

Document *first* is of an internal nature, from the Prince's own hand, written to his Sister four days before:

'*To the Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth*

'Berlin, 6th March 1732.

'MY DEAREST SISTER,—Next Monday comes my Betrothal, which will be done just as yours was. The Person in question is neither beautiful nor ugly, not wanting for sense, but very ill brought-up, timid, and totally behind in manners and social behaviour (*manières du savoir-vivre*): that is the candid portrait of this Princess. You may judge by that, dearest Sister, if I find her to my taste or not. The greatest merit she has is that she has procured me the liberty of writing to you; which is the one solacement I have in your absence.

'You never can believe, my adorable Sister, how concerned I am about your happiness; all my wishes centre there, and every moment of my life I form such wishes. You may see by this that I preserve still that sincere friendship which has united our hearts from our tenderest years:—recognise at least, my dear Sister, that you did me a sensible wrong when you suspected me of fickleness towards you, and believed false reports of my listening to talebearers; me, who love only you, and whom neither absence nor lying rumours could change in respect of you. At least don't again believe such things on my score, and never mistrust me till you have had clear proof,—or till God has forsaken me, and I have lost my wits. And being persuaded that such miseries are not in store to overwhelm me, I here repeat how much I love you, and with what respect and sincere veneration,—I am and shall be till death, my dearest Sister,—Your most humble and faithful Brother and Valet,

'FRIDERICH.'[1]

That was on the Thursday; Betrothal is on the Monday following. Document *second* is from poor old Fassmann, and quite of external nature; which we much abridge:

'Monday evening, all creatures are in gala, and the Royal Apartments upstairs are brilliantly alight; Duke of Lorraine with the other high

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 5.

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strangers are requested to take their place up there, and wait for a short while. Prussian Majesty, Queen and Crown-Prince with him, proceeds then, in a solemn official manner, to the Durchlaucht of Bevern's Apartment, in a lower floor of the Palace; where the Bevern Party, Duke, Duchess, Son and intended Charmer are. Prussian Majesty asks the Durchlaucht and Spouse, "Whether the Marriage, some time treated of, between that their Princess here present, and this his Crown-Prince likewise here, is really a thing to their mind?" Serene Spouses answer, to the effect, "Yea, surely, very much!" Upon which they all solemnly ascend to the Royal Apartments upstairs' (where we have seen Wilhelmina dancing before now), 'where Lorraine, Würtemberg and the other sublimities are in waiting. Lorraine and the sublimities form a semicircle; with the two Majesties, and pair of young creatures, in the centre. You young creatures, you are of one intention with your parents in this matter? Alas, there is no doubt of it. Pledge yourselves, then, by exchange of rings! said his Majesty with due business brevity. The rings are exchanged: Majesty embraces the two young creatures with great tenderness'; as do Queen and Serenities; and then all the world takes to embracing and congratulating; and so the Betrothal is a finished thing. Bassoons and violins, striking up, whirl it off in universal dancing,—in 'supper of above Two hundred and sixty persons,' princely or otherwise sublime in rank, 'with spouses and noble ladies there' in the due proportion.[1]

Here is fraction of another Note from the Crown-Prince to his Sister at Baireuth, a fortnight after that event:

Berlin, 24th March 1732 (To Princess Wilhelmina).—* * 'God be praised that you are better, dearest Sister! For nobody can love you more tenderly than I do.—As to the Princess of Bevern' (my Betrothed), 'the Queen' (Mamma, whom you have been consulting on these etiquettes) 'bids me answer, That you need not style her "Highness," and that you may write to her quite as to an indifferent Princess. As to "kissing of the hands," I assure you I have not kissed them, nor will kiss them; they are not pretty enough to tempt one that way. God long preserve you in perfect health! And you, preserve for me always the honour of your good graces; and believe, my charming Sister, that never brother in the world loved with such tenderness a sister so charming as mine; in short, believe, dear Sister, that without compliments, and in literal truth, I am yours wholly (*tout à vous*): FREDERICK.'[2]

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[1] Fassmann, pp. 432, 433.

[2] *Ibid.*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 5.

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This is the Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to an Insipidity of Brunswick. Insipidity's private feelings, perhaps of a languidly glad sort, are not known to us; Crown-Prince's we have in part seen. He has decided to accept his fate without a murmur farther. Against his poor Bride or her qualities not a word more. In the Schloss of Berlin, amid such tempests of female gossip (Mamma still secretly corresponding with England), he has to be very reserved, on this head especially. It is understood he did not, in his heart, nearly so much dislike the insipid Princess as he wished Papa to think he did.

Duke Franz of Lorraine went off above a week ago, on the Saturday following the Betrothal; an amiable serene young gentleman, well liked by the Crown-Prince and everybody. 'He avoided the Saxon Court, though passing near it,' on his way to old Kur-Mainz; 'which is a sign,' thinks Fassmann, 'that mutual matters are on a weak footing in that quarter'; —Pragmatic Sanction never accepted there, and plenty of intricacies existing. Crown-Prince Friedrich may now go to Ruppin and the Regiment Goltz; his business and destinies being now all reduced to a steady condition;—steady sky, rather leaden, instead of the tempestuous thunder-and-lightning weather which there heretofore was. Leaden sky, he, if left well to himself, will perhaps brighten a little. Study will be possible to him; improvement of his own faculties, at any rate. It is much his determination. Outwardly, besides drilling the Regiment Goltz, he will have a steady correspondence to keep up with his Brunswick Charmer;—let him see that he be not slack in that.

CHAPTER II

SMALL INCIDENTS AT RUPPIN

FRIEDRICH, after some farther pause in Berlin, till things were got ready for him, went to Ruppin. This is in the Spring of 1732;[1] and he continued to have his residence there till August 1736. Four important years of young life; of which we must endeavour to give, in some intelligible condition, what traces go hovering about in such records as there are.

Ruppin, where lies the main part of the Regiment Goltz, and where the Crown-Prince Colonel of it dwells, is a quiet dull little Town, in that northwestern region; inhabitants, grown at this day to be 10,000, are perhaps guessable then at 2,000. Regiment Goltz daily rolls its drums in Ruppin: Town otherwise lifeless enough, except on market-days: and the grandest event ever known in it, this removal of the Crown-Prince thither,—which is doubtless much a theme, and proud temporary miracle, to Ruppin at present. Of society there or in the neighbourhood, for such a resident, we hear nothing.

Quiet Ruppin stands in grassy flat country, much of which is natural moor, and less of it reclaimed at that time than now. The environs, except that they are a bit of the Earth, and have a bit of the sky over them, do not set up for loveliness. Natural woods abound in that region, also peat-bogs not yet drained; and fishy lakes and meres, of a dark complexion: plenteous cattle there are, pigs among them;—thick-soled husbandmen inarticulately toiling and moiling. Some glass-furnaces, a royal establishment, are the only

[1] Still in Berlin, 6th March; dates from *Nauen* (in the Ruppin neighbourhood) for the first time, 25th April 1732, among his *Letters* yet extant: Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 4; xvi. 49.

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manufactures we hear of. Not a picturesque country; but a quiet and innocent, where work is cut out, and one hopes to be well left alone after doing it. This Crown-Prince has been in far less desirable localities.

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one for him, in the place. He laid-out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a 'temple' in it,—some more or less ornamental garden-house,—from which I have read of his 'letting-off rockets' in a summer twilight. Rockets to amuse a small dinner-party, I should guess,—dinner of Officers, such as he had weekly or twice a week. On stiller evenings we can fancy him there in solitude; reading meditative, or musically fluting;—looking out upon the silent death of Day: how the summer gloaming steals over the moorlands, and over all lands; shutting-up the toil of mortals; their very flocks and herds collapsing into silence, and the big Skies and endless Times overarching him and them. With thoughts perhaps sombre enough now and then, but profitable if he face them piously.

His Father's affection is returning; would so fain return if it durst. But the heart of Papa has been sadly torn-up: it is too good news to be quite believed, that he has a son grown wise, and doing son-like! Rumour also is very busy, rumour and the Tobacco-Parliament for or against; a little rumour is capable of stirring-up great storms in the suspicious paternal mind. All along during Friedrich's abode at Ruppin, this is a constantly recurring weather-symptom; very grievous now and then; not to be guarded against by any precaution; —though steady persistence in the proper precaution will abate it, and as good as remove it, in course of time. Already Friedrich Wilhelm begins to understand that 'there is much in this Fritz,'—who knows how much, though of a different type from Papa's?—and that it will be better if he and Papa, so discrepant in type, and ticklishly related otherwise, live not too constantly together as heretofore. Which is emphatically the Crown-Prince's notion too.

I perceive he read a great deal at Ruppin: what Books I know not specially: but judge them to be of more serious solid quality than formerly; and that his reading is now generally a kind of studying as well. Not the express Sciences or Technologies; not these, in any sort,—except the military, and that an express exception. These he never cared for, or regarded as the noble knowledges for a king or man. History and Moral Speculation; what mankind have done and been in this world (so far as 'History' will give one any glimpse of that), and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world: this is what he evidently had the appetite for; appetite insatiable, which lasted with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament:—what suppers of the gods one may privately have at Ruppin, without expense of wine! Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before.

In his soldier business he is punctual, assiduous; having an interest to shine that way. And is, in fact, approvable as a practical officer and soldier, by the strictest judge then living. Reads on soldiering withal; studious to know the rationale of it, the ancient and modern methods of it, the essential from the unessential in it; to understand it thoroughly,—which he got to do. One already hears of conferences, correspondences, with the Old Dessauer on this head: 'Account of the Siege of Stralsund,' with plans, with didactic commentaries, drawn-up by that gunpowder Sage for behoof of the Crown-Prince, did actually exist, though I know not what has become of it. Now and afterwards this Crown-Prince must have been a great military reader. From Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and earlier, to the Chevalier Folard, and the Marquis Feuquière;[1] from Epaminondas at Leuctra to Charles

[1] *Mémoires sur la Guerre* (specially on the Wars of Louis XIV., in which Feuquière had himself shone): a new Book at this time (Amsterdam, 1731; first *complete* edition is, Paris, 1770, 4 vols. 4to); at Ruppin, and afterwards, a chief favourite with Friedrich.

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XII. at Pultawa, all manner of Military Histories, we perceive, are at his finger-ends; and he has penetrated into the essential heart of each, and learnt what it had to teach him. Something of this, how much we know not, began at Ruppin; and it did not end again.

On the whole, Friedrich is prepared to distinguish himself henceforth by strictly conforming, in all outward particulars possible, to the paternal will, and becoming the most obedient of sons. Partly from policy and necessity, partly also from loyalty; for he loves his rugged Father, and begins to perceive that there is more sense in his peremptory notions than at first appeared. The young man is himself rather wild, as we have seen, with plenty of youthful petulance and longings after forbidden fruit. And then he lives in an element of gossip; his whole life enveloped in a vast Dionysius'-Ear, every word and action liable to be debated in Tobacco-Parliament. He is very scarce of money, too, Papa's allowance being extremely moderate, 'not above 6,000 thalers (900*l.*),' says Seckendorf once.[1] There will be contradictions enough to settle: caution, silence, every kind of prudence will be much recommendable.

In all outward particulars the Crown-Prince will conform; in the inward, he will exercise a judgment, and if he cannot conform, will at least be careful to hide. To do his Commandant duties at Ruppin, and avoid offences, is much his determination. We observe he takes great charge of his men's health; has the Regiment Goltz in a shiningly exact condition at the grand reviews;—is very industrious now and afterwards to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa. Knows that nothing in Nature is so sure of conciliating that strange old gentleman; corresponds, accordingly, in distant quarters; lays out, now and afterwards, sums far too heavy for his means upon tall recruits for Papa. But it is good to conciliate in that quarter, by every method, and at every expense; —Argus of Tobacco-Parliament still watching one there; and

[1] Förster, iii. 114 (Seckendorf to Prince Eugene).

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Rumour needing to be industriously dealt with, difficult to keep down.

Such, so far as we can gather, is the general figure of Friedrich's life at Ruppin. Specific facts of it, anecdotes about it, are few in those dim Books; are uncertain as to truth, and without importance whether true or not. For all his gravity and Colonelship, it would appear the old spirit of frolic has not quitted him. Here are two small incidents, pointing that way; which stand on record; credible enough, though vague and without importance otherwise. Incident *first* is to the following feeble effect; indisputable though extremely unmomentous: Regiment Goltz, it appears, used to have gold trimmings; the Colonel Crown-Prince petitioned that they might be of silver, which he liked better. Papa answers, Yes. Regiment Goltz gets its new regimentals done in silver; the Colonel proposes they shall solemnly *burn* their old regimentals. And they do it, the Officers of them, *sub dio*, perhaps in the Prince's garden, stripping successively in the 'Temple' there, with such degree of genial humour, loud laughter, or at least boisterous mock-solemnity, as may be in them. This is a true incident of the Prince's history, though a small one.

Incident *second* is of slightly more significance; and intimates, not being quite alone in its kind, a questionable habit or method the Crown-Prince must have had of dealing with Clerical Persons hereabouts when they proved troublesome. Here are no fewer than three such Persons, or Parsons, of the Ruppin Country, who got mischief by him. How the first gave offence shall be seen, and how he was punished: offences of the second and the third we can only guess to have been perhaps pulpit-rebukes of said punishments: perhaps general preaching against military levities, want of piety, nay open sinfulness, in thoughtless young men with cockades. Whereby the thoughtless young men were again driven to think of nocturnal charivari? We will give the story in Dr. Büsching's own words, who looks before and after to great

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distances, in a way worth attending to. The Herr Doctor, an endless Collector and Compiler on all manner of subjects, is very authentic always, and does not want for natural sense: but he is also very crude,—and here and there not far from stupid, such his continual haste, and slobbery manner of working-up those Hundred and odd Volumes of his:[1]

'The sanguine-choleric temperament of Friedrich,' says this Doctor, 'drove him, in his youth, to sensual enjoyments and wild amusements of different kinds; in his middle age, to fiery enterprises; and in his old years to decisions and actions of a rigorous and vehement nature; yet so that the primary form of utterance, as seen in his youth, never altogether ceased with him. There are people still among us (1788) who have had, in their own experience, knowledge of his youthful pranks; and yet more are living, who know that he himself, at table, would gaily recount what merry strokes were done by him, or by his order, in those young years. To give an instance or two.

'While he was at Neu-Ruppin as Colonel of the Infantry Regiment there, the Chaplain of it sometimes waited upon him about the time of dinner,—having been used to dine occasionally with the former Colonel. The Crown-Prince, however, put him always off, did not ask him to dinner; spoke contemptuously of him in presence of the Officers. The Chaplain was so inconsiderate, he took to girding at the Crown-Prince in his Sermons. "Once on a time," preached he, one day, "there was Herod who had Herodias to dance before him; and he,—he gave her John the Baptist's head for her pains!"' This *Herod*, Büsching says, was understood to mean, and meant, the Crown-Prince; *Herodias*, the merry corps of Officers who made sport for him; *John the Baptist's head* was no other than the Chaplain not invited to dinner! 'To punish him for such a sally, the Crown-Prince with the young Officers of his Regiment went, one night, to the Chaplain's house,' somewhere hard by, with cow's-grass adjoining to it, as we see: and 'first, they knocked-in the windows of his sleeping-room upon him' (*hinge*-windows, glass not entirely broken, we may hope); 'next there were crackers' (*Schwärmer*, 'enthusiasts,' so to speak!) 'thrown-in upon him; and thereby the Chaplain, and his poor Wife,' more or less in an interesting condition, poor woman, 'were driven out into the court-yard, and at last into the dung-heap there;'—and so left, with their Head on a Charger to that terrible extent!

That is Büsching's version of the story; no doubt sub-

[1] See his Autobiography, which forms *Beyträge*, B. vi. (the biggest and last Volume).

stantially correct; of which there are traces in other quarters, —for it went farther than Ruppin; and the Crown-Prince had like to have got into trouble from it. 'Here is piety!' said Rumour, carrying it to Tobacco-Parliament. The Crown-Prince plaintively assures Grumkow that it was the Officers, and that they got punished for it. A likely story, the Prince's!

'When King Friedrich, in his old days, recounted this after dinner, in his merry tone, he was well pleased that the guests, and even the pages and valets behind his back, laughed aloud at it.' Not a pious old King, Doctor, still less an orthodox one! The Doctor continues: 'In a like style, at Nauen, where part of his regiment lay, he had,—by means of Herr von der Gröben, his First-Lieutenant,' much a comrade of his, as we otherwise perceive,—'the Diaconus of Nauen and his Wife hunted out of bed, and thrown into terror of their lives, one night:'—offence of the Diaconus not specified. 'Nay, he himself once pitched his goldheaded stick through Salpius the Church Inspector's window,'—offence again not specified, or perhaps merely for a little artillery practice?—'and the throw was so dextrous that it merely made a round hole in the glass: stick was lying on the floor; and the Prince,' on some excuse or other, 'sent for it next morning.' 'Margraf Heinrich of Schwedt,' continues the Doctor, very trustworthy on points of fact, 'was a diligent helper in such operations. Kaiserling,' whom we shall hear of, 'First-Lieutenant von der Gröben,' these were prime hands; 'Lieutenant Buddenbrock' (old Feldmarschall's son) 'used, in his old days, when himself grown high in rank and dining with the King, to be appealed to as witness for the truth of these stories.'[1]

These are the two Incidents at Ruppin, in such light as they have. And these are all. Opulent History yields from a ton of broken nails these two brass farthings, and shuts her pocket on us again. A Crown-Prince given to frolic, among

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v. 19-21. Vol. v.,—wholly occupied with *Friedrich II. King of Prussia* (Halle, 1788),—is accessible in French and other languages; many details, and (as Büsching's wont is) few or none not authentic, are to be found in it; a very great secret spleen against Friedrich is also traceable,—for which the Doctor may have had his reasons, not obligatory upon readers of the Doctor. The truth is, Friedrich never took the least special notice of him: merely employed and promoted him, when expedient for both parties; and he really was a man of considerable worth, in an extremely crude form.

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other things; though aware that gravity would beseem him better. Much gay bantering humour in him, cracklings, radiations,—which he is bound to keep well under cover, in present circumstances.

CHAPTER III

THE SALZBURGERS

For three years past there has been much rumour over Germany, of a strange affair going on in the remote Austrian quarter, down in Salzburg and its fabulous Tyrolese valleys. Salzburg, city and territory, has an Archbishop, not theoretically Austrian, but sovereign Prince so-styled; it is from him and his orthodoxies, and pranks with his sovereign crosier, that the noise originates. Strange rumour of a body of the population discovered to be Protestant among the remote Mountains, and getting miserably ill-used, by the Right Reverend Father in those parts. Which rumour, of a singular, romantic, religious interest for the general Protestant world, proves to be but too well founded. It has come forth in the form of practical complaint to the *Corpus Evangelicorum* at the Diet, without result from the Corpus; complaint to various persons;—in fine, to his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, *with* result.

With result at last; actual 'Emigration of the Salzburgers'. and Germany,—in these very days while the Crown-Prince is at Berlin betrothing himself, and Franz of Lorraine witnessing the *exercitia* and wonders there,—sees a singular phenomenon of a touching idyllic nature going on; and has not yet quite forgotten it in our days. Salzburg Emigration was all in motion, flowing steadily onwards, by various routes, towards Berlin, at the time the Betrothal took place; and seven weeks after that event, when the Crown-Prince had gone to Ruppin, and again could only hear of it, the first Instalment of

Emigrants arrived bodily at the Gates of Berlin, '30th April, at four in the afternoon'; Majesty himself and all the world going out to witness it, with something of a poetic, almost of a psalmist feeling, as well as with a practical on the part of his Majesty. First Instalment this; copiously followed by others, all that year; and flowing on, in smaller rills and drippings, for several years more, till it got completed. A notable phenomenon, full of lively picturesque and other interest to Brandenburg and Germany;—which was not forgotten by the Crown-Prince in coming years, as we shall transiently find; nay which all Germany still remembers, and even occasionally sings. Of which this is in brief the history.

The Salzburg Country, northeastern slope of the Tyrol (Donau draining that side of it, Etsch or Adige the Italian side), is celebrated by the Tourist for its airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys, and swift-rushing streams; perhaps some readers have wandered to Bad-Gastein, or Ischl, in these nomadic summers; have looked into Salzburg Berchtesgaden, and the Bavarian-Austrian boundary lands; seen the wooden-clock makings, salt-works, toy-manufactures, of those simple people in their slouch-hats; and can bear some testimony to the phenomena of Nature there. Salzburg is the Archbishop's City, metropolis of his bit of sovereignty that then was.[1] A romantic City, far off among its beautiful Mountains, shadowing itself in the Salza River, which rushes down into the Inn, into the Donau, now becoming great with the tribute of so many valleys. Salzburg we have not known hitherto except as the fabulous resting-place of Kaiser Bar-

[1] Tolerable description of it in the Baron Riesbeck's *Travels through Germany* (London, 1787, Translation by Maty, 3 vols. 8vo), i. 124-222;—whose details otherwise, on this Emigration business, are of no authenticity or value. A kind of Playactor and miscellaneous Newspaper-man in that time (not so opulent to his class as ours is); who takes the title of 'Baron' on this occasion of coming-out with a Book of Imaginary '*Travels*.' Had personally lived, practising the miscellaneous arts, about Lintz and Salzburg,—and may be heard on the look of the Country, if on little else.

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barossa: but we are now slightly to see it in a practical light; and mark how the memory of Friedrich Wilhelm makes an incidental lodgment for itself there.

It is well known there was extensive Protestantism once in those countries. Prior to the Thirty-Years War, the fair chance was, Austria too would all become Protestant; an extensive minority among all ranks of men in Austria too, definable as the serious intelligence of mankind in those countries, having clearly adopted it, whom the others were sure to follow. In all ranks of men; only not in the highest rank, which was pleased rather to continue Official and Papal. Highest rank had its Thirty-Years War, 'its sleek Fathers Lämmerlein and Hyacinth in Jesuit serge, its terrible Fathers Wallenstein in chain-armour'; and, by working late and early then and afterwards, did manage at length to trample-out Protestantism,—they know with what advantage by this time. Trample-out Protestantism; or drive it into remote nooks, where under sad conditions it might protract an unnoticed existence. In the Imperial Free-Towns, Ulm, Augsburg, and the like, Protestantism continued, and under hard conditions contrives to continue: but in the country parts, except in unnoticed nooks, it is extinct. Salzburg Country is one of those nooks; an extensive Crypto-Protestantism lodging, under the simple slouch-hats, in the remote valleys there. Protestantism peaceably kept concealed, hurting nobody; wholesomely forwarding the wooden-clock manufacture, and arable or grazier husbandries, of those poor people. More harmless sons of Adam, probably, did not breathe the vital air, than those dissentient Salzburgers; generation after generation of them giving offence to no creature.

Successive Archbishops had known of this Crypto-Protestantism, and in remote periods had made occasional slight attempts upon it; but none at all for a long time past. All attempts that way, as ineffectual for any purpose but stirring-up strife, had been discontinued for many generations;[1] and

[1] Buchholz, i. 148-151.

the Crypto-Protestantism was again become a mythical romantic object, ignored by Official persons. However, in 1727, there came a new Archbishop, one 'Firmian,' Count Firmian by secular quality, of a strict lean character, zealous rather than wise; who had brought his orthodoxies with him in a rigid and very lean form.

Right Reverend Firmian had not been long in Salzburg till he smelt-out the Crypto-Protestantism, and determined to haul it forth from the mythical condition into the practical; and in fact, to see his law beagles there worry it to death as they ought. Hence the rumours that had risen over Germany, in 1729: Law-terriers penetrating into human cottages in those remote Salzburg valleys, smelling-out some German Bible or devout Book, making lists of Bible-reading cottagers; haling them to the Right Reverend Father-in-God; thence to prison, since they would not undertake to cease reading. With fine, with confiscation, tribulation: for the peaceable Salzburgers, respectful creatures, doffing their slouch-hats almost to mankind in general, were entirely obstinate in that matter of the Bible. 'Cannot, your Reverence; must not, dare not!' and went to prison or whithersoever rather; a wide cry rising, Let us sell our possessions and leave Salzburg then, according to Treaty of Westphalia, Article so-and-so. 'Treaty of Westphalia? Leave Salzburg?' shrieked the Right Reverend Father: 'Are we getting into open mutiny, then? Open extensive mutiny!' shrieked he. Borrowed a couple of Austrian regiments,—Kaiser and we always on the pleasantest terms;—and marched the most refractory of his Salzburgers over the frontiers (retaining their properties and families); whereupon noise rose louder and louder.

Refractory Salzburgers sent Deputies to the Diet; appealed, complained to the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, Treaty of Westphalia in hand,—without result. *Corpus*, having verified matters, complained to the Kaiser, to the Right Reverend Father. The Kaiser, intent on getting his Pragmatic

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Sanction through the Diet, and anxious to offend nobody at present, gave good words; but did nothing: the Right Reverend Father answered a Letter or two from the *Corpus*; then said at last, He wished to close the Correspondence, had the honour to be,—and answered no farther, when written to. *Corpus* was without result. So it lasted through 1730; rumour, which rose in 1729, waxing ever louder into practicable or impracticable shape, through that next year; tribulation increasing in Salzburg; and noise among mankind. In the end of 1730, the Salzburgers sent Two Deputies to Friedrich Wilhelm at Berlin; solid-hearted, thick-soled men, able to answer for themselves, and give real account of Salzburg and the phenomena: this brought matters into a practicable state.

'Are you actual Protestants, the Treaty of Westphalia applicable to you? Not mere fanatic mystics, as Right Reverend Firmian asserts; protectible by no Treaty?' That was Friedrich Wilhelm's first question; and he set his two chief Berlin Clergymen, learned Roloff one of them, a divine of much fame, to catechise the two Salzburg Deputies, and report upon the point. Their Report, dated Berlin, 30th November 1730, with specimens of the main questions, I have read;[1] and can fully certify, along with Roloff and friend, That here are orthodox Protestants, apparently of very pious peaceable nature, suffering hard wrong;—orthodox beyond doubt, and covered by the Treaty of Westphalia. Whereupon his Majesty dismisses them with assurance, 'Return, and say there shall be help!'—and straightway lays hand on the business, strong swift steady hand as usual, with a view that way.

Salzburg being now a clear case, Friedrich Wilhelm writes to the Kaiser, to the King of England, King of Denmark;—orders preparations to be made in Preussen, vacant messuages to be surveyed, moneys to be laid up;—bids his man at the Regensburg Diet signify, That unless this thing is

[1] Fassmann, pp. 446-448.

rectified, his Prussian Majesty will see himself necessitated to take effectual steps: 'reprisals' the first step, according to the old method of his Prussian Majesty. Rumour of the Salzburg Protestants rises higher and higher. Kaiser intent on conciliating every *Corpus*, Evangelical and other, for his Pragmatic Sanction's sake, admonishes Right Reverend Firmian; intimates at last to him, That he will actually have to let those poor people emigrate if they demand it; Treaty of Westphalia being express. In the end of 1731 it has come thus far.

'Emigrate, says your Imperial Majesty? Well, they shall emigrate,' answers Firmian; 'the sooner the better!' And straightway, in the dead of winter, marches, in convenient divisions, some Nine hundred of them over the frontiers: 'Go about your business, then; emigrate—to the Old One, if you like!'—'And our properties, our goods and chattels?' ask they.—'Be thankful you have kept your skins. Emigrate, I say!' And the poor Nine hundred had to go out, in the rigour of winter, 'hoary old men among them, and women coming near their time'; and seek quarters in the wide world mostly unknown to them. Truly Firmian is an orthodox Herr; acquainted with the laws of fair usage and the time of day. The sleeping Barbarossa does not awaken upon him within the Hill here:—but in the Roncalic Fields, long ago, I should not have liked to stand in his shoes!

Friedrich Wilhelm, on this procedure at Salzburg, intimates to his Halberstadt and Minden Catholic gentlemen, That their Establishments must be locked up, and incomings suspended; that they can apply to the Right Reverend Firmian upon it; —and bids his man at Regensburg signify to the Diet that such is the course adopted here. Right Reverend Firmian has to hold his hand; finds both that there shall be Emigration, and that it must go forward on human terms, not inhuman; and that in fact the Treaty of Westphalia will have to guide it, not he henceforth. Those poor ousted Salzburgers cower into the Bavarian cities, till the weather mend, and his

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Prussian Majesty's arrangements be complete for their brethren and them.

His Prussian Majesty has been maturing his plans, all this while;—gathering moneys, getting lands ready. We saw him hanging Schlubhut in the autumn of 1731, who had peculated from said moneys; and surveying Preussen, under storms of thunder and rain on one occasion. Preussen is to be the place for these people; Tilsit and Memel region, same where the big Fight of Tannenberg and ruin of the Teutsch Ritters took place: in that fine fertile Country there are homes got ready for this Emigration out of Salzburg.

Long ago, at the beginning of this History, did not the reader hear of a pestilence in Prussian Lithuania? Pestilence in old King Friedrich's time; for which the then Crown-Prince, now Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, vainly solicited help from the Treasury, and only brought about partial change of Ministry and no help. 'Fifty-two Towns' were more or less entirely depopulated; hundreds of thousands of fertile acres fell to waste again, the hands that had ploughed them being swept away. The new Majesty, so soon as ever the Swedish War was got rid of, took this matter diligently in hand; built-up the fifty-two ruined Towns; issued Proclamations once and again (Years 1719, 1721), to the Wetterau, to Switzerland, Saxony, Schwaben;[1] inviting Colonists to come, and, on favourable terms, till and reap there. His terms are favourable, well-considered; and are honestly kept. He has a fixed set of terms for Colonists: their road-expenses thither, so much a day allowed each travelling soul; homesteads, ploughing implements, cattle, land, await them at their journey's end; their rent and services, accurately specified, are light not heavy; and 'immunities' from this and that are granted them, for certain years, till they get well nestled. Excellent arrangements: and his Majesty has, in fact, got about 20,000 families in that way. And still there is room for thousands more. So that if the tyrannous Firmian took

[1] Buchholz, i. 148.

to tribulating Salzburg in that manner, Heaven had provided remedies and a Prussian Majesty. Heaven is very opulent, has alchemy to change the ugliest substances into beautifulest; Privately to his Majesty, for months back, this Salzburg Emigration is a most manageable matter. Manage well, it will be a godsend to his Majesty, and fit, as by preëstablished harmony, into the ancient Prussian sorrow; and 'two afflictions well put together shall become a consolation,' as the proverb promises! Go along then, Right Reverend Firmian, with your Emigration there: only no foul-play in it,—or Halberstadt and Minden get locked:—for the rest of the matter we will undertake.

And so, February 2d, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm's Proclamation[1] flew abroad over the world; brief and business-like, cheering to all but Firmian;—to this purport: 'Come, ye poor Salzburgers, there are homes provided for you. Apply at Regensburg, at Halle: Commissaries are appointed; will take charge of your long march and you. Be kind, all Christian German Princes: do not hinder them and me.' And in a few days farther, still early in February (for the matter is all ready before proclaiming), an actual Prussian Commissary hangs out his announcements and officialities at Donauwörth, old City known to us, within reach of the Salzburg Boundaries; collects, in a week or two, his first lot of Emigrants, near a thousand strong; and fairly takes the road with them.

A long road and a strange: I think, above five hundred miles before we get to Halle, within Prussian land; and then seven hundred more to our place there, in the utmost East. Men, women, infants and hoary grandfathers are here;—most of their property sold,—still on ruinous conditions, think of it, your Majesty. Their poor bits of preciosities and heirlooms they have with them; made up in succinct bundles, stowed on ticketed baggage-wains; 'some have their own poor cart and horse, to carry the too old and the too young, those that

[1] Copy of it in Mauvillon, February 1732, ii. 311.

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cannot walk.' A pilgrimage like that of the Children of Israel: such a pilgrim caravan as was seldom heard of in our Western Countries. Those poor succinct bundles, the making of them up and stowing of them; the pangs of simple hearts, in those remote native valleys; the tears that were not seen, the cries that were addressed to God only: and then at last the actual turning-out of the poor caravan, in silently practical condition, staff in hand, no audible complaint heard from it; ready to march; practically marching here:—which of us can think of it without emotion, sad, and yet in a sort blessed!

Every Emigrant man has four *groschen* a day (fourpence odd) allowed him for road expenses, every woman three groschen, every child two: and regularity itself, in the shape of Prussian Commissaries, presides over it. Such marching of the Salzburgers; host after host of them, by various routes, from February onwards; above Seven thousand of them this year, and Ten thousand more that gradually followed,—was heard of at all German firesides, and in all European lands. A phenomenon much filling the general ear and imagination; especially at the first emergence of it. We will give from poor old authentic Fassmann, as if caught-up by some sudden photograph apparatus, a rude but undeniable glimpse or two into the actuality of this business: the reader will in that way sufficiently conceive it for himself.

Glimpse *first* is of an Emigrant Party arriving, in the cold February days of 1732, at Nördlingen, Protestant Free-Town in Bavaria: Three hundred of them; first section, I think, of those Nine hundred who were packed away unceremoniously by Firmian last winter, and have been wandering about Bavaria, lodging 'in Kaufbeuern' and various preliminary Towns, till the Prussian arrangements became definite. Prussian Commissaries are, by this time, got to Donauwörth; but these poor Salzburgers are ahead of them, wandering under the voluntary-principle as yet. Nördlingen, in Bavaria, is an old Imperial Free-Town; Protestantism not suppressed there, as it has been all round; scene of some memorable

fighting in the Thirty-Years War, especially of a bad defeat to the Swedes and Bernhard of Weimar, the worst they had in the course of that bad business. The Salzburgers are in number Three hundred and thirty-one; time, 'first days of February 1732, weather very cold and raw.' The charitable Protestant Town has been expecting such an advent:

'Two chief Clergymen, and the Schoolmaster and Scholars, with some hundreds of citizens and many young people, went out to meet them; there, in the open field, stood the Salzburgers, with their wives and their little ones, with their bullock-carts and baggage-wains,' pilgriming towards unknown parts of the Earth. '"Come in, ye blessed of the Lord! Why stand ye without?" said the Parson solemnly, by way of welcome; and addressed a Discourse to them,' devout and yet human, true every word of it, enough to draw tears from any Fassmann that were there;—Fassmann and we not far from weeping without words. 'Thereupon they ranked themselves two and two, and marched into the Town,' straight to the Church, I conjecture, Town all out to participate; 'and there the two reverend gentlemen successively addressed them again, from appropriate texts: Text of the first reverend gentleman was, *And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.*[1] Text of the second was, *Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee.*'[2] Excellent texts; well handled, let us hope,—especially with brevity. 'After which the strangers were distributed, some into public-houses, others taken home by the citizens to lodge.

'Out of the Spital there was distributed to each person, for the first three days, a half-pound of flesh-meat, bread, and a measure of beer. The remaining days they got in money six *creutzers* (two pence) each, and bread. On Sunday, at the Church-doors there was a collection: no less than eight hundred *gulden*' (80*l.*; population, say, three thousand) 'for this object. At Sermon they were put into the central part of the Church,' all Nördlingen lovingly encompassing them; 'and were taught in two sermons,' texts not given, '*What the true Church is built of*, and then, *Of true Faith, and what love a Christian ought to have;*' Nördlingen copiously shedding tears the while (*viele Thränen vergossen*), as it well might. 'Going to Church, and coming from it, each Landlord walked ahead of his party; party followed two and two. On other days, there was much catechising of them at different parts of the Town;'—orthodox

[1] Matthew xix. 29.

[2] Genesis xii. 1.

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enough, you see, nothing of superstition or fanaticism in the poor people;—'they made a good testimony of their Evangelical truth.

'The Baggage-wagons which they had with them, ten in number, upon which some of their old people sat, were brought into the Town. The Baggage was unloaded, and the packages, Two hundred and eighty-one of them in all' (for Fassmann is Photography itself), 'were locked in the Zoll-Haus. Over and above what they got from the Spital, the Church-collection and the Town-chest, Citizens were liberal; daily sent them food, or daily had them by fours and fives to their own houses to meat.' And so let them wait for the Prussian Commissary, who is just at hand: 'they would not part from one another, these Three hundred and thirty-one,' says Fassmann, 'though their reunion was but of that accidental nature.' [1]

Glimpse *second*: not dated; perhaps some ten days later; and a Prussian Commissary with this party:

'On their getting to the Anspach Territory, there was so incredible a joy at the arrival of these exiled Brothers in the Faith (*Glaubens-Brüder*) that in all places, almost in the smallest hamlets, the bells were set a-tolling; and nothing was heard but a peal of welcome from far and near.' Prussian Commissary, when about quitting Anspach, asked leave to pass through Bamberg; Bishop of Bamberg, too orthodox a gentleman, declined; so the Commissary had to go by Nürnberg and Baireuth. Ask not if his welcome was good in those Protestant places. 'At Erlangen, fifteen miles from Nürnberg, where are French Protestants and a Dowager Margravine of Baireuth,'—Widow of Wilhelmina's Father-in-law's predecessor (if the reader can count that); *daughter* of Weissenfels who was for marrying Wilhelmina not long since!—'at Erlangen, the Serene Dowager snatched-up fifty of them into her own House for Christian refection; and Burghers of means had twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen of them, following such example set. Nay, certain French Citizens, prosperous and childless, besieged the Prussian Commissary to allow them a few Salzburg children for adoption; especially one Frenchman was extremely urgent and specific: but the Commissary, not having any order, was obliged to refuse.' [2] These must have been interesting days for the two young Margravines; forwarding Papa's poor pilgrims in that manner.

'At Baireuth,' other side of Nürnberg, 'it was towards Good Friday when the Pilgrims under their Commissarius arrived. They were lodged in the villages about, but came copiously into the Town; came all in a body to Church on Good Friday; and at coming out, were one and all carried off to dinner, a very scramble arising among the Townsfolk to

[1] Fassmann, pp. 439, 440.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 441.

get hold of Pilgrims and dine them. Vast numbers were carried to the Schloss;' one figures Wilhelmina among them, figures the Hereditary Prince and old Margraf: their treatment there was 'beyond belief,' says Fassmann; 'not only dinner of the amplest quality and quantity, but much money added and other gifts.' From Baireuth the route is towards Gera and Thüringen, circling the Bamberg Territory: readers remember Gera, where the Gera Bond was made?—'At Gera, a commercial gentleman dined the whole party in his own premises, and his wife gave four groschen to each individual of them; other two persons, brothers in the place, doing the like. One of the poor pilgrim women had been brought to bed on the journey, a day or two before: the Commissarius lodged her in his own inn, for greater safety; Commissarius returning to his inn, finds she is off, nobody at first can tell him whither: a lady of quality (*vornehme Dame*) has quietly sent her carriage for the poor pilgrim sister, and has her in the right softest keeping. No end to people's kindness: many wept aloud, sobbing out, "Is this all the help we can give?" Commissarius said, "There will others come shortly; them also you can help."'

In this manner march these Pilgrims. 'From Donauwörth, by Anspach, Nürnberg, Baireuth, through Gera, Zeitz, Weissenfels, to Halle,' where they are on Prussian ground, and within few days of Berlin. Other Towns, not upon the first straight route to Berlin, demand to have a share in these grand things; share is willingly conceded: thus the Pilgrims, what has its obvious advantages, march by a good variety of routes. Through Augsburg, Ulm (instead of Donauwörth), thence to Frankfurt; from Frankfurt some direct to Leipzig: some through Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, by Halberstadt and Magdeburg instead of Halle. Starting all at Salzburg, landing all at Berlin; their routes spread over the Map of Germany in the intermediate space.

'Weissenfels Town and Duke distinguished themselves by liberality: especially the Duke did;'—poor old drinking Duke; very Protestant all these Saxon Princes, except the Apostate or Pseudo-Apostate the Physically Strong, for sad political reasons. 'In Weissenfels Town, while the Pilgrim procession walked, a certain rude foreign fellow, flax-pedlar by trade,[1] by creed Papist or worse, said floutingly, "The Arch-

[1] *Heckelträger*, Hawker of flax-combs or *heckles*;—is oftenest a Slavonic Austrian (I am told).

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bishop ought to have flung you all into the river, you —!" Upon which a menial servant of the Duke's suddenly broke in upon him in the way of actuality, the whole crowd blazing into flame; and the pedlar would certainly have got irreparable damage, had not the Townguard instantly hooked him away.'

April 21st, 1732, the first actual body, a good nine hundred strong,[1] got to Halle; where they were received with devout jubilee, psalm-singing, spiritual and corporeal refection, as at Nördlingen and the other stages; 'Archidiaconus Franke' being prominent in it,—I have no doubt, a connexion of that '*chien de Franke*,' whom Wilhelmina used to know. They were lodged in the Waisenhaus (old Franke's *Orphan-house*); Official List of them was drawn-up here, with the fit specificality; and, after three days, they took the road again for Berlin. Useful Buchholz, then a very little boy, remembers the arrival of a Body of these Salzburgers, not this but a later one in August, which passed through his native Village, Pritzwalk in the Priegnitz: How village and village authorities were all awake, with opened stores and hearts; how his Father, the Village Parson, preached at five in the afternoon. The same Buchholz, coming afterwards to College at Halle, had the pleasure of discovering two of the Commissaries, two of the three, who had mainly superintended in this Salzburg Pilgrimage. Let the reader also take a glance at them, as specimens worth notice:

Commissarius First: 'Herr von Reck was a nobleman from the Hanover Country; of very great piety; who, after his Commission was done, settled at Halle; and lived there, without servant, in privacy, from the small means he had;—seeking his sole satisfaction in attendance on the Theological and Ascetic College-Lectures, where I used to see him constantly in my student time.'

Commissarius Second: 'Herr Göbel was a medical man by profession; and had the regular degree of Doctor; but was in no necessity to apply his talents to the gaining of bread. His zeal for religion had moved him to undertake this Commission. Both these gentlemen I have often seen

[1] Buchholz, i. 156.

in my youth,' but do not tell you what they were like farther; 'and both their Christian-names have escaped me.'

A third Commissarius was of Preussen, and had religious literary tendencies. I suppose these Three served gratis;—volunteers; but no doubt under oath, and tied by strict enough Prussian law. Physician, Chaplain, Road-guide, here they are, probably of supreme quality, ready to our hand.[1]

Buchholz, after 'his student time,' became a poor Country-Schoolmaster, and then a poor Country-Parson, in his native Altmark. His poor Book is of innocent, clear, faithful nature, with some vein of 'unconscious geniality' in it here and there;—a Book by no means so destitute of human worth as some that have superseded it. This was posthumous, this '*Newest History*,' and has a *Life* of the Author prefixed. He has four previous Volumes on the '*Ancient History of Brandenburg*,' which are not known to me.—About the Year 1745, there were Four poor Schoolmasters in that region (two at Havelberg, one at Seehausen, one at Werben), of extremely studious turn; who, in spite of the Elbe which ran between, used to meet on stated nights, for colloquy, for interchange of Books and the like. One of them, the Werben one, was this Buchholz; another, Seehausen, was the Winckelmann so celebrated in after years. A third, one of the Havelberg pair, 'went into Mecklenburg in a year or two, as Tutor to Karl Ludwig the Prince of Strelitz's children,'—whom also mark. For the youngest of these Strelitz children was no other than the actual 'Old Queen Charlotte' (ours and George III.'s), just ready for him with her Hornbooks about that time: Let the poor man have what honour he can from that circumstance! 'Prince Karl Ludwig,' rather a foolish-looking creature, we may fall in with personally by and by.

It was the 30th April 1732, seven weeks and a day since Crown-Prince Friedrich's Betrothal, that this first body of Salzburg Emigrants, nine hundred strong, arrived at Berlin;

[1] Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 1775, 2 vols. 4to), i. 155 *n*.

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'four in the afternoon, at the Brandenburg Gate'; Official persons, nay, Majesty himself, or perhaps both Majesties, waiting there to receive them. Yes, ye poor footsore mortals, there is the dread King himself; stoutish short figure in blue uniform and white wig, straw-coloured waistcoat, and white gaiters; stands uncommonly firm on his feet; reddish, blue-reddish face, with eyes that pierce through a man: look upon him, and yet live if you are true men. His Majesty's reception of these poor people could not but be good; nothing now wanting in the formal kind. But better far, in all the essentialities of it, there had not been hitherto, nor was henceforth, the least flaw. This Salzburg Pilgrimage has found for itself, and will find, regulation, guidance, ever a stepping-stone at the needful pace; a paved road, so far as human regularity and punctuality could pave one. That is his Majesty's shining merit. 'Next Sunday, after sermon, they' (this first lot of Salzburgers) 'were publicly catechised in church; and all the world could hear their pertinent answers, given often in the very Scripture texts, or express words of Luther.'

His Majesty more than once took survey of these Pilgrimage Divisions, when they got to Berlin. A pleasant sight, if there were leisure otherwise. On various occasions, too, her Majesty had large parties of them over to Monbijou, to supper there in the fine gardens; and 'gave them Bibles,' among other gifts, if in want of Bibles through Firmian's industry. Her Majesty was Charity itself, Charity and Grace combined, among these Pilgrims. On one occasion she picked-out a handsome young lass among them, and had Painter Pesne over to take her portrait. Handsome lass, by Pesne, in her Tyrolese Hat, shone thenceforth on the walls of Monbijou; and fashion thereupon took-up the Tyrolese Hat, 'which has been much worn since by the beautiful part of the Creation,' says Buchholz; 'but how many changes they have introduced in it no pen can trace.'

At Berlin the Commissarius ceased; and there was usually

given the Pilgrims a Candidatus Theologiæ, who was to conduct them the rest of the way, and be their Clergyman when once settled. Five hundred long miles still. Some were shipped at Stettin; mostly they marched, stage after stage,—four groschen a day. At the farther end they found all ready; tight cottages, tillable fields, all implements furnished, and stock,—even to '*Federvieh*,' or Chanticleer with a modicum of Hens. Old neighbours, and such as liked each other, were put together: fields grew green again, desolate scrubs and scrags yielding to grass and corn. Wooden clocks even came to view,—for Berchtesgaden neighbours also emigrated; and Swiss came and Bavarians and French:—and old trades were revived in those new localities.

Something beautifully real-idyllic in all this, surely:—Yet do not fancy that it all went on like clockwork; that there were not jarrings at every step, as is the way in things real. Of the Prussian Minister chiefly concerned in settling this new Colony I have heard one saying, forced out of him in some pressure: 'There must be somebody for a scolding-stock and scape-goat; I will be it, then!' And then the Salzburg Officials, what a humour they were in! No Letters allowed from those poor Emigrants; the wickedest rumours circulated about them: 'All cut to pieces by inroad of the Poles;' 'Pressed for soldiers by the Prussian drill-sergeant;' 'All flung into the Lakes and stagnant waters there; drowned to the last individual;' and so on. Truth nevertheless did slowly pierce through. And the '*Grosse Wirth*,' our idyllic-real Friedrich Wilhelm, was wanting in nothing. Lists of their unjust losses in Salzburg were, on his Majesty's order, made out and authenticated, by the many who had suffered in that way there,—forced to sell at a day's notice, and the like:—with these his Majesty was diligent in the Imperial Court; and did get what human industry could of compensation, a part but not the whole. Contradictory noises had to abate. In the end, sound purpose, built on fact and the Laws of Nature, carried it; lies, vituperations, rumours and

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delusion sank to zero; and the true result remained. In 1738, the Salzburg Emigrant Community in Preussen held, in all their Churches, a Day of Thanksgiving; and admitted piously that Heaven's blessing, of a truth, had been upon this King and them. There we leave them, a useful solid population ever since in those parts; increased by this time we know not how many fold.

It cost Friedrich Wilhelm enormous sums, say the Old Histories; probably 'ten *tons of gold*,'—that is to say, ten Hundred-thousand Thalers; almost 150,000*l.*, no less! But he lived to see it amply repaid, even in his own time; how much more amply since;—being a man skilful in investments to a high degree indeed. Fancy 150,000*l.* invested there, in the Bank of Nature herself; and a Hundred-millions invested, say at Balaclava, in the Bank of Newspaper rumour: and the respective rates of interest they will yield, a million years hence! This was the most idyllic of Friedrich Wilhelm's feats, and a very real one the while.

We have only to add or repeat, that Salzburgers to the number of about 7,000 souls arrived at their place this first year; and in the year or two following, less noted by the public, but faring steadily forward upon their four groschen a day, 10,000 more. Friedrich Wilhelm would have gladly taken the whole; 'but George II. took a certain number,' say the Prussian Books (George II., or pious Trustees instead of him), 'and settled them at Ebenezer in Virginia,' read, Ebenezer *in Georgia*, where General Oglethorpe was busy founding a Colony.[1] There at Ebenezer I calculate they might go ahead, too, after the questionable fashion of that country, and increase and swell;—but have never heard of them since.

Salzburg Emigration was a very real transaction on Friedrich Wilhelm's part; but it proved idyllic too, and made a

[1] Petition to Parliament, 10th (21st) May 1733, by Oglethorpe and his Trustees, for 10,000*l.* to carry over these Salzburgers; which was granted; Tindal's *Rapin* (London, 1769), xx. 184.

great impression on the German mind. Readers know of a Book called *Hermann and Dorothea?* It is written by the great Goethe, and still worth reading. The Great Goethe had heard, when still very little, much talk among the elders about this Salzburg Pilgrimage; and how strange a thing it was, twenty years ago and more.[1] In middle life he threw it into Hexameters, into the region of the air; and did that unreal Shadow of it; a pleasant work in its way, since he was not inclined for more.

CHAPTER IV

PRUSSIAN MAJESTY VISITS THE KAISER

MAJESTY seeing all these matters well in train,—Salzburgers under way, Crown-Prince betrothed according to his Majesty's and the Kaiser's (not to *her* Majesty's, and high-flying little George of England my Brother the Comedian's) mind and will,—begins to think seriously of another enterprise, half business half pleasure, which has been hovering in his mind for some time. 'Visit to my Daughter at Baireuth,' he calls it publicly; but it means intrinsically Excursion into Böhmen, to have a word with the Kaiser, and see his Imperial Majesty in the body for once. Too remarkable a thing to be omitted by us here.

Crown-Prince does not accompany on this occasion; Crown-Prince is with his Regiment all this while; busy minding his own affairs in the Ruppin quarter;—only hears, with more or less interest, of these Salzburg-Pilgrim movements, of this Excursion into Böhmen. Here are certain scraps of Letters; which, if once made legible, will assist readers to conceive his situation and employments there. Letters otherwise of no importance; but worth reading on that score. The *first* (or rather first three, which we huddle into one) is from 'Nauen,'

[1] 1749 was Goethe's birth-year.

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few miles off Ruppin; where one of our Battalions lies; requiring frequent visits there:

1. *To Grumkow, at Berlin* (from the Crown-Prince)

'Nauen, 25th April 1732.

'MONSIEUR MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I send you a big mass of papers, which a certain gentleman named Plötz has transmitted me. In faith, I know not in the least what it is: I pray you present it' (to his Majesty, or in the proper quarter), 'and make me rid of it.

'Tomorrow I go to Potsdam' (a drive of forty miles southward), 'to see the exercise, and if we do it here according to pattern. *Neue Besen kehren gut*' (New brooms sweep clean, *in German*); 'I shall have to illustrate my new character' of Colonel; 'and show that I am *ein tüchtiger Officier* (a right Officer). Be what I may, I shall to you always be,' etc. etc.

Nauen, 7th May 1732. '* * Thousand thanks for informing me how everything goes-on in the world. Things far from agreeable, those leagues' (imaginary, in Tobacco-Parliament) 'suspected to be forming against our House! But if the Kaiser don't abandon us;' 'if God second the valour of 80,000 men resolved to spend their life,'—let us hope there will nothing bad happen.

'Meanwhile, till events arrive, I make a pretty stir here (*me trémousse ici d'importance*), to bring my Regiment to its requisite perfection, and I hope I shall succeed. The other day I drank your dear health, Monsieur; and I wait only the news from my Cattle-stall that the Calf I am fattening there is ready for sending to you. I unite Mars and Housekeeping, you see. Send me your Secretary's name, that I may address your Letters that way,'—our Correspondence needing to be secret in certain quarters. * * 'With a' truly infinite esteem:—'FRÉDÉRIC.'

Nauen, 10th May 1732. 'You will see by this that I am exact to follow your instruction; and that the *Schuls* of Tremmen' (Village in the Brandenburg quarter, with a *Schuls* or Mayor to be depended on), 'becomes for the present the mainspring of our correspondence. I return you all the things (*pièces*) you had the goodness to communicate to me,—except *Charles Douze*,[1] which attaches me infinitely. The particulars hitherto unknown which he reports; the greatness of that Prince's actions, and the perverse singularity (*bizarrerie*) of his fortune: all this, joined to the lively, brilliant and charming way the Author has

[1] Voltaire's new Book; lately come out, 'Bâle, 1731.'

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of telling it, renders this Book interesting to the supreme degree. * * * I send you a fragment of my correspondence with the most illustrious Sieur Crochet,' some French Envoy or Emissary, I conclude: 'you perceive we go on very sweetly together, and are in a high strain. I am sorry I burnt one of his Letters, wherein he assured me he would in the Versailles Antechamber itself speak of me to the King, and that my name had actually been mentioned at the King's Levee. It certainly is not my ambition to choose this illustrious mortal to publish my renown; on the contrary, I should think it soiled by such a mouth, and prostituted if he were the publisher. But enough of the Crochet: the kindest thing we can do for so contemptible an object is to say nothing of him at all.'[1]—* *

Letter *second* is to Jägermeister Hacke, Captain of the Potsdam Guard; who stands in great nearness to the King's Majesty; and, in fact, is fast becoming his factotum in Army-details. We, with the Duke of Lorraine and Majesty in person, saw his marriage to the Excellency Creutz's Fräulein Daughter not long since; who we trust has made him happy; —rich he is at any rate, and will be Adjutant-General before long; powerful in such intricacies as this that the Prince has fallen into.

The Letter has its obscurities; turns earnestly on Recruits tall and short; nor have idle Editors helped us, by the least hint towards 'reading' it with more than the *eyes*. Old Dessauer at this time is Commandant at Magdeburg; Buddenbrock, perhaps now passing by Ruppin, we know for a high old General, fit to carry messages from Majesty,—or, likelier, it may be Lieutenant Buddenbrock, his Son, merely *returning* to Ruppin? We can guess, that the flattering Dessauer has sent his Majesty Five gigantic men from the Magdeburg regiments, and that Friedrich is ordered to hustle out Thirty of insignificant stature from his own, by way of counter-gift to the Dessauer;—which Friedrich does instantly, but cannot, for his life, see how (being totally cashless) he is to replace them with better, or replace them at all!

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 49, 51.

2. *To Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard*

'Ruppin, 15th July 1732.

'*Mein Gott*, what a piece of news Buddenbrock has brought me! I am to get nothing out of Brandenburg, my dear Hacke? Thirty men I had to shift out of my company in consequence' (of Buddenbrock's order); 'and where am I now to get other thirty? I would gladly give the King tall men, as the Dessauer at Magdeburg does; but I have no money; and I don't get, or set up for getting, six men for one' (thirty short for five tall), 'as he does. So true is that Scripture: To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath.

'Small art, that the Prince of Dessau's and the Magdeburg Regiments are fine, when they have money at command, and thirty men *gratis* over and above! I, poor devil, have nothing; nor shall have, all my days. Prithee, dear Hacke (*bitte Ihn, lieber Hacke*), think of all that: and if I have no money allowed, I must bring Asmus[1] alone as Recruit next year; and my Regiment will to a certainty be rubbish (*Kroop*). Once I had learned a German Proverb—

"*Versprechen und halten* (To promise and to keep)
Ziemt wohl Jungen und Alten (Is pretty for young and for old)!"

'I depend alone on you (*Ihn*), dear Hacke; unless you help, there is a bad outlook. Today I have knocked again' (written to Papa for money); 'and if that does not help, it is over. If I could get any money to borrow, it would do; but I need not think of that. Help me, then, dear Hacke! I assure you I will ever remember it; who, at all times, am, my dear Herr Captain's devoted (*ganz ergebener*) servant and friend,

'FRIDERICH.'[2]

To which add only this Note, two days later, to Seckendorf; indicating that the process of 'borrowing' has already, in some form, begun,—process which will have to continue, and to develop itself;—and that his Majesty, as Seckendorf well knows, is resolved upon his Bohemian journey:

3. *To the General Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf*

'Ruppin, 17th July 1732.

'MY VERY DEAR GENERAL,—I have written to the King, that I owed

[1] Recruit unknown to me.

[2] In German: *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 177.

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you 2,125 *thalers* for the Recruits; of which he says there are 600 paid: there remain, therefore, 1,525, which he will pay you directly.

'The King is going to Prague: I shall not be of the party' (as you will). 'To say truth, I am not very sorry; for it would infallibly give rise to foolish rumours in the world. At the same time, I should have much wished to see the Emperor, Empress, and Prince of Lorraine, for whom I have a quite particular esteem. I beg you, Monsieur, to assure him of it;—and to assure yourself that I shall always be,—with a great deal of consideration, *Monsieur, mon très-cher Général*,'

'FRÉDÉRIC.'

And now for the Bohemian Journey, 'Visit at Kladrup' as they call it;—Ruppin being left in this assiduous and wholesome, if rather hampered condition.

Kaiser Karl and his Empress, in this summer of 1732, were at Karlsbad, taking the waters for a few weeks. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long, for various reasons, wished to see his Kaiser face to face, thought this would be a good opportunity. The Kaiser himself, knowing how it stood with the Jülich-and-Berg and other questions, was not anxious for such an interview: still less were his official people; among whom the very ceremonial for such a thing was matter of abstruse difficulty. Seckendorf accordingly had been instructed to hunt wide, and throw-in discouragements, so far as possible; —which he did, but without effect. Friedrich Wilhelm had set his heart upon the thing; wished to behold for once a Head of the Holy Roman Empire, and Supreme of Christendom;—also to see a little, with his own eyes, into certain matters Imperial.

And so, since an express visit to Karlsbad might give rise to newspaper rumours, and will not suit, it is settled, there shall be an accidental intersection of routes, as the Kaiser travels homeward,—say in some quiet Bohemian Schloss or Hunting-seat of the Kaiser's own, whither the King may come incognito; and thus, with a minimum of noise, may the needful passage of hospitality be done. Easy all of this: only the Vienna Ministers are dreadfully in doubt about the

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ceremonial, Whether the Imperial hand can be given (I forget if for kissing or for shaking)?—nay, at last they manfully declare that it cannot be given; and wish his Prussian Majesty to understand that it must be refused.[1] '*Res summæ consequentiæ*,' say they; and shake solemnly their big wigs.—Nonsense (*Narrenpossen*)! answers the Prussian Majesty: You, Seckendorf, settle about quarters, reasonable food, reasonable lodging; and I will do the ceremonial.

Seckendorf,—worth glancing into, for biographical purposes, in this place,—has written to his Court: That as to the victual department, his Majesty goes upon good common meat; flesh, to which may be added all manner of river-fish and crabs: sound old Rhenish is his drink, with supplements of brown and of white beer. Dinner-table to be spread always in some airy place, garden-house, tent, big clean barn,—Majesty likes air, of all things;—will sleep, too, in a clean barn or garden-house: better anything than being stifled, thinks his Majesty. Who, for the rest, does not like mounting stairs.[2] These are the regulations; and we need not doubt they were complied with.

Sunday, 27th July 1732, accordingly, his Majesty, with five or six carriages, quits Berlin, before the sun is up, as is his wont: eastward, by the road for Frankfurt-on-Oder; 'intends to look at Schulenburg's regiment,' which lies in those parts,—Schulenburg's regiment for one thing: the rest is secret from the profane vulgar. Schulenburg's regiment (drawn-up for Church, I should suppose) is soon looked at; Schulenburg himself, by preappointment, joins the travelling party, which now consists of the King and Eight:—known figures, seven, Buddenbrock, Schulenburg, Waldau, Derschau, Seckendorf, Grumkow, Captain Hacke of the Potsdam Guard; and for eighth the Dutch Ambassador, Ginkel, an accomplished knowing kind of man, whom also my readers have occasionally seen. Their conversation, road-colloquy, could it interest

[1] Förster, i. 328.

[2] Seckendorf's Report (in Förster, i. 330).

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any modern reader? It has gone all to dusk; we can know only that it was human, solid, for most part, and had much tobacco intermingled. They were all of the Calvinistic persuasion, of the military profession; knew that life is very serious, that speech without cause is much to be avoided. They travelled swiftly, dined in airy places: they are a *fact*, they and their summer dust-cloud there, whirling through the vacancy of that dim Time; and have an interest for us, though an unimportant one.

The first night they got to Grünberg; a pleasant Town, of vineyards and of looms, across the Silesian frontier. They are now turning more southeastward; they sleep here, in the Kaiser's territory, welcomed by some Official persons; who signify that the overjoyed Imperial Majesty has, as was extremely natural, paid the bill everywhere. On the morrow, before the shuttles awaken, Friedrich Wilhelm is gone again; towards the Glogau region, intending for Liegnitz that night. Coursing rapidly through the green Silesian Lowlands, blue Giant Mountains (*Riesengebirge*) beginning to rise on the southwestward far away. Dines, at noon, under a splendid tent, in a country place called Polkwitz,[1] with country Nobility (sorrow on them, and yet thanks to them) come to do reverence. At night he gets to Liegnitz.

Here is Liegnitz, then. Here are the Katzbach and the Blackwater (*Schwarzwasser*), famed in war, your Majesty; here they coalesce; gray ashlar houses (not without inhabitants unknown to us) looking on. Here are the venerable walls and streets of Liegnitz; and the Castle which defied Baty Khan and his Tartars, five hundred years ago.[2]—Oh, your Majesty, this Liegnitz, with its princely Castle, and wide rich Territory, the bulk of the Silesian Lowland, whose is it if right were done? Hm, his Majesty knows full well; in

[1] 'Balkowitz,' say Pöllnitz (ii. 407) and Förster; which is not the correct name.

[2] 1241, the Invasion, and Battle here, of this unexpected Barbarian.

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Seckendorf's presence, and going on such an errand, we must not speak of certain things. But the undisputed truth is, Duke Friedrich II., come of the Sovereign Piasts, made that *Erbverbrüderung*, and his Grandson's Grandson died childless: so the heirship fell to *us*, as the biggest wig in the most benighted Chancery would have to grant;—only the Kaiser will not, never would; the Kaiser plants his armed self on Schlesien, and will hear no pleading. Jägerndorf too, which we purchased with our own money—No more of that; it is too miserable! Very impossible too, while we have Berg and Jülich in the wind!—

At Liegnitz, Friedrich Wilhelm 'reviews the garrison, cavalry and infantry,' before starting; then off for Glatz, some sixty miles before we can dine. The goal is towards Bohemia, all this while; and his Majesty, had he liked the mountain-passes, and unlevel ways of the Giant Mountains, might have found a shorter road and a much more picturesque one. Road abounding in gloomy valleys, intricate rock-labyrinths, haunts of Sprite *Rübezahl*, sources of the Elbe and I know not what. Majesty likes level roads, and interesting rock-labyrinths built by man rather than by Nature. Majesty makes a wide sweep round to the east of all that; leaves the Giant Mountains, and their intricacies, as a blue Sierra far on his right,—had rather see Glatz Fortress than the caverns of the Elbe; and will cross into Bohemia, where the Hills are fallen lowest. At Glatz during dinner, numerous Nobilities are again in waiting. Glatz is in Jägerndorf region: Jägerndorf, which we purchased with our own money, is and remains ours, in spite of the mishaps of the Thirty-Years War; —*ours*, the darkest Chancery would be obliged to say, from under the immensest wig! Patience, your Majesty; Time brings roses!—

From Glatz, after viewing the works, drilling the guard a little, not to speak of dining, and despatching the Nobilities, his Majesty takes the road again; turns now abruptly westward, across the Hills at their lowest point; into Bohemia,

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which is close at hand. Lewin, Nachod, these are the Bohemian villages, with their remnant of Czechs; not a prosperous population to look upon: but it is the Kaiser's own Kingdom: 'King of Bohemia' one of his Titles ever since Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam's* time. And here now, at the meeting of the waters (*Elbe* one of them, a brawling mountain-stream) is Jaromierz, respectable little Town, with an Imperial Officiality in it,—where the Official Gentlemen meet us all in gala, 'Thrice welcome to this Kingdom, your Majesty!'—and signify that they are to wait upon us henceforth, while we do the Kaiser's Kingdom of Bohemia that honour.

It is Tuesday night, 29th July this first night in Bohemia. The Official Gentlemen lead his Majesty to superb rooms, new-hung with crimson velvet, and the due gold fringes and tresses,—very grand indeed; but probably not so airy as we wish. 'This is the way the Kaiser lodges in his journeys; and your Majesty is to be served like him.' The goal of our journey is now within few miles. Wednesday 30th July 1732, his Majesty awakens again, within these crimson-velvet hangings with the gold tresses and fringes, not so airy as he could wish; despatches Grumkow to the Kaiser, who is not many miles off, to signify what honour we would do ourselves.

It was on Saturday last that the Kaiser and Kaiserinn, returning from Karlsbad, illuminated Prag with their serene presence; 'attended high-mass, vespers,' and a good deal of other worship, as the meagre old Newspapers report for us, on that and the Sunday following. And then, 'on Monday, at six in the morning,' both the Majesties left Prag, for a place called Chlumetz, southwestward thirty miles off, in the Elbe region, where they have a pretty Hunting Castle; Kaiser intending 'sylvan sport for a few days,' says the old rag of a Newspaper, 'and then to return to Prag.' It is here that Grumkow, after a pleasant morning's drive of thirty miles with the sun on his back, finds Kaiser Karl VI.;

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and makes his announcements, and diplomatic inquiries what next.

Had Friedrich Wilhelm been in Potsdam or Wusterhausen, and heard that Kaiser Karl was within thirty miles of him, Friedrich Wilhelm would have cried, with open arms, Come, come! But the Imperial Majesty is otherwise hampered; has his rhadamanthine Aulic Councillors, in vast amplitude of wig, sternly engaged in study of the etiquettes: they have settled that the meeting cannot be in Chlumetz; lest it might lead to night's lodgings, and to intricacies. 'Let it be at Kladrup,' say the Ample-wigged; Kladrup, an Imperial Stud, or Horse-Farm, half-a-dozen miles from this; where there is room for nothing more than dinner. There let the meeting be, tomorrow at a set hour; and, in the meantime, we will take precautions for the etiquettes. So it is settled, and Grumkow returns with the decision in a complimentary form.

Through Königsgrätz, down the right bank of the Upper Elbe, on the morrow morning, Thursday 31st July 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm rushes on towards Kladrup; finds that little village, with the Horse-edifices, looking snug enough in the valley of Elbe;—alights, welcomed by Prince Eugenio von Savoye, with word that the Kaiser is not come, but steadily expected soon. Prince Eugenio von Savoye: *Ach Gott*, it is another thing, your Highness, than when we met in the Flanders Wars, long since;—at Malplaquet that morning, when your Highness had been to Brussels, visiting your Lady Mother in case of the worst! Slightly grayer your Highness is grown; I too am nothing like so nimble; the great Duke, poor man, is dead!—Prince Eugenio von Savoye, we need not doubt, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner.

Kladrup is a Country House as well as a Horse-Farm: a square court is the interior, as I gather; the Horse-buildings at a reverent distance forming the fourth side. In the centre

of this court,—see what a contrivance the Aulic Councillors have hit upon,—there is a wooden stand built, with three staircases leading up to it, one for each person, and three galleries leading off from it into suites of rooms: no question of precedence here, where each of you has his own staircase and own gallery to his apartment! Friedrich Wilhelm looks down like a rhinoceros on all those cobwebberies. No sooner are the Kaiser's carriage-wheels heard within the court, than Friedrich Wilhelm rushes down, by what staircase is readiest; forward to the very carriage-door; and flings his arms about the Kaiser, embracing and embraced, like mere human friends glad to see one another. On these terms, they mount the wooden stand, Majesty of Prussia, Kaiser, Kaiserinn, each by his own staircase; see, for a space of two hours, the Kaiser's foals and horses led about,—which at least fills-up any gap in conversation that may threaten to occur. The Kaiser, a little man of high and humane air, is not bright in talk; the Empress, a Brunswick Princess of fine carriage, Granddaughter of old Anton Ulrich who wrote the Novels, is likewise of mute humour in public life: but old Nord-Teutschland, cradle of one's existence; Brunswick reminiscences; news of your Imperial Majesty's serene Father, serene Sister, Brother-in-law the Feldmarschall, and Insipid Niece whom we have had the satisfaction to betroth lately,—furnish small-talk where needful.

Dinner being near, you go by your own gallery to dress. From the drawing-room, Friedrich Wilhelm leads out the Kaiserinn; the Kaiser, as Head of the world, walks first, though without any lady. How they drank the healths, gave and received the ewers and towels, is written duly in the old Books, but was as indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm as it is to us; what their conversation was, let no man presume to ask. Dullish, we should apprehend,—and perhaps *better* lost to us? But where there are tongues, there are topics: the Loom of Time wags always, and with it the tongues of men. Kaiser and Kaiserinn have both been in

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Karlsbad lately; Kaiser and Kaiserinn both have sailed to Spain, in old days, and been in sieges and things memorable: Friedrich Wilhelm, solid Squire Western of the North, does not want for topics, and talks as a solid rustic gentleman will. Native politeness he knows on occasion; to etiquette, so far as concerns his own pretensions, he feels callous altogether,—dimly sensible that the Eighteenth Century is setting in, and that solid musketeers and not goldsticks are now the important thing. 'I felt mad to see him so humiliate himself,' said Grumkow afterwards to Wilhelmina, '*j'enrageais dans ma peau*': why not?

Dinner lasted two hours; the Empress rising, Friedrich Wilhelm leads her to her room; then retires to his own, and 'in a quarter of an hour' is visited there by the Kaiser; 'who conducts him,' in so many minutes exact by the watch, 'back to the Empress,'—for a sip of coffee, as one hopes; which may wind-up the Interview well. The sun is still a good space from setting, when Friedrich Wilhelm, after cordial adieus, neglectful of etiquette, is rolling rapidly towards Nimburg, thirty miles off on the Prag Highway; and Kaiser Karl with his Spouse move deliberately towards Chlumetz to hunt again. In Nimburg Friedrich Wilhelm sleeps, that night;—Imperial Majesties, in a much-tumbled world, of wild horses, ceremonial ewers, and Eugenios of Savoy and Malplaquet, probably peopling his dreams. If it please Heaven, there may be another private meeting, a day or two hence.

Nimburg, ah your Majesty, Son Fritz will have a night in Nimburg too;—riding slowly thither amid the wrecks of Kolin Battle, not to sleep well;—but that happily is hidden from your Majesty. Kolin, Czaslau (Chotusitz), Elbe Teinitz,—here in this Kladrup region, your Majesty is driving amid poor Villages which will be very famous by and by. And Prag itself will be doubly famed in war, if your Majesty knew it, and the Ziscaberg be of bloodier memory than the Weissenberg itself!—His Majesty, the morrow's sun having

risen upon Nimburg, rolls into Prag successfully about eleven A.M., Hill of Zisca not disturbing him; goes to the Klein-Seite Quarter, where an Aulic Councillor with fine Palace is ready; all the cannon thundering from the walls at his Majesty's advent; and Prince Eugenio, the ever-present, being there to receive his Majesty,—and in fact to invite him to dinner this day at half-past twelve. It is Friday 1st of August 1732.

By a singular chance, there is preserved for us in Fassmann's Book, what we may call an Excerpt from the old *Morning Post* of Prag, bringing that extinct Day into clear light again; recalling the vanished Dinner-Party from the realms of Hades, as a thing that once actually *was*. The List of the Dinner-guests is given complete; vanished ghosts, whom, in studying the old History-Books, you can, with a kind of interest, fish-up into visibility at will. There is Prince Eugenio von Savoye at the bottom of the table, in the Count-Thun Palace where he lodges; there bodily, the little man, in gold-laced coat of unknown cut; the eyes and the temper bright and rapid, as usual, or more; nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips in consequence rather open. Be seated, your Majesty, high gentlemen all.

A big chair-of-state stands for his Majesty at the upper end of the table: his Majesty will none of it; sits down close by Prince Eugene at the very bottom, and opposite Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, whom we had at Berlin lately, a General of note in the Turkish and other wars: here probably there will be better talk; and the big chair may preside over us in vacancy. Which it does. Prince Alexander, Imperial General against the Turks, and Heir-Apparent of Würtemberg withal, can speak of many things, —hardly much of his serene Cousin the reigning Duke; whose health is in a too interesting state, the good though unlucky man. Of the Grävenitz sitting now in limbo, or travelling about disowned, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses*, let there be deep silence. But the Prince Alexander can

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answer abundantly on other heads. He comes to his inheritance a few months hence; actual reigning Duke, the poor serene Cousin having died: and perhaps we shall meet him transiently again.

He is Ancestor of the Czars of Russia, this Prince Alexander, who is now dining here in the body, along with Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eugene: Paul of Russia, unbeautiful Paul, married the second time, from Mümpelgard (what the French call Montbeillard, in Alsace), a serene Granddaughter of his, from whom come the Czars,—thanks to her or not. Prince Alexander is Ancestor withal of our present 'Kings of Würtemberg,' if that mean anything: Father (what will mean something) to the serene Duke, still in swaddling-clothes,[1] who will be son-in-law to Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth (could your Majesty foresee it); and will do strange pranks in the world, upon Poet Schiller and others. Him too, and Brothers of his, were they born and become of size, we shall meet. A noticeable man, and not without sense, this Prince Alexander; who is now of a surety eating with us,—as we find by the extinct *Morning Post* in Fassmann's old Book.

Of the other eating figures, Stahrembergs, Sternbergs, Kinsky Ambassador to England, Kinsky Ambassador to France, high Austrian dignitaries, we shall say nothing;—who would listen to us? Hardly can the Hof-Kanzler Count von Sinzendorf, supreme of Aulic men, who holds the rudder of Austrian State-Policy, and probably feels himself loaded with importance beyond most mortals now eating here or elsewhere, — gain the smallest recognition from oblivious English readers of our time. It is certain he eats here on this occasion; and to his Majesty he does not want for importance. His Majesty, intent on Jülich and Berg and other high matters, spends many hours next day, in earnest private dialogue with him. We mention farther, with satisfaction, that Grumkow and Ordnance-Master Seckendorf are both on

[1] Born 21st January 1732; Karl Eugen the name of him (Michaelis, iii. 450).

the list, and all our Prussian party, down to Hacke of the Potsdam grenadiers, friend Schulenburg visibly eating among the others. Also that the dinner was glorious (*herrlich*), and ended about five.[1] After which his Majesty went to two evening parties, of a high order, in the Hradschin Quarter or elsewhere; cards in the one (unless you liked to dance, or grin idle talk from you), and supper in the other.

His Majesty amused himself for four other days in Prag, interspersing long earnest dialogues with Sinzendorf, with whom he spent the greater part of Saturday,[2]—results as to Jülich and Berg of a rather cloudy nature. On Saturday came the Kaiser, too, and Kaiserinn, to their high House, the Schloss in Prag; and there occurred, in the incognito form, 'as if by accident,' three visits or counter-visits, two of them of some length. The King went dashing about; saw, deliberately or in glimpses, all manner of things,—from 'the Military Hospital' to 'the Tongue of St. Nepomuk' again. Nepomuk, an imaginary Saint of those parts; pitched into the Moldau, as is fancied and fabled, by wicked King Wenzel (King and Deposed-Kaiser, whom we have heard of), for speaking and refusing to speak; Nepomuk is now become the Patron of Bridges, in consequence; stands there in bronze on the Bridge of Prag; and still shows a dried Tongue in the world;[3] this latter, we expressly find, his Majesty saw.

On Sunday, his Majesty, nothing of a straitlaced man, attended divine or quasi-divine worship in the Cathedral Church,—where high Prince Bishops delivered *palliums*, did histrionisms; 'manifested the *Absurdität* of Papistry' more or less. Coming out of the Church, he was induced to step in and see the rooms of the Schloss, or Imperial Palace. In one of the rooms, as if by accident, the Kaiser was found

[1] Fassmann, p. 474. [2] Pöllnitz, ii. 411.

[3] *Die Legende vom heiligen Johann von Nepomuk*, von D. Otto Abel (Berlin, 1855); an acute bit of Historical Criticism.

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lounging:—'Extremely delighted to see your Majesty!'—and they had the first of their long or considerable dialogues together; purport has not transpired. The second considerable dialogue was on the morrow, when Imperial Majesty, as if by accident, found himself in the Count-Nostitz Palace, where Friedrich Wilhelm lodges. Delighted to be so fortunate again! Hope your Majesty likes Prag? Eternal friendship, *Oh ja*:—and as to Jülich and Berg? Particulars have not transpired.

Prag is a place full of sights: his Majesty, dashing about in all quarters, has a busy time; affairs of state (Jülich and Berg principally) alternating with what we now call the *lions*. Zisca's drum, for instance, in the Arsenal here? Would your Majesty wish to see Zisca's own skin, which he bequeathed to be a drum when *he* had done with it? '*Narenposse!*'—for indeed the thing is fabulous, though in character with Zisca. Or the Council-Chamber window, out of which 'the Three Prag Projectiles fell into the Night of things,' as a modern Historian expresses it? Three Official Gentlemen, flung out one morning,[1] 70 feet, but fell on 'sewerage,' and did not die, but set the whole world on fire? That is too certain, as his Majesty knows: that brought the crowning of the Winter-King, Battle of the Weissenberg, Thirty-Years War; and lost us Jägerndorf and much else.

Or Wallenstein's Palace,—did your Majesty look at that? A thing worth glancing at, on the score of History and even of Natural-History. That rugged son of steel and gunpowder could not endure the least noise in his sleeping-room or even sitting-room,—a difficulty in the soldiering way of life;—and had, if I remember, one hundred and thirty houses torn away in Prag, and sentries posted all round in the distance, to secure silence for his much-meditating indignant soul. And yonder is the Weissenberg, conspicuous in the western suburban region: and here in the eastern, close by, is the Ziscaberg;—O Heaven, your Majesty, on this Zisca-

[1] 13th (23d) May 1618 (Köhler, p. 507).

Hill will be a new 'Battle of Prag,' which will throw the Weissenberg into eclipse; and there is awful fighting coming on in these parts again!—

The *third* of the considerable dialogues in Prag was on this same Monday night; when his Majesty went to wait upon the Kaiserinn, and the Kaiser soon accidentally joined them. Precious gracious words passed;—on Berg and Jülich nothing particular, that we hear;—and the High Personages, with assurances of everlasting friendship, said adieu; and met no more in this world. On his toilet-table Friedrich Wilhelm found a gold Tobacco-box, sent by the highest Lady extant; gold Tobacco-box, item gold Tobacco-stopper or Pipe-picker: such the parting gifts of her Imperial Majesty. Very precious indeed, and grateful to the honest heart;—yet testifying too (as was afterwards suggested to the royal mind) what these high people think of a rustic Orson King; and how they fling their nose into the air over his Tabagies and him.

On the morrow morning early, Friedrich Wilhelm rolls away again homewards, by Karlsbad, by Baireuth; all the cannon of Prag saying thrice, Good speed to him. 'He has had a glorious time,' said the Berlin Court-lady to Queen Sophie one evening, 'no end of kindness from the Imperial Majesties: but has he brought Berg and Jülich in his pocket?'—Alas, not a fragment of them; nor of any solid thing whatever, except it be the gold Tobacco-box; and the confirmation of our claims on East-Friesland (cheap liberty to let us vindicate them if we can), if you reckon that a solid thing. These two Imperial gifts, such as they are, he has consciously brought back with him;—and perhaps, though as yet unconsciously, a third gift of much more value, once it is developed into clearness: some dim trace of insight into the no-meaning of these high people; and how they consider *us* as mere Orsons and wild Bisons, whom they will do the honour to consume as provision, if we behave well!

The great King Friedrich, now Crown-Prince at Ruppin,

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writing of this Journey long afterwards,—hastily, incorrectly, as his wont is, in regard to all manner of minute outward particulars; and somewhat maltreating, or at least misplacing even the inward meaning, which was well known to him *without* investigation, but which he is at no trouble to *date* for himself, and has dated at random,—says, in his thin rapid way, with much polished bitterness:

'His' (King Friedrich Wilhelm's) 'experience on this occasion served to prove that good-faith and the virtues, so contrary to the corruption of the age, do not succeed in it. Politicians have banished sincerity (*la candeur*) into private life: they look upon themselves as raised quite above the laws which they enjoin on other people; and give way without reserve to the dictates of their own depraved mind.

'The guaranty of Jülich and Berg, which Seckendorf had formally promised in the name of the Emperor, went-off in smoke; and the Imperial Ministers were in a disposition so opposed to Prussia, the King saw clearly' (not for some years yet) 'that if there was a Court in Europe intending to cross his interests, it was certainly that of Vienna. This Visit of his to the Emperor was like that of Solon to Crœsus' (Solon not recognisable, in the grenadier costume, amid the tobacco-smoke, and dim accompaniments?)—'and he returned to Berlin, rich still in his own virtue. The most punctilious censors could find no fault in his conduct, except a probity carried to excess. The Interview ended as those of Kings often do: it cooled' (not for some time yet), or, to say better, it extinguished the friendship there had been between the two Courts. Friedrich Wilhelm left Prag full of contempt' (dimly, altogether unconsciously, *tending* to have some contempt, and in the end to be full of it) 'for the deceitfulness and pride of the Imperial Court: and the Emperor's Ministers disdained a Sovereign who looked without interest on frivolous ceremonials and precedences. Him they considered too ambitious in aiming at the Berg-and-Jülich succession: them he regarded' (came to regard) 'as a pack of knaves, who had broken their word, and were not punished for it.'

Very bitter, your Majesty; and, in all but the dates, true enough. But what a drop of concentrated absinth follows next, by way of finish,—which might itself have corrected the dating!

'In spite of so many subjects of discontent, the King wedded his Eldest Son' (my not too fortunate self), 'out of complaisance to the Vienna

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Court, with a Princess of Brunswick-Bevern, Niece to the Empress:'—bitter fact; necessitating change of date in the paragraphs just written.[1]

Friedrich Wilhelm, good soul, cherishes the Imperial gifts, Tobacco-box included;—claps the Arms of East-Friesland on his escutcheon; will take possession of Friesland, if the present Duke die heirless, let George of England say what he will. And so he rolls homeward, by way of Baireuth. He staid but a short while in Karlsbad; has warned his Wilhelmina that he will be at Baireuth on the 9th of the month.[2]

Wilhelmina is very poorly; 'near her time,' as wives say; rusticating in 'the Hermitage,' a Country-House in the vicinity of Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law gone away, towards the Bohemian frontier, to hunt boars. O, the bustle and the bother that high Lady had; getting her little Country-House stretched out to the due pitch to accommodate everybody,—especially her foolish Sister of Anspach and foolish Brother-in-Law and suite,—with whom, by negligence of servants and otherwise, there had like to have risen incurable quarrel on the matter. But the dextrous young Wife, gladdest, busiest and weakliest of hopeful creatures, contrived to manage everything, like a Female Fieldmarshal, as she was. Papa was delighted; bullied the foolish Anspach people,—or would have done so, had not I intervened, that the matter might die. Papa was gracious, happy; very anxious about me in my interesting state. 'Thou hast lodged me to perfection, good Wilhelmina. Here I find my wooden stools, tubs to wash in; all things as if I were at Potsdam:—a good girl; and thou must take care of thyself, my child (*mein Kind*).'

At dinner, his Majesty, dreading no ill, but intent only on the practical, got into a quiet, but to me most dreadful, lecture to the old Margraf (my Father-in-law) upon debt and money and arrears: How he, the Margraf, was cheated at

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i. 162, 163.

[2] Wilhelmina, ii. 55.

14th Aug. 1732]
every turn, and led-about by the nose, and kept weltering in debt: how he should let the young Margraf go into the Offices, to supervise, and withal to learn tax-matters and economics betimes. How he (Friedrich Wilhelm) would send him a fellow from Berlin who understood such things, and would drill his scoundrels for him! To which the old Margraf, somewhat flushed in the face, made some embarrassed assent, knowing it in fact to be true; and accepted the Berlin man:—but he made me (his poor Daughter-in-law) smart for it afterwards: 'Not quite dead *yet*, Madam; you will have to wait a little!'—and other foolish speech; which required to be tempered-down again by a judicious female mind.

Grumkow himself was pleasant on this occasion; told us of Kladrup, the Prag etiquettes; and how he was like to go mad seeing his Majesty so humiliate himself. Fräulein Grumkow, a niece of his, belonging to the Austrian Court, who is over here with the rest, a satirical intriguing baggage, she, I privately perceive, has made a conquest of my foolish Brother-in-law, the Anspach Margraf here;—and there will be jealousies, and a cat-and-dog life over yonder, worse than ever! Tush, why should we talk?—These are the phenomena at Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law having quitted their boar-hunt and hurried home.

After three days, Friedrich Wilhelm rolled away again; lodged once more, at Meuselwitz, with abstruse Seckendorf, and his good old Wife, who do the hospitalities well when they must, in spite of the single candle once visible. On the morrow after which, 14th August 1732, his Majesty is off again, 'at four in the morning,' towards Leipzig, intending to be home that night, though it is a long drive. At Leipzig, not to waste time, he declines entering the Town; positively will not, though the cannon-salvos are booming all round;—'breakfasts in the suburbs, with a certain Horse-dealer (*Ross-Händler*) now deceased:' a respectable Centaur, capable, no doubt, of bargaining a little about cavalry mountings, while one eats, with appetite and at one's ease. Which done, Majesty

darts-off again, the cannon-salvos booming-out a second time; —and by assiduous driving gets home to Potsdam about eight at night. And so has happily *ended* this Journey to Kladrup.[1]

CHAPTER V

GHOST OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE RISES; TO NO PURPOSE

WE little expected to see the 'Double-Marriage' start-up into vitality again, at this advanced stage; or, of all men, Seckendorf, after riding 25,000 miles to kill the Double-Marriage, engaged in resuscitating it! But so it is: by endless intriguing, matchless in History or Romance, the Austrian Court had, at such expense to the parties and to itself, achieved the first problem of stifling the harmless Double-Marriage; and now, the wind having changed, it is actually trying its hand the opposite way.

Wind is changed: consummate Robinson has managed to do his thrice-salutary 'Treaty of Vienna';[2] to clout-up all differences between the Sea-Powers and the Kaiser, and restore the old Law of Nature,—Kaiser to fight the French, Sea-Powers to feed and pay him while engaged in that necessary job. And now it would be gratifying to the Kaiser, if there remained, on this side of the matter, no rent anywhere, if between his chief Sea ally and his chief Land one, the Britannic Majesty and the Prussian, there prevailed a complete understanding, with no grudge left.

The honour of this fine resuscitation project is ascribed to Robinson by the Vienna people: 'Robinson's suggestion,' they always say: how far it was, or whether at all it was or not, nobody at present knows. Guess rather, if necessary, it

[1] Fassmann, pp. 474-479; Wilhelmina, ii. 46-55; Pöllnitz, ii. 407-412; Förster, i. 328-334.

[2] 16th March 1731, the *tail* of it (accession of the Dutch, of Spain, etc.) not quite coiled-up till 20th February 1732: Schöll, i. 218-222.

5th Dec. 1732]
had been the Kaiser's own! Robinson, as the thing proceeds, is instructed from St. James's to 'look on and not interfere';[1] Prince Eugene, too, we can observe, is privately against it, though officially urgent, and doing his best. Who knows, —or need know?

Enough that High Heads are set upon it; that the diplomatic wigs are all wagging with it, from about the beginning of October 1732; and rumours are rife and eager, occasionally spurting-out into the Newspapers: Double-Marriage after all, hint the old Rumours: Double-Marriage somehow or other; Crown-Prince to have his English Princess, Prince Fred of England to console the Brunswick one for loss of her Crown-Prince; or else Prince Karl of Brunswick to— And half-a-dozen other ways; which Rumour cannot settle to its satisfaction. The whispers upon it, from Hanover, from Vienna, at Berlin, and from the Diplomatic world in general, occasionally whistling through the Newspapers, are manifold and incessant,—not worthy of the least attention from us here.[2] What is certain is, Seckendorf, in the end of October, is corresponding on it with Prince Eugene; has got instructions to propose the matter in Tobacco-Parliament; and does not like it at all. Grumkow, who perhaps has seen dangerous clouds threatening to mount upon him, and never been quite himself again in the Royal Mind since that questionable *Nosti* business, dissuades earnestly, constantly. 'Nothing but mischief will come of such a proposal,' says Grumkow steadily; and for his own share absolutely declines concern in it.

But Prince Eugene's orders are express; remonstrances, cunctations only strengthen the determination of the High Heads or Head: Forward with this beautiful scheme! Seckendorf, puckered into dangerous anxieties, but summoning all his cunning, has at length, after six-weeks hesitation, to open it, as if casually, in some favourable hour, to his Prussian Majesty. December 5th, 1732, as we compute;—

[1] Despatches, in State-Paper Office.
[2] Förster, iii. 111, 120, 108, 113, 122.

[6th Dec. 1732

a kind of epoch in his Majesty's life. Prussian Majesty stares wide-eyed; the breath as if struck-out of him; repeats, 'Jülich and Berg absolutely secured, say you? But—hm, na!'—and has not yet taken-in the unspeakable dimensions of the occurrence. 'What? Imperial Majesty will make me break my word before all the world? Imperial Majesty has been whirling me about, face now to the east, face straightway round to the west: Imperial Majesty does not feel that I am a man and king at all; takes me for a mere machine, to be seesawed and whirled hither and thither, like a rotatory Clothes-horse, to dry his Imperial Majesty's linen upon. *Tausend Himmel—!*—'

The full dimensions of all this did not rise clear upon the intellect of Prussian Majesty;—a slow intellect, but a true and deep, with terrible earthquakes and poetic fires lying under it,—not at once, or for months, perhaps years to come. But they had begun to dawn upon him painfully here; they rose gradually into perfect clearness: all things seen at last as what they were;—with huge submarine earthquake for consequence, and total change of mind towards Imperial Majesty and the drying of his Pragmatic linen, in Friedrich Wilhelm. Amiable Orson, true to the heart; amiable, though terrible when too much put-upon!

This dawning process went on for above two years to come, painfully, reluctantly, with explosions, even with tears. But here, directly on the back of Seckendorf's proposal, and recorded from a sure hand, is what we may call the peep-of-day in that matter: First Session of Tobacco-Parliament, close after that event. Event is on the 5th December 1732; Tobacco Session is of the 6th;—glimpse of it is given by Speaker Grumkow himself; authentic to the bone.

Session of Tobacco Parliament, 6th December 1732

Grumkow, shattered into 'headache' by this Session, writes Report of it to Seckendorf before going to bed. Look,

6th Dec. 1732]
reader, into one of the strangest Political Establishments; and how a strange Majesty comports himself there, directly after such proposal from Vienna to marry with England still!—'Schwerin' is incidentally in from Frankfurt-on-Oder, where his Regiment and business usually lie: the other Honourable Members we sufficiently know. Majesty has been a little out of health lately; perceptibly worse the last two days. 'Syberg' is a Gold-cook (Alchemical gentleman, of very high professions), came to Berlin some time ago; whom his Majesty, after due investigation, took the liberty to hang.[1] Readers can now understand what Speaker Grumkow writes, and despatches by his lackey, in such haste:

'I never saw such a scene as this evening. Derschau, Schwerin, Buddenbrock, Rochow, Flans were present. We had been about an hour in the Red Room' (languidly doing our tobacco off and on), 'when he' (the King) 'had us shifted into the Little Room: drove-out the servants; and cried, looking fixedly at me: "No, I cannot endure it any longer! *Es stosset mir das Herz ab*," cried he, breaking into German: "It crushes the heart out of me; to make me do a bit of scoundrelism, me, me! No, I say; no, never! Those damned intrigues; may the Devil take them!"—

'*Ego* (Grumkow). "Of course, I know of nothing. But I do not comprehend your Majesty's inquietude, coming thus on the sudden, after our common indifferent mood."

'*King*. "What, make me a villain! I will tell it right out. Certain damned scoundrels have been about betraying me. People that should have known me better have been trying to lead me into a dishonourable scrape"—('Here I called-in the hounds, *Je rompis les chiens*,' reports Grumkow, 'for he was going to blab everything; I interrupted, saying):

'*Ego*. "But, your Majesty, what is it ruffles you so? I know not what you talk of. Your Majesty has honourable people about you; and the man who lets himself be employed in things against your Majesty must be a traitor."

'*King*. "Yes, *ja, ju*. I will do things that will surprise them. I"—

'And, in short, a torrent of exclamations: which I strove to soften by all manner of incidents and contrivances; succeeding at last,'—by dexterity and time (but, at this point, the light is now blown out, and we *see* no more):—'so that he grew quite calm again, and the rest of the evening passed gently enough.

[1] Förster, iii. 126.

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'Well, you see what the effect of your fine Proposal is, which you said he would like! I can tell you, it is the most detestable incident that could have turned up. I know, you had your orders: but you may believe and depend on it, he has got his heart driven rabid by the business, and says, "Who knows now whether that villain Syberg" Goldcook, that was hanged the other day, "was not set-on by some people to poison me?" In a word, he was like a madman.

'What struck me most was when he repeated, "Only think! Think! Who would have expected it of people that should have known me; and whom I know, and have known, better than they fancy!"'—Pleasant passage for Seckendorf to chew the cud upon, through the night-watches!

'In fine, as I was somewhat confused; and anxious, above all, to keep him from exploding with the secret, I cannot remember everything. But Derschau, who was more at his ease, will be able to give you a full account. He' (the King) 'said more than once: "*This* was his sickness; the thing that ailed him, this: it gnawed his heart, and would be the death of him!" He certainly did not affect; he was in a very convulsive condition.'—(*Jarni-bleu*, here is a piece of work, Herr Seckendorf!)—'Adieu, I have a headache.' Whereupon to bed—'GRUMKOW.'[1]

This Hansard Report went-off direct to Prince Eugene; and ought to have been a warning to the high Vienna heads and him. But they persisted not the less to please Robinson or themselves; considering his Prussian Majesty to be, in fact, a mere rotatory Clothes-horse for drying the Imperial linen on; and to have no intellect at all, because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all. In which they were very much mistaken indeed. History is proud to report that the guileless Prussian Majesty, steadily attending to his own affairs in a wise manner, though hoodwinked and led-about by Black-Artists as he had been, turned-out when Fact and Nature subsequently pronounced upon it, to have had more intellect than the whole of them together,—to have been, in a manner, the only one of them that had any real 'intellect,' or insight into Fact and Nature, at all. Consummate Black-art Diplomacies overnetting the Universe, went entirely to water, running down the gutters to the last drop; and a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact, organic in

[1] Förster, iii. 135, 136.

(6th Dec. 1732)
every part, from diligent plough-sock to shining bayonet and iron ramrod, remained standing. 'A full Treasury and 200,000 well-drilled men would be the one guarantee to your Pragmatic Sanction,' Prince Eugene had said. But that bit of insight was not accepted at Vienna; Black-art, and Diplomatic spider-webs from pole to pole, being thought the preferable method.

Enough, Seckendorf was ordered to manipulate and soothe-down the Prussian Majesty, as surely would be easy; to continue his galvanic operations on the Double-Match, or produce a rotation in the purposes of the royal breast. Which he diligently strove to do, when once admitted to speech again; —Grumkow steadily declining to meddle, and only Queen Sophie, as we can fancy, auguring joyfully of it. Seckendorf, admitted to speech the third day after that explosive Session, snuffles his softest, his cunningest;—continues to ride diligently, the concluding portion (such it proved) of his 25,000 miles with the Prussian Majesty up and down through winter and spring; but makes not the least progress, the reverse rather.

Their dialogues and arguings on the matter, here and elsewhere, are lost in air; or gone wholly to a single point unexpectedly preserved for us. One day, riding through some village, Priort some say his Majesty calls it, some give another name,—advocate Seckendorf, in the fervour of pleading and arguing, said some word, which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his Majesty's mind, and never would go out of it again while he lived after. In passionate moments, his Majesty spoke of it sometimes, a clangorous pathos in his tones, as of a thing hideous, horrible, never to be forgotten, which had killed him,—death from a friend's hand. 'It was the 17th of April 1733,[1] riding

[1] All the Books (Förster, ii. 142, for one) mention this utterance of his Majesty, on what occasion we shall see farther on; and give the date '1732,' not 1733: but except as amended above, it refuses to have any sense visible at this distance. The Village of Priort is in the Potsdam region.

[Jan. 1733
through Priort, a man said something to me: it was as if you had turned a dagger about in my heart. That man was he that killed me; there and then I got my death!'

A strange passion in that utterance: the deep dumb soul of his Majesty, of dumb-poetic nature, suddenly brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. 'Oh Kaiser, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire; and this is your return for my loyal faith in you? I had nearly killed my Fritz, my Wilhelmina, broken my Feekin's heart and my own, and reduced the world to ruins for your sake. And because I was of faith more than human, you took me for a dog? Oh Kaiser, Kaiser!'—Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, he spoke of this often, in excited moments, in his later years; the tears running down his cheeks, and the whole man melted into tragic emotion: but if Fritz were there, the precious Fritz whom he had almost killed for their sake, he would say, flashing out into proud rage, 'There is one that will avenge me, though; that one! *Da steht Einer, der mich rächen wird!*'[1] Yes, your Majesty; perhaps that one. And it will be seen whether *you* were a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry their Pragmatic linen upon, or something different a good deal.

CHAPTER VI

KING AUGUST MEDITATING GREAT THINGS FOR POLAND

In the Newyear's days of 1733, the topic among diplomatic gentlemen, which set many big wigs wagging, and even tremulously came out in the gray leaves of gazetteers and garreteers of the period, was a royal drama, dimly supposed to be getting itself up in Poland at this time. Nothing known about it for certain; much guessed. 'Something in the rumour!' nods this wig; 'Nothing!' wags that, slightly

[1] Förster, ii. 153.

10th Jan. 1733]
oscillating; and gazetteers, who would earn their wages, and have a peck of coals apiece to glad them in the cold weather, had to watch with all eagerness the movements of King August, our poor old friend, the Dilapidated-Strong, who is in Saxony at present; but bound for Warsaw shortly,—just about lifting the curtain on important events, it is thought and not thought. Here are the certainties of it, now clear enough, so far as they deserve a glance from us.

January 10th, 1733, August the Dilapidated-Strong of Poland has been in Saxony, looking after his poor Electorate a little; and is on the road from Dresden homewards again;—will cross a corner of the Prussian Dominions, as his wont is on such occasions. Prussian Majesty, if not appearing in person, will as usual, by some Official of rank, send a polite Well-speed-you as the brother Majesty passes. This time, however, it was more than politeness; the Polish Majesty having, as was thought, such intricate affairs in the wind. Let Grumkow, the fittest man in all ways, go, and do the greeting to his old Patroon: greeting, or whatever else may be needed.

Patroon left Dresden,—'having just opened the Carnival' or fashionable Season there, opened and nothing more,—January 10th, 1733;[1] being in haste home for a Polish Diet close at hand. On which same day Grumkow, we suppose, drives forth from Berlin, to intersect him, in the Neumark, about Crossen; and have a friendly word again, in those localities, over jolly wine. Intersection took place duly;—there was exuberant joy on the part of the Patroon; and such a dinner and night of drinking, as has seldom been. Abstruse things lie close ahead of August the Dilapidated-Strong, important to Prussia, and for which Prussia is important; let Grumkow try if he can fish the matter into clearness out of these wine-cups. And then August, on his side, wishes to know what the Kaiser said at Kladrup lately; there is much to be fished into clearness.

[1] Fassmann, *Leben Friedrich Augusti des Grossen*, p. 994.

Many are the times August the Strong has made this journey; many are the carousals, on such and other occasions, Grumkow and he have had. But there comes an end to all things. This was their last meeting, over flowing liquor or otherwise, in the world. Satirical History says, they drank all night, endeavouring to pump one another, and with such enthusiasm that they never recovered it; drank themselves to death at Crossen on that occasion.[1] It is certain August died within three weeks; and people said of Grumkow, who lived six years longer, he was never well after this bout. Is it worth any human creature's while to look into the plans of this precious pair of individuals? Without the least expense of drinking, the secrets they were pumping out of each other are now accessible enough,—if it were of importance now. One glance I may perhaps commend to the reader, out of these multifarious Notebooks in my possession:

'August, by change of his religion, and other sad operations, got to be what they called the King of Poland, thirty-five years ago; but, though looking glorious to the idle public, it has been a crown of stinging-nettles to the poor man,—a sedan-chair running on rapidly, with the bottom broken out! To say nothing of the scourgings he got, and poor Saxony along with him, from Charles XII., on account of this Sovereignty so-called, what has the thing itself been to him? In Poland, for these thirty-five years, the individual who had least of his real will done in public matters has been, with infinite management, and display of such goodhumour as at least deserves credit, the nominal Sovereign Majesty of Poland. Anarchic Grandees have been kings over him; ambitious, contentious, unmanageable;—very fanatical too, and never persuaded that August's Apostasy was more than a sham one, not even when he made his Prince apostatise too. Their Sovereignty has been a mere peck of troubles, disgraces, and vexations: for those thirty-five years, an ever-boiling pot of mutiny, contradiction, insolence, hardly tolerable even to such nerves as August's.

'August, for a long time back, has been thinking of schemes to clap some lid upon all that. To make the Sovereignty hereditary in his House: that, with the good Saxon troops we have, would be a remedy;—and in fact it is the only remedy. John Casimir (who abdicated long ago, in the Great Elector's time, and went to Paris,—much charmed with

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i. 163.

11th Jan. 1733]

Ninon de l'Enclos there) told the Polish Diets, With their *liberum veto*, and "right of confederation" and rebellion, they would bring the country down under the feet of mankind, and reduce their Republic to zero one day, if they persisted. They have not failed to persist. With some hereditary King over it, and a regulated Saxony to lean upon: truly might it not be a change to the better? To the worse, it could hardly be, thinks August the Strong; and goes intent upon that method, this long while back;—and at length hopes now, in few days longer, at the Diet just assembling, to see fruits appear, and the thing actually begin.

'The difficulties truly are many; internal and external:—but there are calculated methods too. For the internal: Get-up, by bribery, persuasion, some visible minority to countenance you; with these manœuvre in the Diets; on the back of these, the 30,000 Saxon troops. But then what will the neighbouring Kings say? The neighbouring Kings, with their big-mouthed manifestos, pities for an oppressed Republic, overwhelming forces, and invitations to "confederate" and revolt: without their tolerance first had, nothing can be done. That is the external difficulty. For which too there is a remedy. Cut-off sufficient outlying slices of Poland; fling these to the neighbouring Kings to produce consent: Partition of Poland, in fact; large sections of its Territory sliced away: that will be the method, thinks King August.

Neighbouring Kings, Kaiser, Prussia, Russia, to them it is not grievous that Poland should remain in perennial anarchy, in perennial impotence; the reverse rather: a dead horse, or a dying, in the next stall,—he at least will not kick upon us, think the neighbouring Kings. And yet,—under another similitude,—you do not like your next-door neighbour to be always on the point of catching fire; smoke issuing, thicker or thinner, through the slates of his roof, as a perennial phenomenon? August will conciliate the neighbouring Kings. Russia, big-cheeked Anne Czarina there, shall have not only Courland peaceably henceforth, but the Ukraine, Lithuania, and other large outlying slices; that surely will conciliate Russia. To Austria, on its Hungarian border, let us give the Country of Zips;—nay, there are other sops we have for Austria. Pragmatic Sanction, hitherto refused as contrary to plain rights of ours,—that, if conceded to a spectre-hunting Kaiser? To Friedrich Wilhelm we could give West-Preussen; West-Preussen torn-away three hundred years ago, and leaving a hiatus in the very continuity of Friedrich Wilhelm: would not that conciliate him? Of all enemies or friends, Friedrich Wilhelm, close at hand with 80,000 men capable of fighting at a week's notice, is by far the most important.

'These are August's plans: West-Preussen for the nearest Neighbour; Zips for Austria; Ukraine, Lithuania, and appendages for the Russian Czarina: handsome Sections to be sliced off, and flung to good neigh-

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bours; as it were, all the outlying limbs and wings of the Polish Territory sliced off; compact body to remain, and become, by means of August and Saxon troops, a Kingdom with government, not an imaginary Republic without government any longer. In fact, it was the "Partition of Poland," such as took effect forty years after, and has kept the Newspapers weeping ever since. Partition of Poland,—*minus* the compact interior held under government, by a King with Saxon troops or otherwise. Compact interior, in that effective partition, forty years after, was left as anarchic as ever; and had to be again partitioned, and cut-away altogether,—with new torrents of loud tears from the Newspapers, refusing to be comforted to this day.

'It is not said that Friedrich Wilhelm had the least intention of countenancing August in these dangerous operations, still less of going shares with August; but he wished much, through Grumkow, to have some glimpse into the dim program of them; and August wished much to know Friedrich Wilhelm's and Grumkow's humour towards them. Grumkow and August drank copiously, or copiously pressed drink on one another, all night (11th-12th January 1733, as I compute; some say at Crossen, some say at Frauendorf, a royal domain near by), with the view of mutually fishing-out those secrets;—and killed one another in the business, as is rumoured.'

What were Grumkow's news at home-coming, I did not hear; but he continues very low and shaky;—refuses, almost with horror, to have the least hand in Seckendorf's mad project of resuscitating the English Double-Marriage, and breaking-off the Brunswick one, at the eleventh hour and after word pledged. Seckendorf himself continues to dislike and dissuade: but the High Heads at Vienna are bent on it; and command new strenuous attempts;—literally at the last moment; which is now come.

CHAPTER VII

CROWN-PRINCE'S MARRIAGE

SINCE November last, Wilhelmina is on visit at Berlin,—first visit since her marriage;—she stays there for almost ten months; not under the happiest auspices, poor child. Mamma's

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reception of her, just off the long winter journey, and extenuated with fatigues and sickly chagrins, was of the most cutting cruelty: 'What do you want here? What is a mendicant like you come hither for?' And next night, when Papa himself came home, it was little better. 'Ha, ha,' said he, 'here you are; I am glad to see you.' Then holding-up a light, to take view of me: 'How changed you are!' said he: 'What is little Frederika' (my little Baby at Baireuth) 'doing?' And on my answering, continued: 'I am sorry for you, on my word. You have not bread to eat; and but for me you might go begging. I am a poor man myself, not able to give you much; but I will do what I can. I will give you now and then a twenty or a thirty shillings (*par dix ou douze florins*), as my affairs permit: it will always be something to assuage your want. And you, Madam,' said he, turning to the Queen, 'You will sometimes give her an old dress; for the poor child hasn't a shift to her back.'[1] This rugged paternal banter was taken too literally by Wilhelmina, in her weak state; and she was like 'to burst in her skin,' poor Princess.

So that,—except her own good Hereditary Prince, who was here, 'over from Pasewalk' and his regimental duties, waiting to welcome her; in whose true heart, full of honest human sunshine towards her, she could always find shelter and defence,—native Country and Court offer little to the brave Wilhelmina. Chagrins enough are here: chagrins also were there. At Baireuth our old Father Margraf has his crotchets, his infirmities and outbreaks; takes more and more to liquor; and does always keep us frightfully bare in money. No help from Papa here, either, on the finance side; no real hope anywhere (thinks Seckendorf, when we consult him), except only in the Margraf's death: 'old Margraf will soon drink himself dead,' thinks Seckendorf; 'and in the meanwhile there is Vienna, and a noble Kaiserinn who knows *her* friends in case of extremity!' thinks he.[2] Poor Princess, in her weak

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 85.

[2] *Ibid.* ii. 81-111.

shattered state, she has a heavy time of it; but there is a tough spirit in her; bright, sharp, like a swift sabre, not to be quenched in any coil; but always cutting its way, and emerging unsubdued.

One of the blessings reserved for her here, which most of all concerns us, was the occasional sight of her Brother. Brother in a day or two[1] ran over from Ruppin, on short leave, and had his first interview. Very kind and affectionate; quite the old Brother again; and 'blushed' when at supper, Mamma and the Princesses, especially that wicked Charlotte (Papa not present), tore-up his poor Bride at such a rate. 'Has not a word to answer you, but *Yes* or *No*,' said they; 'stupid as a block.' 'But were you ever at her toilette?' said the wicked Charlotte: 'Out of shape, completely: considerable waddings, I promise you: and then'—still worse features, from that wicked Charlotte, in presence of the domestics here. Wicked Charlotte; who is to be her Sister-in-law soon;—and who is always flirting with my Husband, as if she liked that better!—Crown-Prince retired, directly after supper; as did I, to my apartment, where in a minute or two he joined me.

'To the question, How with the King and you? he answered, "That his situation was changing every moment; that sometimes he was in favour, sometimes in disgrace;—that his chief happiness consisted in absence. That he led a soft and tranquil life with his Regiment at Ruppin; study and music his principal occupations; he had built himself a House there, and laid-out a Garden, where he could read, and walk about." Then as to his Bride, I begged him to tell me candidly if the portrait the Queen and my Sister had been making of her was the true one. "We are alone," replied he, "and I will conceal nothing from you. The Queen, by her miserable intrigues, has been the source of our misfortunes. Scarcely were you gone when she began again with England; wished to substitute our Sister Charlotte for you; would have had me undertake to contradict the King's will again, and flatly refuse the Brunswick Match;—which I declined. That is the source of her venom against this poor Princess. As to the young Lady herself, I do not hate her so

[1] '18th November,' she says; which date is wrong, if it were of moment (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, where their *Correspondence* is).

8th June 1733]

much as I pretend; I affect complete dislike, that the King may value my obedience more. She is pretty, a complexion lily-and-rose; her features delicate; face altogether of a beautiful person. True, she has no breeding, and dresses very ill: but I flatter myself, when she comes hither, you will have the goodness to take her in hand. I recommend her to you, my dear Sister; and beg your protection for her." It is easy to judge, my answer would be such as he desired.'

For which small glimpse of the fact itself, at first-hand, across a whirlwind of distracted rumours new and old about the fact, let us be thankful to Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's hopeless attempts to resuscitate extinct English things, and make the Prussian Majesty break his word, continue to the very last; but are worth no notice from us. Grumkow's Drinking-bout with the Dilapidated-Strong at Crossen, which follows now in January, has been already noticed by us. And the Dilapidated-Strong's farewell next morning. 'Adieu, dear Grumkow; I think I shall not see you again!' as he rolled-off towards Warsaw and the Diet,—will require farther notice; but must stand-over till this Marriage be got done. Of which latter Event,—Wilhelmina once more kindling the old dark Books into some light for us,—the essential particulars are briefly as follows.

Monday 8th June 1733, the Crown-Prince is again over from Ruppin: King, Queen and Crown-Prince are rendezvoused at Potsdam; and they set-off with due retinues towards Wolfenbüttel, towards Salzdahlum the Ducal Schloss there; Sister Wilhelmina sending blessings, if she had them, on a poor Brother in such interesting circumstances. Mamma was 'plunged in black melancholy'; King not the least; in the Crown-Prince nothing particular to be remarked. They reached Salzdahlum, Duke Ludwig Rudolf the Grandfather's Palace,—one of the finest Palaces, with Gardens, with Antiques, with Picture-Galleries no-end; a mile or two from Wolfenbüttel; built by old Anton Ulrich, and still the ornament of those parts:—reached Salzdahlum, Wednesday the 10th;

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 89.

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where Bride, with Father, Mother, much more Grandfather, Grandmother, and all the sublimities interested, are waiting in the highest gala; Wedding to be on Friday next.

Friday morning, this incident fell out, notable and somewhat contemptible: Seckendorf, who is of the retinue, following his bad trade, visits his Majesty who is still in bed: —'Pardon, your Majesty: what shall I say for excuse? Here is a Letter just come from Vienna; in Prince Eugene's hand; —Prince Eugene, or a Higher, will say something, while it is still time!' Majesty, not in impatience, reads the little Prince's and the Kaiser's Letter. 'Give-up this, we entreat you for the last time; marry with England after all!' Majesty reads, quiet as a lamb; lays the Letter under his pillow; will himself answer it;—and does straightway, with much simple dignity, to the effect, 'For certain, Never, my always respected Prince!'[1] Seckendorf, having thus shot his last bolt, does not stay many hours longer at Salzdahlum;—may as well quit Friedrich Wilhelm altogether, for any good he will henceforth do upon him. This is the one incident between the Arrival at Salzdahlum and the Wedding there.

Same Friday, 12th June 1733, at a more advanced hour, the Wedding itself took effect; Wedding which, in spite of the mad rumours and whispers, in the Newspapers, Diplomatic Despatches and elsewhere, went off, in all respects, precisely as other weddings do; a quite human Wedding now and afterwards. Officiating Clergyman was the Reverend Herr Mosheim: readers know with approval the *Ecclesiastical History* of Mosheim: he, in the beautiful Chapel of the Schloss, with Majesties and Brunswick Sublimities looking on, performed the ceremony: and Crown-Prince Friedrich of Prussia has fairly wedded the Serene Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily-and-rose;—and History is right glad to have done with the wearisome affair, and know

[1] Account of the Interview by Seckendorf, in Förster, iii. 143-155; Copy of the Answer itself is in the State-Paper Office here.

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it settled on any tolerable terms whatever. Here is a Note of Friedrich's to his dear Sister, which has been preserved:

To Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth, at Berlin

'Salzdahlum, Noon, 12th June 1733.

'MY DEAR SISTER,—A minute since, the whole Ceremony was got finished; and God be praised it is over! I hope you will take it as a mark of my friendship that I give you the first news of it.

'I hope I shall have the honour to see you again soon; and to assure you, my dear Sister, that I am wholly yours (*tout à vous*). I write in great haste; and add nothing that is merely formal. Adieu.[1]

'FRÉDÉRIC.'

One Keyserling, the Prince's favourite gentleman, came over express, with this Letter and the more private news; Wilhelmina being full of anxieties. Keyserling said, The Prince was inwardly 'well content with his lot; though he had kept-up the old farce to the last; and pretended to be in frightful humour, on the very morning; bursting-out upon his valets in the King's presence, who reproved him, and looked rather pensive,'—recognising, one hopes, what a sacrifice it was. The Queen's Majesty, Keyserling reported, 'was charmed with the style and ways of the Brunswick Court; but could not endure the Princess-Royal' (new Wife), 'and treated the two Duchesses like dogs (*comme des chiens*).'[2] Reverend Abbot Mosheim (such his title; Head Churchman, theological chief of Helmstädt University in those parts, with a couple of extinct little *Abbacies* near by, to help his stipend) preached next Sunday, 'On the Marriage of the Righteous,'—felicitous appropriate Sermon, said a grateful public;[3]—and in short, at Salzdahlum all goes, if not as merry as some marriage-bells, yet without jarring to the ear.

On Tuesday, both the Majesties set-out towards Potsdam again; 'where his Majesty,' having business waiting, 'arrived some time before the Queen.' Thither also, before the week

[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 9.
[2] Wilhelmina, ii. 114.
[3] Text, Psalm xcii. 12; 'Sermon printed in Mosheim's *Works*.'

[12-27th June 1733

ends, Crown-Prince Friedrich with his Bride, and all the Serenities of Brunswick escorting, are upon the road,—duly detained by complimentary harangues, tedious scenic evolutions at Magdeburg and the intervening Towns;—grand entrance of the Princess-Royal into Berlin is not till the 27th, last day of the week following. That was such a day as Wilhelmina never saw; no sleep the night before; no breakfast can one taste: between Charlottenburg and Berlin, there is a review of unexampled splendour; 'above eighty carriages of us,' and only a tent or two against the flaming June sun: think of it! Review begins at four A.M.;—poor Wilhelmina thought she would verily have died, of heat and thirst and hunger, in the crowded tent, under the flaming June sun; before the Review could end itself, and march into Berlin, trumpeting and salvoing, with the Princess-Royal at the head of it.[1]

Of which grand flaming day, and of the unexampled balls and effulgent festivities that followed, 'all Berlin ruining itself in dresses and equipages,' we will say nothing farther; but give only, what may still have some significance for readers, Wilhelmina's Portrait of the Princess-Royal on their first meeting, which had taken place at Potsdam two days before. The Princess-Royal had arrived at Potsdam too, on that occasion, across a grand Review; Majesty himself riding out, Majesty and Crown-Prince, who had preceded her a little, to usher in the poor young creature;—Thursday June 25th 1733:

'The King led her into the Queen's Apartment; then seeing, after she had saluted us all, that she was much heated and dispowdered (*dépoudrée*), he bade my Brother take her to her own room. I followed them thither. My Brother said to her, introducing me: "This is a Sister I adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has had the goodness to promise me that she will take care of you, and help you with her good counsel; I wish you to respect her beyond even the King and Queen, and not to take the least step without her advice: do you understand?" I embraced the Princess-Royal, and gave her every assurance of my attachment; but she remained like a statue, not answering a word. Her people not

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 127-129.

25th June-2d July 1733]
being come, I repowdered her myself, and readjusted her dress a little, without the least sign of thanks from her, or any answer to all my caressings. My Brother got impatient at last; and said aloud: "Devil's in the blockhead (*Peste soit de la bête*): thank my Sister, then!" She made me a curtsy, on the model of that of Agnès in the *Ecole des Femmes*. I took her back to the Queen's Apartment; little edified by such a display of talent.

'The Princess-Royal is tall; her figure is not fine: stooping slightly, or hanging forward, as she walks or stands, which gives her an awkward air. Her complexion is of dazzling whiteness, heightened by the liveliest colours: her eyes are pale blue, and not of much promise for spiritual gifts. Mouth small; features generally small,—dainty (*mignons*) rather than beautiful:—and the countenance altogether is so innocent and infantine, you would think this head belonged to a child of twelve. Her hair is blond, plentiful, curling in natural locks. Teeth are unhappily very bad, black and ill-set; which are a disfigurement in this fine face. She has no manners, nor the least vestige of tact; has much difficulty in speaking and making herself understood: for most part you are obliged to guess what she means; which is very embarrassing.'[1]

The Berlin gaieties,—for Karl, Heir-Apparent of Brunswick, brother to this Princess-Royal, wedded his Charlotte, too, about a week hence,[2]—did not end, and the serene Guests disappear, till far on in July. After which an Inspection with Papa; and then Friedrich got back to Ruppin and his old way of life there. Intrinsically the old studious, quietly diligent way of life; varied by more frequent excursions to Berlin;—where as yet the Princess-Royal usually resides, till some fit residence be got ready in the Ruppin Country for a wedded Crown-Prince and her.

The young Wife had an honest guileless heart; if little articulate intellect, considerable inarticulate sense; did not fail to learn tact, perpendicular attitude, speech enough;—and I hope kept well clear of pouting (*faire la fâchée*), a much more dangerous rock for her. With the gay temper of eighteen, and her native loyalty of mind, she seems to have shaped herself successfully to the Prince's taste; and growing yearly gracefuler and better-looking, was an ornament and

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 119-121. [2] 2d July 1733.

pleasant addition to his Ruppin existence. These first seven years, spent at Berlin or in the Ruppin quarter, she always regarded as the flower of her life.[1]

Papa, according to promise, has faithfully provided a Crown-Prince Palace at Berlin; all trimmed and furnished, for occasional residences there; the late 'Government House' (originally *Schomberg* House), new-built,—which is, to this day, one of the distinguished Palaces of Berlin. Princess-Royal had Schönhausen given her; a pleasant Royal Mansion some miles out of Berlin, on the Ruppin side. Furthermore, the Prince-Royal, being now a wedded man, has, as is customary in such case, a special *Amt* (Government District) set apart for his support; the 'Amt of Ruppin,' where his business lies. What the exact revenues of Ruppin are, is not communicated; but we can justly fear they were far too frugal,—and excused the underhand borrowing, which is evident enough as a painful shadow in the Prince's life henceforth. He does not seem to have been wasteful; but he borrows all round, under sevenfold secrecy, from benevolent Courts, from Austria, Russia, England: and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is, that, on his Accession, he pays with exactitude,—sends his Uncle George of England, for example, the complete amount in rouleaus of new coin, by the first courier that goes.[2]

A thought too frugal, his Prussian Majesty: but he means to be kind, bountiful; and occasionally launches-out into handsome munificence. This very Autumn, hearing that the Crown-Prince and his Princess fancied Reinsberg, an old Castle in their Amt Ruppin, some miles north of them,—his Majesty, without word spoken, straightway purchased Reinsberg, Schloss and Territory, from the owner; gave it to his Crown-Prince, and gave him money to new-build it according to his mind.[3] Which the Crown-Prince did with much

[1] Büsching (Autobiography, *Beyträge*, vi.) heard her say so, in advanced years.
[2] Despatch (of adjacent date) in the State-Paper Office here.
[3] 23d Oct. 1733—16th March 1734 (Preuss, i. 75).

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interest, under very wise architectural advice, for the next three years; then went into it, to reside;—yet did not cease new-building, improving, artistically adorning, till it became in all points the image of his taste.

A really handsome princely kind of residence, that of Reinsberg:—got-up with a thrift that most of all astonishes us. In which improved locality we shall by and by look in upon him again. For the present we must to Warsaw, where tragedies and troubles are in the wind, which turn out to be not quite without importance to the Crown-Prince and us.

CHAPTER VIII

KING AUGUST DIES; AND POLAND TAKES FIRE

MEANWHILE, over at Warsaw, there has an Event fallen out. Friedrich, writing rapidly from vague reminiscence, as he often does, records it as 'during the marriage festivities';[1] but it was four good months earlier. Event we must now look at for a moment.

In the end of January last, we left Grumkow in a low and hypochondriacal state, much shaken by that drinking-bout at Crossen, when the Polish Majesty and he were so anxious to pump one another, by copious priming with Hungary wine. About a fortnight after, in the first days of February following (day is not given), Grumkow reported something curious. 'In my presence,' says Wilhelmina, 'and that of forty persons,' for the thing was much talked about, 'Grumkow said to the King one morning: "Ah Sire, I am in despair; the poor Patroon is dead! I was lying broad awake, last night: all on a sudden, the curtains of my bed flew asunder: I saw him; he was in a shroud: he gazed fixedly at me: I tried to start up, being dreadfully taken; but the phantom disappeared."' Here was an illustrious ghost-story for Berlin,

[1] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i. 163.

in a day or two when the Courier came. 'Died at the very time of the phantom; Death and phantom were the same night,' say Wilhelmina and the miraculous Berlin public,—but do not say *what* night for either of them it was.[1] By help of which latter circumstance the phantom becomes reasonably unmiraculous again, in a nervous system tremulous from drink. 'They had been sad at parting,' Wilhelmina says, 'having drunk immensities of Hungary wine; the Patroon almost weeping over his Grumkow: "Adieu, my dear Grumkow," said he; "I shall never see you more!"'

Miraculous or not, the catastrophe is true: August, the once Physically Strong, lies dead;—and there will be no Partition of Poland for the present. He had the Diet ready to assemble; waiting for him, at Warsaw; and good trains laid in the Diet, capable of fortunate explosion under a good engineer. Engineer, alas! The Grumkow drinking-bout had awakened that old sore in his foot: he came to Warsaw, eager enough for business; but with his stock of strength all out, and Death now close upon him. The Diet met, 26th-27th January; engineer all alert about the good trains laid, and the fortunate exploding of them; when, almost on the morrow,—'Inflammation has come on!' said the Doctors, and were futile to help farther. The strong body, and its life, was done; and nothing remained but to call-in the Archbishop, with his extreme unctions and soul-apparatus.

August made no moaning or recalcitrating; took, on the prescribed terms, the inevitable that had come. Has been a very great sinner, he confesses to the Archbishop: 'I have not at present strength to name my many and great sins to your Reverence,' said he; 'I hope for mercy on the'—on the usual rash terms. Terms perhaps known to August to be rash; to have been frightfully rash; but what can he now do? Archbishop thereupon gives absolution of his sins; Archbishop does,—a baddish, unlikely kind of man, as

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 98. Event happened, 1st February; news of it came to Berlin, 4th February: Fassmann (p. 485); Buchholz; etc.

August well knows. August 'laid his hand on his eyes,' during such sad absolution-mummery; and in that posture had breathed his last, before it was well over.[1] Unhappy soul; who shall judge him?—transcendent King of edacious Flunkies; not without fine qualities, which he turned to such a use amid the temptations of this world!

Poland has to find a new King

His death brought vast miseries on Poland; kindled foolish Europe generally into fighting, and gave our Crown-Prince his first actual sight and experience of the facts of War. For which reason, hardly for another, the thing having otherwise little memorability at present, let us give some brief synopsis of it, the briefer the better. Here, excerpted from multifarious old Notebooks, are some main heads of the affair:

'On the disappearance of August the Strong, his plans of Partitioning Poland disappeared too, and his fine trains in the Diet abolished themselves. The Diet had now nothing to do, but proclaim the coming Election, giving a date to it; and go home to consider a little whom they would elect.[2] A question weighty to Poland. And not likely to be settled by Poland alone or chiefly; the sublime Republic, with *liberum veto*, and Diets capable only of anarchic noise, having now reached such a stage that its Neighbours everywhere stood upon its skirts; asking, "Whitherward, then, with your anarchy? Not this way;—we say, that way!"—and were apt to get to battle about it, before such a thing could be settled. A house, in your street, with perpetual smoke coming through the slates of it, is not a pleasant house to be neighbour to! One honest interest the neighbours have, in an Election Crisis there, That the house do not get on fire, and kindle them. Dishonest interests, in the way of theft and otherwise, they may have without limit.

'The poor house, during last Election Crisis,—when August the Strong was flung out, and Stanislaus brought in; Crisis presided over by Charles XII., with Czar Peter and others hanging on the outskirts,

[1] 'Sunday 1st February 1733, quarter past 4 A.M.' (Fassmann, *Leben Friderici Augusti Königs in Pohlen*, pp. 994-997).

[2] 'Interregnum proclaimed,' 11th February; Preliminary Diet to meet 21st April;—meets; settles, before May is done, that the Election shall *begin* 25th August: it must *end* in six weeks thereafter, by law of the land.

as Opposition party,—fairly got into flame;[1] but was quenched down again by that stout Swede; and his Stanislaus, a native Pole, was left peaceably as King for the years then running. Years ran; and Stanislaus was thrown out, Charles himself being thrown out; and had to make way for August the Strong again:—an ejected Stanislaus: King only in title; known to most readers of this time.[2]

'Poor man, he has been living in Zweibrück, in Weissenburg and such places, in that Debateable French-German region,—which the French are more and more getting stolen to themselves, in late centuries:—generally on the outskirts of France he lives; having now connexions of the highest quality with France. He has had fine Country-houses in that Zweibrück (*Two-Bridge*, Deux-Ponts) region; had always the ghost of a Court there; plenty of money,—a sinecure Country-gentleman life;—and no complaints have been heard from him. Charles XII., as proprietor of Deux-Ponts, had first of all sent him into those parts for refuge; and in general, easy days have been the lot of Stanislaus there.

'Nor has History spoken of him since, except on one small occasion: when the French Politician Gentlemen, at a certain crisis of their game, chose a Daughter of his to be Wife for young Louis XV., and bring royal progeny, of which they were scarce. This was in 1724-5; Duc de Bourbon, and other Politicians male and female, finding that the best move. A thing wonderful to the then Gazetteers, for nine days; but not now worth much talk. The good young Lady, it is well known, a very pious creature, and sore tried in her new station, did bring royal progeny enough,—and might as well have held her hand, had she foreseen what would become of them, poor souls! This was a great event for Stanislaus, the sinecure Country-gentleman, in his French-German rustication. One other thing I have read of him, infinitely smaller, out of those ten years: in Zweibrück Country, or somewhere in that French-German region, he "built a pleasure-cottage," conceivable to the mind, "and called it *Schuhflick* (Shoe-Patch)," [3]—a name that touches one's fancy on behalf of the innocent soul. Other fact I will not remember of him. He is now to quit Shoe-Patch and his pleasant Weissenburg Castle; to come on the public stage again, poor man; and suffer a second season of

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[1] Description of it in Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 228-230.

[2] Stanislaus Leszcinsky, 'Woywode of Posen,' born 1677: King of Poland, Charles XII. superintending, 1704 (age then 27); driven out 1709, went to Charles XII. at Bender; to Zweibrück, 1714; thence, on Charles's death, to Weissenburg (Alsace, or Strasburg Country): Daughter married to Louis XV., 1725. Age now 56.—Hübner, t. 97; *Histoire de Stanislas I., Roi de Pologne* (English Translation, London, 1741), pp. 96-126; etc.

[3] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v., 1194.

1st Feb.-5th Oct. 1733]
mischances and disgraces still worse than the first. As we shall see presently;—a new Polish Election Crisis having come!—

'What individual the Polish Grandees would have chosen for King if entirely left alone to do it? is a question not important; and indeed was never asked, in this or in late Elections. Not the individual who could have *been* a King among them were they, for a long time back, in the habit of seeking after; not him, but another and indeed reverse kind of individual,—the one in whom there lay most *nourishment*, nourishment of any kind, even of the cash kind, for a practical Polish Grandee. So that the question was no longer of the least importance, to Poland or the Universe; and in point of fact, the frugal Destinies had ceased to have it put, in that quarter. Not Grandees of Poland; but Intrusive Neighbours, carrying Grandees of Poland "in their breeches-pocket" (as our phrase is), were the voting parties. To that pass it was come. Under such stern penalty had Poland and its Grandees fallen, by dint of false voting: the frugal Destinies had ceased to ask about their vote; and they were become machines for voting with, or pistols for fighting with, by bad Neighbours who cared to vote! Nor did the frugal Destinies consider that the proper method, either; but had, as we shall see, determined to abolish that too, in about forty years more.'

Of the Candidates; of the Conditions. How the Election went

It was under such omens that the Polish Election of 1733 had to transact itself. Austria, Russia, Prussia, as next Neighbours, were the chief voting parties, if they cared to intrude;—which Austria and Russia were clear for doing; Prussia not clear, or not beyond the indispensable or evidently profitable. Seckendorf, and one Löwenwolde the Russian Ambassador at Berlin, had, some time ago, in foresight of this event, done their utmost to bring Friedrich Wilhelm into coöperation,—offering fine baits, 'Berg and Jülich' again, among others;—but nothing definite came of it: peaceable, reasonably safe Election in Poland, other interest Friedrich Wilhelm has not in the matter; and compliance, not coöperation, is what can be expected of him by the Kaiser and Czarina. Coöperating or even complying, these Three could have settled it; and would,—had no other Neighbour inter-

fered. But other neighbours *can* interfere; any neighbour that has money to spend, or likes to bully in such a matter! And that proved to be the case, in this unlucky instance.

Austria and Russia, with Prussia complying, had,—a year ago, before the late August's decease, his life seeming then an extremely uncertain one, and foresight being always good,—privately come to an understanding,[1] in case of a Polish Election:

'1°. That France was to have no hand in it whatever,—no tool of France to be King; or, as they more politely expressed it, having their eye upon Stanislaus, No Piast or native Pole could be eligible.

'2°. That neither could August's Son, the new August, who would then be Kurfürst of Saxony, be admitted King of Poland.—And, on the whole,

'3°. That an Emanuel Prince of Portugal would be the eligible man.' Emanuel of Portugal, King of Portugal's Brother; a gentleman without employment, as his very Title tells us: gentleman never heard of before or since, in those parts or elsewhere; but doubtless of the due harmless quality, as Portugal itself was: he is to be the Polish King,—vote these Intrusive Neighbours. What the vote of Poland itself may be, the Destinies do not, of late, ask; finding it a superfluous question.

So had the Three Neighbours settled this matter:—or rather, I should say, so had Two of them; for Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, now or afterwards, nothing in this Election, but that it should not take fire and kindle him. Two of the Neighbours: and of these two, perhaps we might guess the Kaiser was the principal contriver and suggester; France and Saxony being both hateful to him,—obstinate refusers of the Pragmatic Sanction, to say nothing more. What the Czarina, Anne with the big cheek, specially wanted, I do not learn,—unless it were peaceable hold of Courland; or perhaps merely

[1] 31st December 1731, 'Treaty of Löwenwolde' (which never got completed or became valid): Schöll, ii. 223.

25th Aug. 1733]
to produce herself in these parts, as a kind of regulating Pallas, along with the Jupiter Kaiser of Western Europe;—which might have effects by and by.

Emanuel of Portugal was not elected, nor so much as spoken of in the Diet. Nor did one of these Three Regulations take effect; but much the contrary,—other Neighbours having the power to interfere. France saw good to interfere, a rather distant neighbour: Austria, Russia, could not endure the French vote at all; and so the whole world got on fire by the business.

France is not a near neighbour; but it has a Stanislaus much concerned, who is eminently under the protection of France:—who may be called the '*Father* of France,' in a sense, or even the 'Grandfather'; his Daughter being Mother of a young creature they call Dauphin, or 'Child of France.' Fleury and the French Court decide that Stanislaus, Grandfather of France, was once King of Poland: that it will behove, for various reasons, he be King again. Some say, old Fleury did not care for Stanislaus; merely wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser,—having got himself in readiness, 'with Lorraine in his eye'; and seeing the Kaiser not ready. It is likelier the hot young spirits, Belleisle and others, controlled old Fleury into it. At all events, Stanislaus is summoned from his rustication; the French Ambassador at Warsaw gets his instructions. French Ambassador opens himself largely, at Warsaw, by eloquent speech, by copious money, on the subject of Stanislaus; finds large audience, enthusiastic receptivity;—and readers will now understand the following chronological phenomena of the Polish Election:

'*August 25th*, 1733. This day the Polish Election begins. So has the Preliminary Diet (kind of Polish *Caucus*) ordered it;—Preliminary Diet itself a very stormy matter; minority like to be "thrown out of window," to be "shot through the head," on some occasions.[1] Actual Election begins; continues *sub dio*, "in the Field of Wola," in a very tempestuous fashion; bound to conclude within six weeks. Kaiser has his troops

[1] *History of Stanislaus* (cited above), p. 136.

[2nd Sept. 1733

assembled over the border, in Silesia, "to protect the freedom of election"; Czarina has 30,000 under Marshal Lacy, lying on the edge of Lithuania, bent on a like object; will increase them to 50,000, as the plot thickens.

'So that Emanuel of Portugal is not heard of; and French interference is, with a vengeance,—and Stanislaus, a born Piast, is overwhelmingly the favourite. Intolerable to Austria, to Russia; the reverse to Friedrich Wilhelm, who privately thinks him the right man. And Kurfürst August of Saxony is the other Candidate,—with troops of his own in the distance, but without support in Poland; and depending wholly on the Kaiser and Czarina for his chance. And our "three settled points" are gone to water in this manner!

'August seeing there was not the least hope in Poland's own vote, judiciously went to the Kaiser first of all: "Imperial Majesty, I will accept your Pragmatic Sanction root and branch, swallow it whole; make me King of Poland!"—"Done!" answers Imperial Majesty;[1] brings the Czarina over, by good offers of August's and his;—and now there is an effective Opposition Candidate in the field, with strength of his own, and good backing close at hand. Austrian, Russian Ambassadors at Warsaw lift up their voice, like the French one; open their purse, and bestir themselves; but with no success in the Field of Wola, except to the stirring-up of noise and tumult there. They must look to other fields for success. The voice of Wola and of Poland, if it had now a voice, is enthusiastic for Stanislaus.

'*September 7th.* A couple of quiet-looking Merchants arrive in Warsaw,—one of whom is Stanislaus in person. Newspapers say he is in the French Fleet of War, which is sailing minatory towards these Coasts: and there is in truth a Gentleman in Stanislaus's clothes on board there;—to make the Newspapers *believe*. Stanislaus himself drove through Berlin, a day or two ago; gave the sentry a ducat at the Gate, to be speedy with the Passports,—whom Friedrich Wilhelm affected to put under arrest for such negligent speed. And so, on the 10th of the month, Stanislaus being now rested and trimmed, makes his appearance on the Field of Wola itself; and captivates all hearts by the kind look of him. So that, on the second day after, 12th September 1733, he is, as it were, unanimously elected; with acclamation, with enthusiasm; and sees himself actual King of Poland,—if France send proper backing to continue him there. As, surely, she will not fail?—But there are alarming news that the Russians are advancing: Marshal Lacy with 30,000; and reinforcements in the rear of him.

'*September 22d.* Russians advancing more and more, no French help arrived yet, and the enthusiastic Polish Chivalry being good for nothing

[1] 16th July 1733: Treaty in Schöll, ii. 224-231.

5th Oct. 1733]

against regular musketry,—King Stanislaus finds that he will have to quit Warsaw, and seek covert somewhere. Quits Warsaw this day; gets covert in Dantzig. And, in fact, from this 22d of September, day of the autumnal equinox, 1733, is a fugitive, blockaded, besieged Stanislaus: an imaginary King thenceforth. His real Kingship had lasted precisely ten days.

'*October 3d.* Lacy and his Russians arrive in the suburbs of Warsaw, intent upon "protecting freedom of election." Bridges being broken, they do not yet cross the River, but invite the free electors to come across, and vote: "A real King is very necessary,—Stanislaus being an imaginary one, brought-in by compulsion, by threats of flinging people out of window, and the like." The free electors do not cross. Whereupon a small handful, now free enough, and *not* to be thrown out of window, whom Lacy had about him, proceed to elect August of Saxony: he, on the 5th of October, still one day within the legal six weeks, is chosen and declared the real King:—"twelve senators and about six hundred gentlemen" voting for him there, free they in Lacy's quarters, the rest of Poland having lain under compulsion when voting for Stanislaus. That is the Polish Election, so far as Poland can settle it. We said the Destinies had ceased, some time since, to ask Poland for its vote; it is other people who have now got the real power of voting. But that is the correct state of the poll at Warsaw, if important to anybody.'

August is crowned in Cracow before long; 'August III.,' whom we shall meet again in important circumstances. Lacy and his Russians have voted for August; able, they, to disperse all manner of enthusiastic Polish Chivalry; which indeed, we observe, usually stands but one volley from the Russian musketry; and flies elsewhither, to burn and plunder its own domestic enemies. Far and wide, robbery and arson are prevalent in Poland; Stanislaus lying under covert in Dantzig,—an imaginary King ever since the equinox, but well trusting that the French will give him a plumper vote. French War-fleet is surely under way hither.

Poland on Fire; Dantzig stands Siege

These are the news our Crown-Prince hears at Ruppin, in the first months of his wedded life there. With what interest we may fancy. Brandenburg is next neighbour; and these

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Polish troubles reach far enough;—the ever-smoking house having taken fire; and all the street threatening to get on blaze. Friedrich Wilhelm, nearest neighbour, stands anxious to quench, carefully sweeping the hot coals across again from his own borders; and will not interfere on one or the other side, for any persuasion.

Dantzig, strong in confidence of French help, refuses to give-up Stanislaus when summoned; will stand siege rather. Stands siege, furious lengthy siege,—with enthusiastic defence; 'a Lady of Rank firing-off the first gun,' against the Russian batteries. Of the Siege of Dantzig, which made the next Spring and Summer loud for mankind (February—June 1734), we shall say nothing,—our own poor field, which also grows loud enough, lying far away from Dantzig,—except:

First, That no French help came, or as good as none; the minatory War-fleet having landed a poor 1,500 men, headed by the Comte de Plelo, who had volunteered along with them; that they attempted one onslaught on the Russian lines, and that Plelo was shot, and the rest were blown to miscellaneous ruin, and had to disappear, not once getting into Dantzig. *Secondly*, That the Saxons, under Weissenfels, our poor old friend, with proper siege-artillery, though not with enough, did, by effort (end of May), get upon the scene; in which this is to be remarked, that Weissenfels's siege-artillery 'came by post'; two big mortars expressly passing through Berlin, marked as part of the Duke of Weissenfels's Luggage. And *thirdly*, That Münnich, who had succeeded Lacy as Besieging General, and was in hot haste, and had not artillery enough, made unheard-of assaults (2,000 men, some say 4,000, lost in one night-attack upon a post they call the Hagelberg; rash attack, much blamed by military men);[1]—but nevertheless, having now (by Russian Fleet, middle of June) got siege-artillery enough, advances irrepressibly day by day.

So that at length, things being now desperate, Stanislaus, disguised as a cattle-dealer, privately quitted Dantzig, night

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31.

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of 27th June 1734; got across the intricate mud-and-water difficulties of the Weichsel and its mouths, flying perilously towards Preussen and Friedrich Wilhelm's protection.[1] Whereby the Siege of Dantzig ended in chamade, and levying of penalties; penalties severe to a degree, though Friedrich Wilhelm interceded what he could. And with the Siege of Dantzig, the blazing Polish Election went out in like manner;[2]—having already kindled, in quarters far away from it, conflagrations quite otherwise interesting to us. Whitherward we now hasten.

CHAPTER IX

KAISER'S SHADOW-HUNT HAS CAUGHT FIRE

FRANZ OF LORRAINE, the young favourite of Fortune whom we once saw at Berlin on an interesting occasion, was about this time to have married his Imperial Archduchess; Kaiser's consent to be formally demanded and given; nothing but joy and splendour looked for in the Court of Vienna at present. Nothing to prevent it,—had there been no Polish Election; had not the Kaiser, in his Shadow-Hunt (coursing the Pragmatic Sanction chiefly, as he has done these twenty years past), gone rashly into that combustible foreign element. But so it is: this was the fatal limit. The poor Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, going scot-free this long while, and merely tormenting other people, has, at this point, by contact with inflammable Poland, unexpectedly itself caught fire; goes now plunging, all in mad flame, over precipices one knows not how deep: and there will be a lamentable singeing and smashing before the Kaiser get out of this, if he ever get! Kaiser Karl, from this point, plunges down and down, all his days; and except in that Shadow of a Pragmatic Sanction, if he can still save

[1] Narrative by himself, in *History*, pp. 235-248.

[2] Clear account, especially of Siege, in Mannstein (pp. 71-83), who was there as Münnich's Aide-de-Camp.

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that, has no comfort left. Marriages are not the thing to be thought of at present!—

Scarcely had the news of August's Election, and Stanislaus's flight to Dantzig, reached France, when France, all in a state of readiness, informed the Kaiser, ready for nothing, his force lying in Silesia, doing the Election functions on the Polish borders there, 'That he the Kaiser had, by such treatment of the Grandfather of France and the Polish Kingdom fairly fallen to him, insulted the most Christian Majesty; that in consequence the most Christian Majesty did hereby declare War against the said Kaiser,'—and in fact had, that very day (14th of October 1733), begun it. Had marched over into Lorraine, namely, secured Lorraine against accidents; and, more specially, gone across from Strasburg to the German side of the Rhine, and laid siege to Kehl. Kehl Fortress; a dilapidated outpost of the Reich there, which cannot resist many hours. Here is news for the Kaiser, with his few troops all on the Polish borders; minding his neighbours' business, or chasing Pragmatic Sanction, in those inflammable localities.

Pacific Fleury, it must be owned, if he wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, could not have managed it on more advantageous terms. Generals, a Duc de Berwick, a Noailles, Belleisle; generals, troops, artillery, munitions, nothing is wanting to Fleury; to the Kaiser all things. It is surmised, the French had their eye on Lorraine, not on Stanislaus, from the first. For many centuries, especially for these last two, —ever since that Siege of Metz, which we once saw, under Kaiser Karl v. and Albert Alcibiades,—France has been wrenching and screwing at this Lorraine, wriggling it off bit by bit; till now, as we perceived on Lyttelton junior of Hagley's visit, Lorraine seems all lying unscrewed; and France, by any good opportunity, could stick it in her pocket. Such opportunity sly Fleury contrived, they say;—or more likely it might be Belleisle and the other adventurous

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spirits that urged it on pacific Fleury;—but, at all events, he has got it. Dilapidated Kehl yields straightway:[1] Sardinia, Spain, declare alliance with Fleury; and not Lorraine only, and the Swabian Provinces, but Italy itself lies at his discretion,—owing to your treatment of the Grandfather of France, and these Polish Elective methods.

The astonished Kaiser rushes forward to fling himself into the arms of the Sea-Powers, his one resource left: 'Help! moneys, subsidies, ye Sea-Powers!' But the Sea-Powers stand obtuse, arms not open at all, hands buttoning their pockets: 'Sorry we cannot, your Imperial Majesty. Fleury engages not to touch the Netherlands, the Barrier Treaty; Polish Elections are not our concern!' and callously decline. The Kaiser's astonishment is extreme; his big heart swelling even with a martyr-feeling; and he passionately appeals: 'Ungrateful, blind Sea-Powers! No money to fight France, say you? Are the Laws of Nature fallen void?' Imperial astonishment, sublime martyr-feeling, passionate appeals to the Laws of Nature, avail nothing with the blind Sea-Powers: 'No money in us,' answer they: 'we will help you to negotiate.'—'Negotiate!' answers he; and will have to pay his own Election broken-glass, with a sublime martyr-feeling, without money from the Sea-Powers.

Fleury has got the Sardinian Majesty; 'Sardinian doorkeeper of the Alps,' who opens them now this way, now that, for a consideration: 'A slice of the Milanese, your Majesty;' bargains Fleury. Fleury has got the Spanish Majesty (our violent old friend the Termagant of Spain) persuaded to join: 'Your infant Carlos made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, with such difficulty: what is that? Naples itself, crown of the Two Sicilies, lies in the wind for Carlos;—and your junior infant, great Madam, has he no need of apanages?' The Termagant of Spain, 'offended by Pragmatic Sanction' (she says), is ready on those terms; the Sardinian Majesty is

[1] 29th October 1733. *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick* (in Petitot's Collection, Paris, 1828), ii. 303.

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ready: and Fleury, this same October, with an overwhelming force, Spaniards and Sardinians to join, invades Italy; great Marshal Villars himself taking the command. Marshal Villars, an extremely eminent old military gentleman,—somewhat of a friend, or husband of a lady-friend, to M. de Voltaire, for one thing;—and capable of slicing Italy to pieces at a fine rate, in the condition it was in.

Never had Kaiser such a bill of broken-glass to pay for meddling in neighbours' elections before. The year was not yet ended, when Villars and the Sardinian Majesty had done their stroke on Lombardy; taken Milan Citadel, taken Pizzighetone, the Milanese in whole, and appropriated it; swept the poor unprepared Kaiser clear out of those parts. Baby Carlos and the Spaniards are to do the Two Sicilies, Naples or the land one to begin with, were the Winter gone. For the present, Louis XV. 'sings *Te Deum* at Paris, 23d December 1733'[1]—a merry Christmas there. Villars, now above four-score, soon died of those fatigues; various Marshals, Broglio, Coigny, Noailles, succeeding him, some of whom are slightly notable to us; and there was one Maillebois, still a subordinate under them, whose name also may reappear in this History.

Subsequent Course of the War, in the Italian Part of it

The French-Austrian War, which had now broken out, lasted a couple of years; the Kaiser steadily losing, though he did his utmost; not so much a War, on his part, as a Being Beaten and Being Stript. The Scene was Italy and the Upper-Rhine Country of Germany; Italy the deciding scene; where, except as it bears on Germany, our interest is nothing, as indeed in Germany too it is not much. The principal events, on both stages, are chronologically somewhat as follows;—beginning with Italy:

[1] *Fastes du Règne de Louis XV.* (Paris, 1766), i. 248.

'*March* 29*th*, 1734. Baby Carlos with a Duke of Montemar for General, a difficult impetuous gentleman, very haughty to the French allies and others, lands in Naples Territory; intending to seize the Two Sicilies, according to bargain. They find the Kaiser quite unprepared, and their enterprise extremely feasible.

'*May* 10*th*. Baby Carlos,—whom we ought to call Don Carlos, who is now eighteen gone, and able to ride the great horse,—makes triumphant entry into Naples, having easily swept the road clear; styles himself "King of the Two Sicilies" (Papa having surrendered him his "right" there); whom Naples, in all ranks of it, willingly homages as such. Wrecks of Kaiser's forces intrench themselves, rather strongly, at a place called Bitonto, in Apulia, not far off.

'*May* 25*th*. Montemar, in an impetuous manner, storms them there: —which feat procures for him the title, Duke of Bitonto; and finishes-off the First of the Sicilies. And indeed, we may say, finishes Both the Sicilies: our poor Kaiser having no considerable force in either, nor means of sending any; the Sea-Powers having buttoned their pockets, and the Combined Fleet of France and Spain being on the waters there.

'We need only add, on this head, that, for ten months more, Baby Carlos and Montemar went about besieging, Gaeta, Messina, Syracuse; and making triumphal entries;—and that, on the 30th of June 1735, Baby Carlos had himself fairly crowned at Palermo:[1] "King of the Two Sicilies" *de facto*; in which eminent post he and his continue, not with much success, to this day.

'That will suffice for the Two Sicilies. As to Lombardy again, now that Villars is out of it, and the Coignys and Broglios have succeeded:

'*June* 29*th*, 1734. Kaiser, rallying desperately for recovery of the Milanese, has sent an Army thither, Graf von Mercy leader of it: Battle of Parma between the French and it (29th June);—totally lost by the Kaiser's people, after furious fighting; Graf von Mercy himself killed in the action. Graf von Mercy, and what comes nearer us, a Prince of Culmbach, amiable Uncle of our Wilhelmina's Husband, a brave man and Austrian Soldier, who was much regretted by Wilhelmina and the rest: his death and obsequies making a melancholy Court of Baireuth in this agitated year. The Kaiser, doing his utmost, is beaten at every point.

'*September* 15*th*. Surprisal of the Secchia. Kaiser's people rally,—under a General Graf von Königseck worth noting by us,—and after some manœuvring, in the Guastalla-Modena region, on the Secchia and Po rivers there, dextrously steal across the Secchia that night (15th September), cutting-off the small guard-party at the ford of the Secchia, then wading silently; and burst-in upon the French Camp in a truly

[1] *Fastes de Louis XV.*, i. 278.

alarming manner.[1] So that Broglio, in command there, had to gallop with only one boot on, some say "in his shirt,"—till he got some force rallied, and managed to retreat more Parthian-like upon his brother Maréchal's Division. Artillery, war-chest, secret correspondence, "King of Sardinia's tent," and much cheering plunder beside Broglio's odd boot, were the consequences; the Kaiser's one success in this War; abolished, unluckily, in four days!—The Broglio who here gallops is the second French Maréchal of the name, son of the first; a military gentleman whom we shall but too often meet in subsequent stages. A son of this one's, a third Maréchal Broglio, present at the Secchia that bad night, is the famous War-god of the Bastille time, fifty-five years hence,—unfortunate old War-god, the Titans being all up about him. As to Broglio with the one boot, it is but a triumph over him till—

'*September 19th.* Battle of Guastalla, that day. Battle lost by the Kaiser's people, after eight-hours hot fighting; who are then obliged to hurry across the Secchia again;—and in fact do not succeed in fighting any more in that quarter, this year or afterwards. For, next year (1735), Montemar is so advanced with the Two Sicilies, he can assist in these Northern operations; and Noailles, a better Maréchal, replaces the Broglio and Coigny there; who, with learned strategic movements, sieges, threatenings of siege, sweeps the wrecks of Austria, to a satisfactory degree, into the Tyrol, without fighting, or event mentionable thenceforth.

'This is the Kaiser's War of two Campaigns, in the Italian, which was the decisive, part of it: a continual Being Beaten, as the reader sees; a Being Stript, till one was nearly bare in that quarter.'

Course of the War, in the German Part of it

In Germany the mentionable events are still fewer; and indeed, but for one small circumstance binding on us, we might skip them altogether. For there is nothing comfortable in it to the human memory otherwise.

Maréchal Duc de Berwick, a cautious considerable General (Marlborough's Nephew, on what terms is known to readers), having taken Kehl and plundered the Swabian outskirts last Winter, had extensive plans of operating in the heart of Germany, and ruining the Kaiser there. But first he needs, and the Kaiser is aware of it, a 'basis on the Rhine'; free bridge over the Rhine, not by Strasburg and Kehl alone; and

[1] Hormayr, xx. 84: *Fastes*, as it is liable to do, misdates.

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for this reason, he will have to besiege and capture Philipsburg first of all. Strong Town of Philipsburg, well down towards Speyer-and-Heidelberg quarter on the German side of the Rhine;* here will be our bridge. Lorraine is already occupied, since the first day of the War; Trarbach, strong-place of the Moselle and Electorate of Trier, cannot be difficult to get. Thus were the Rhine Country, on the French side, secure to France; and so Berwick calculates he will have a basis on the Rhine, from which to shoot forth into the very heart of the Kaiser.

Berwick besieged Philipsburg accordingly (Summer and Autumn); Kaiser doing his feeble best to hinder: at the Siege, Berwick lost his life, but Philipsburg surrendered to his successor, all the same;—Kaiser striving to hinder; but in a most paralysed manner, and to no purpose whatever. And—and this properly *was* the German War; the sum of all done in it during those two years.

Seizure of Nanci (that is, of Lorraine), seizure of Kehl we already heard of; then, prior to Philipsburg, there was siege or seizure of Trarbach by the French; and, posterior to it, seizure of Worms by them; and by the Germans there was 'burning of a magazine in Speyer by bombs.' And, in brief, on both sides, there was marching and manœuvring under various generals (our old rusty Seckendorf one of them), till the end of 1735, when the Italian decision arrived, and Truce and Peace along with it; but there was no other action worth naming, even in the Newspapers as a wonder of nine days. The Siege of Philipsburg, and what hung flickering round that operation, before and after, was the sum-total of the German War.

Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in those parts, has had many sieges; nor would this one merit the least history from us, were it not for one circumstance: That our Crown-Prince was of the Opposing Army, and made his first experience of arms there. A Siege of Philipsburg slightly memorable to

* Map at p. 129.

us, on that one account. What Friedrich did there, which in the military way was as good as nothing; what he saw and experienced there, which, with some 'eighty Princes of the Reich,' a Prince Eugene for General, and three months under canvas on the field, may have been something: this, in outline, by such obscure indications as remain, we would fain make conceivable to the reader. Indications, in the History-Books, we have as good as none; but must gather what there is from *Wilhelmina* and the Crown-Prince's *Letters*,—much studying to be brief, were it possible!

CHAPTER X

CROWN-PRINCE GOES TO THE RHINE CAMPAIGN

THE Kaiser,—with Kehl snatched from him, the Rhine open, and Louis XV. singing *Te Deum* in the Christmas time for what Villars in Italy had done,—applied, in passionate haste, to the Reich. The Reich, though Fleury tried to cajole it, and apologise for taking Kehl from it, declares for the Kaiser's quarrel; War against France on his behalf;[1]—it was in this way that Friedrich Wilhelm and our Crown-Prince came to be concerned in the Rhine Campaign. The Kaiser will have a *Reich's*-Army (were it good for much, as is not likely) to join to his own Austrian one. And if Prince Eugene, who is Reich's-Feldmarschall, one of the *two* Feldmarschalls, get the Generalship as men hope, it is not doubted but there will be great work on the Rhine, this Summer of 1734.

Unhappily the Reich's-Army, raised from multifarious contingents, and guided and provided for by many heads, is usually good for little. Not to say that old Kur-Pfalz, with an eye to French help in the Berg-and-Jülich matter; old Kur-Pfalz, and the Bavarian set (*Kur-Baiern* and *Kur-Köln*,

[1] 13th March 1734 (Buchholz, i. 131).

Bavaria and Cologne, who are Brothers, and of old cousinship to Kur-Pfalz),—quite refuse their contingents; protest in the Diet, and openly have French leanings. These are bad omens for the Reich's-Army. And in regard to the Reich's-Feldmarschall Office, there also is a difficulty. The Reich, as we hinted, keeps two supreme Feldmarschalls; one Catholic, one Protestant, for equilibrium's sake; illustrious Prince Eugenio von Savoye is the Catholic;—but as to the Protestant, it is a difficulty worth observing for a moment.

Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, the unfortunate old gentleman bewitched by the Grävenitz 'Deliver us from evil,' used to be the Reich's-Feldmarschall of Protestant persuasion;—Commander-in-Chief for the Reich, when it tried fighting. Old Eberhard had been at Blenheim, and had marched up and down: I never heard he was much of a General; perhaps good enough for the Reich, whose troops were always bad. But now that poor Duke, as we intimated once or more, is dead; there must be, of Protestant type, a new Reich's-Feldmarschall had. One Catholic, unequalled among Captains, we already have; but where is the Protestant, Duke Eberhard being dead?

Duke Eberhard's successor in Würtemberg, Karl Alexander by name, whom we once dined with at Prag on the Kladrup journey, he, a General of some worth, would be a natural person. Unluckily Duke Karl Alexander had, while an Austrian Officer and without outlooks upon Protestant Würtemberg, gone over to Papacy, and is now Catholic. 'Two Catholic Feldmarschalls!' cries the *Corpus Evangelicorum*; 'that will never do!'

Well, on the other or Protestant side there appear two Candidates; one of them not much expected by the reader: no other than Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, our Crown-Prince's Father-in-law; whom we knew to be a worthy man, but did not know to be much of a soldier, or capable of these ambitious views. He is Candidate First. Then there is a Second, much more entitled: our gunpowder friend the

Old Dessauer; who, to say nothing of his soldier qualities, has promises from the Kaiser,—he surely were the man, if it did not hurt other people's feelings. But it surely does and will. There is Ferdinand of Bevern applying upon the score of old promises too. How can people's feelings be saved? Protestants these two last: but they cannot both have it; and what will Würtemberg say to either of them? The Reich was in very great affliction about this preliminary matter. But Friedrich Wilhelm steps in with a healing recipe: 'Let there be Four Reich's-Feldmarschalls,' said Friedrich Wilhelm; 'Two Protestant and two Catholic: won't that do?'—Excellent! answers the Reich: and there are Four Feldmarschalls for the time being; no lack of commanders to the Reich's-Army. Brunswick-Bevern tried it first; but only till Prince Eugene were ready, and indeed he had of himself come to nothing before that date. Prince Eugene next; then Karl Alexander next; and in fact they all might have had a stroke at commanding, and at coming to nothing or little,—only the Old Dessauer sulked at the office in this its fourfold state, and never would fairly have it, till, by decease of occupants, it came to be twofold again. This glimpse into the distracted effete interior of the poor old Reich and its Politics, with friends of ours concerned there, let it be welcome to the reader.[1]

Friedrich Wilhelm was without concern in this War, or in what had led to it. Practical share in the Polish Election (after that preliminary theoretic program of the Kaiser's and Czarina's went to smoke) Friedrich Wilhelm steadily refused to take: though considerable offers were made to him on both sides,—offer of West Preussen (Polish part of Prussia, which once was known to us) on the French side.[2] But his primary fixed resolution was to stand out of the quarrel; and he abides by that; suppresses any wishes of his own in regard to the Polish Election;—keeps ward on his own frontiers, with

[1] *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben* (by Ranfft), p. 127; Buchholz, i. 131.
[2] By De la Chétardie, French Ambassador at Berlin (Buchholz, i. 130).

good military besom in hand, to sweep it out again if it intruded there. 'What King you like, in God's name; only don't come over my threshold with his brabbles and him!'

But seeing the Kaiser got into actual French War, with the Reich consenting, he is bound, by Treaty of old date (date older than *Wusterhausen*, though it was confirmed on that famous occasion), 'To assist the Kaiser with ten thousand men'; and this engagement he intends amply to fulfil. No sooner, therefore, had the Reich given sure signs of assenting ('Reich's assent' is the condition of the ten thousand), than Friedrich Wilhelm's orders were out, 'Be in readiness!' Friedrich Wilhelm, by the time of the Reich's actual assent, or Declaration of War on the Kaiser's behalf, has but to lift his finger: squadrons and battalions, out of Pommern, out of Magdeburg, out of Preussen, to the due amount, will get on march whitherward you bid, and be with you there at the day you indicate, almost at the hour. Captains, not of an imaginary nature, these are always busy; and the King himself is busy over them. From big guns and wagon-horses down to gun-flints and gaiter-straps, all is marked in registers; nothing is wanting, nothing out of its place at any time, in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army.

From an early period, the French intentions upon Philipsburg might be foreseen or guessed: and in the end of March, Maréchal Berwick, 'in three divisions,' fairly appears in that quarter; his purpose evident. So that the Reich's-Army were it in the least ready, ought to rendezvous, and reinforce the handful of Austrians there. Friedrich Wilhelm's part of the Reich's-Army does accordingly straightway get on march; leaves Berlin, after the due reviewing, '8th April':[1] eight regiments of it, three of Horse and five of Foot, Goltz Foot-regiment one of them;—a General Röder, unexceptionable General, to command in chief;—and will arrive, though the farthest off, 'first of all the Reich's-Contingents'; 7th of

[1] Fassmann, p. 495.

June, namely. The march, straight south, must be some four hundred miles.

Besides the Official Generals, certain high military dignitaries, Schulenburg, Bredow, Majesty himself at their head, propose to go as volunteers;—especially the Crown-Prince, whose eagerness is very great, has got liberty to go. 'As volunteer' he too: as Colonel of Goltz, it might have had its unsuitabilities, in etiquette and otherwise. Few volunteers are more interested than the Crown-Prince. Watching the great War-theatre uncurtain itself in this manner, from Dantzig down to Naples; and what his own share in it shall be: this, much more than his Marriage, I suppose, has occupied his thoughts since that event. Here out of Ruppin, dating six or seven weeks before the march of the Ten Thousand, is a small sign, one among many, of his outlooks in this matter. Small Note to his Cousin, Margraf Heinrich, the ill-behaved Margraf, much his comrade, who is always falling into scrapes; and whom he has just, not without difficulty, got delivered out of something of the kind.[1] He writes in German and in the intimate style of *Thou*:

'*Ruppin, 23d February* 1734. MY DEAR BROTHER,—I can with pleasure answer that the King hath spoken of thee altogether favourably to me' (scrape now abolished, for the time):—'and I think it would not have an ill effect, wert thou to apply for leave to go with the Ten Thousand whom he is sending to the Rhine, and do the Campaign with them as volunteer. I am myself going with that Corps; so I doubt not the King would allow thee.

'I take the freedom to send herewith a few bottles of Champagne; and wish' all manner of good things. FRIEDRICH.'[2]

This Margraf Heinrich goes; also his elder Brother, Margraf Freidrich Wilhelm,—who long persecuted Wilhelmina with his hopes; and who is now about getting Sophie Dorothee, a junior Princess, much better than he merits: Betrothal is the week after these Ten Thousand march;[3] he

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, pp. 8, 9.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 10.
[3] 16th April 1734 (*Ib.* part 1st, p. 14 *n.*).

thirty, she fifteen. He too will go; as will the other pair of Cousin Margraves,—Karl, who was once our neighbour at Cüstrin; and the *Younger* Friedrich Wilhelm, whose fate lies at Prag if he knew it. Majesty himself will go as volunteer. Are not great things to be done, with Eugene for General? —To understand the insignificant Siege of Philipsburg, sum-total of the Rhine Campaign, which filled the Crown-Prince's and so many other minds brimful that Summer, and is now wholly out of every mind, the following Excerpt may be admissible:

'The unlucky little Town of Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in that quarter, fortified under difficulties by old Bishops of Speyer, who sometimes resided there,[1] has been dismantled and refortified, has had its Rhine-bridge torn down and set up again; been garrisoned now by this party, now by that, who had "right of garrison there"; nay, France has sometimes had "the right of garrison";—and the poor little Town has suffered much, and been tumbled sadly about in the Succession-Wars and perpetual controversies between France and Germany in that quarter. In the time we are speaking of, it has a "flying-bridge" (of I know not what structure), with fortified "bridge-head (*tête-de-pont*)," on the western or Franceward side of the River. Town's bulwarks, and complex engineering defences, are of good strength, all put in repair for this occasion: Reich and Kaiser have an effective garrison there, and a commandant determined on defence to the uttermost: what the unfortunate Inhabitants, perhaps a thousand or so in number, thought or did under such a visitation of ruin and bombshells, History gives not the least hint anywhere. "Quite used to it!" thinks History, and attends to other points.

'The Rhine Valley here is not of great breadth: eastward the heights rise to be mountainous in not many miles. By way of defence to this Valley, in the Eugene-Marlborough Wars, there was, about forty miles southward, or higher up the river than Philipsburg, a military line or chain of posts; going from Stollhofen, a boggy hamlet on the Rhine, with cunning indentations, and learned concatenation of bog and bluff, up into the inaccessibilities,—*Lines of Stollhofen*, the name of it,—which well-devised barrier did good service for certain years. It was not till, I think, the fourth year of their existence, year 1707, that Villars, the same Villars who is now in Italy, "stormed the lines of Stollhofen"; which made him famous that year.

[1] Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 169.

[Feb.-June 1733

'The Lines of Stollhofen have now, in 1734, fallen flat again; but Eugene remembers them, and, I could guess, it was he who suggests a similar expedient. At all events, there is a similar expedient fallen upon: *Lines of Ettlingen* this time; one-half nearer Philipsburg; running from Mühlburg on the Rhine-brink up to Ettlingen in the hills.* Nearer by twenty miles; and, I guess, much more slightly done. We shall see these Lines of Ettlingen, one point of them, for a moment:—and they would not be worth mentioning at all, except that in careless Books they too are called Lines of *Stollhofen*,[1] and the ingenuous reader is sent wandering on his map to no purpose.'

'Lines of *Ettlingen*' they are; related, as now said, to the Stollhofen set. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick-Bevern, one of the Four Feldmarschalls, has some ineffectual handful of Imperial troops dotted about, within these Lines and on the skirts of Philipsburg;—eagerly waiting till the Reich's-Army gather to him; otherwise he must come to nothing. Will at any rate, I should think, be happy to resign in favour of Prince Eugene, were that little hero once on the ground.

On Mayday, Maréchal Berwick, who has been awake in this quarter, 'in three divisions,' for a month past,—very impatient till Belleisle with the first division should have taken Trabrach, and made the Western interior parts secure,—did actually cross the Rhine, with his second division, 'at Fort Louis,' well up the River, well south of Philipsburg; intending to attack the lines of Ettlingen, and so get in upon the Town. There is a third division, about to lay pontoons for itself a good way farther down, which will attack the Lines simultaneously from within,—that is to say, shall come upon the *back* of poor Bevern and his defensive handful of troops, and astonish him there. All prospers to Berwick in this matter: Noailles his lieutenant (not yet gone to Italy till next year), with whom is Maurice Comte de Saxe (afterwards Maréchal de Saxe), an excellent observant Officer, marches up to

* Map at p. 129.

[1] Wilhelmina (ii. 206), for instance; who, or whose Printer, calls them 'Lines of *Stokoff*' even.

4th-7th June 1734]
Ettlingen, May 3d; bivouacks 'at the base of the mountain' (no great things of a mountain); ascends the same in two columns, horse and foot, by the first sunlight next morning; forms on a little plain on the top; issues through a thin wood, —and actually beholds those same *Lines of Ettlingen*, the outmost eastern end of them: a somewhat inconsiderable matter, after all! Here is Noailles's own account:

'These retrenchments, made in Turk fashion, consisted of big trees set zigzag (*en échiquier*) twisted together by the branches; the whole about five fathoms thick. Inside of it were a small forlorn of Austrians: these steadily await our grenadiers, and do not give their volley till we are close. Our grenadiers receive their volley; clear the intertwisted trees, after receiving a second volley (total loss seventy-five killed and wounded); and—the enemy quits his post; and the Lines of Ettlingen *are* stormed!'[1] This is not like storming the Lines of Stollhofen; a thing to make Noailles famous in the Newspapers for a year. But it was a useful small feat, and well enough performed on his part. The truth is, Berwick was about attacking the Lines simultaneously on the other or Mühlburg end of them (had not Noailles, now victorious, galloped to forbid); and what was far more considerable, those other French, to the northward, 'upon pontoons,' are fairly across; like to be upon the *back* of Duke Ferdinand and his handful of defenders. Duke Ferdinand perceives that he is come to nothing; hastily collects his people from their various posts; retreats with them that same night, unpursued, to Heilbronn; and gives-up the command to Prince Eugene, who is just arrived there,—who took quietly two pinches of snuff on hearing this news of Ettlingen, and said, 'No matter, after all!'

Berwick now forms the Siege, at his discretion; invests Philipsburg, 13th May;[2] begins firing, night of the 3d-4th June;—Eugene waiting at Heilbronn till the Reich's-Army come up. The Prussian Ten Thousand do come, all in order, on the 7th: the rest by degrees, all later, and all *not* quite in order. Eugene, the Prussians having joined him, moves down towards Philipsburg and its cannonading; encamps close to rearward of the besieging French. 'Camp of Wiesenthal' they call it; Village of Wiesenthal with bogs, on the left,

[1] Noailles, *Mémoires* (in Petitot's Collection), iii. 207.
[2] Berwick, ii. 312; 23d, says Noailles's Editor (iii. 210).

[4th-7th June 1734
being his head-quarters; Village of Waghäusel, down near the River, a five-miles distance, being his limit on the right. Berwick, in front, industriously battering Philipsburg into the River, has thrown-up strong lines behind him, strongly manned, to defend himself from Eugene; across the River, Berwick has one Bridge, and at the farther end one battery with which he plays upon the rear of Philipsburg. He is much criticised by unoccupied people, 'Eugene's attack will ruin us on those terms!'—and much incommoded by overflowings of the Rhine; Rhine swoln by melting of the mountain-snows, as is usual there. Which inundations Berwick had well foreseen, though the War-minister at Paris would not: 'Haste!' answered the War-minister always; 'We shall be in right time. I tell you there have fallen no snows this winter: how can inundation be?'—'Depends on the heat,' said Berwick; 'there are snows enough always in stock up there!'

And so it proves, though the War-minister would not believe; and Berwick has to take the inundations, and to take the circumstances;—and to try if, by his own continual best exertions, he can but get Philipsburg into the bargain. On the 12th of June, visiting his posts, as he daily does, the first thing, Berwick stept out of the trenches, anxious for clear view of something; stept upon 'the crest of the sap,' a place exposed to both French and Austrian batteries, and which had been forbidden to the soldiers,—and there, as he anxiously scanned matters through his glass, a cannon-ball, unknown whether French or Austrian, shivered away the head of Berwick; left others to deal with the criticisms, and the inundations, and the operations big or little, at Philipsburg and elsewhere! Siege went on, better or worse, under the next in command; 'Paris in great anxiety,' say the Books.

It is a hot siege, a stiff defence; Prince Eugene looks on, but does not attack in the way apprehended. Southward in Italy, we hear there is marching, strategying in the Parma Country; Graf von Mercy likely to come to an action before

29th June 1734]
long. Northward, Dantzig by this time is all wrapt in fire-whirlwinds; its sallyings and outer defences all driven in; mere torrents of Russian bombs raining on it day and night; French auxiliaries, snapt-up at landing, are on board Russian ships; and poor Stanislaus and 'the Lady of Quality who shot the first gun' have a bad outlook there. Towards the end of the month, the Berlin volunteer Generals, our Crown-Prince and his Margraves among them, are getting on the road for Philipsburg;—and that is properly the one point we are concerned with. Which took effect in manner following.

Tuesday evening 29th June, there is Ball at Monbijou; the Crown-Prince and others busy dancing there, as if nothing special lay ahead. Nevertheless, at three in the morning he has changed his ball-dress for a better, he and certain more; and is rushing southward, with his volunteer Generals and Margraves, full speed, saluted by the rising sun, towards Philipsburg and the Seat of War. And the same night, King Stanislaus, if any of us cared for him, is on flight from Dantzig, 'disguised as a cattle-dealer'; got out on the night of Sunday last, Town under such a rain of bombshells being palpably too hot for him: got out, but cannot get across the muddy intricacies of the Weichsel; lies painfully squatted up and down, in obscure alehouses, in that Stygian Mud-Delta, —a matter of life and death to get across, and not a boat to be had, such the vigilance of the Russian. Dantzig is capitulating, dreadful penalties exacted, all the heavier as no Stanislaus is to be found in it; and search all the keener rises in the Delta after him. Through perils and adventures of the sort usual on such occasions,[1] Stanislaus does get across; and in time does reach Preussen; where, by Friedrich Wilhelm's order, safe opulent asylum is afforded him, till the Fates (when this War ends) determine what is to become of

[1] Credible modest detail of them, in a *Letter* from Stanislaus himself (*History of Stanislaus*, already cited, pp. 235-248).

[29th June 1734
the poor Imaginary Majesty. We leave him, squatted in the intricacies of the Mud-Delta, to follow our Crown-Prince, who in the same hour is rushing far elsewhither.

Margraves, Generals and he, in their small string of carriages, go on, by extra-post, day and night; no rest till they get to Hof, in the Culmbach neighbourhood, a good two hundred miles off,—near Wilhelmina, and more than halfway to Philipsburg. Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm is himself to follow in about a week: he has given strict order against waste of time: 'Not to part company; go together, and *not* by Anspach or Baireuth,'—though they lie almost straight for you.

This latter was a sore clause to Friedrich, who had counted all along on seeing his dear faithful Wilhelmina, as he passed: therefore, as the Papa's Orders, dangerous penalty lying in them, cannot be literally disobeyed, the question rises, How see Wilhelmina and not Baireuth? Wilhelmina, weak as she is and unfit for travelling, will have to meet him in some neutral place, suitablest for both. After various shiftings, it has been settled between them that Berneck, a little town twelve miles from Baireuth on the Hof road, will do; and that Friday, probably early, will be the day. Wilhelmina, accordingly, is on the road that morning, early enough; Husband with her, and ceremonial attendants, in honour of such a Brother; morning is of sultry windless sort; day hotter and hotter;—at Berneck is no Crown-Prince, in the House appointed for him; hour after hour, Wilhelmina waits there in vain. The truth is, one of the smallest accidents has happened: the Generals 'lost a wheel at Gera yesterday'; were left behind there with their smiths, have not yet appeared; and the insoluble question among Friedrich and the Margraves is, 'We dare not go on without them, then? We dare;—dare we?' Question like to drive Friedrich mad, while the hours, at any rate, are slipping on! Here are Three Letters of Friedrich, legible at last; which, with Wilhelmina's account from the other side, represent a small

2d July 1734]
entirely human scene in this French-Austrian War,—nearly all of human we have found in the beggarly affair:

1. *To Princess Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, or on the road to Berneck*

'Hof, 2d July' (not long after 4 A.M.) '1734.

'MY DEAR SISTER,—Here am I within six leagues' (say eight or more, twenty-five miles English) 'of a Sister whom I love; and I have to decide that it will be impossible to see her, after all!'—Does decide so, accordingly, for reasons known to us.

'I have never so lamented the misfortune of not depending on myself as at this moment! The King being but very sour-sweet on my score, I dare not risk the least thing: Monday come a week, when he arrives himself, I should have a pretty scene (*serais joliment traité*) in the Camp, if I were found to have disobeyed orders.

* * 'The Queen commands me to give you a thousand regards from her. She appeared much affected at your illness; but for the rest, I could not warrant you how sincere it was; for she is totally changed, and I have quite lost reckoning of her (*n'y connais rien*). That goes so far that she has done me hurt with the King, all she could: however, that is over now. As to Sophie' (young Sister just betrothed to the eldest Margraf whom you know), 'she also is no longer the same; for she approves all that the Queen says or does; and she is charmed with her big clown (*gros nigaud*) of a Bridegroom.

'The King is more difficult than ever: he is content with nothing, so as to have lost whatsoever could be called gratitude for all pleasures one can do him,'—marrying against one's will, and the like. 'As to his health, it is one day better, another worse; but the legs, they are always swelled. Judge what my joy must be to get out of that turpitude,—for the King will only stay a fortnight, at most, in the Camp.

'Adieu, my adorable Sister: I am so tired, I cannot stir; having left on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning at three o'clock, from a Ball at Monbijou, and arrived here this Friday morning at four. I recommend myself to your gracious remembrance; and am, for my own part, till death, dearest Sister,'—Your— FRIEDRICH.'[1]

This is Letter First; written Friday morning, on the edge of getting into bed, after such fatigue; and it has, as natural in that mood, given-up the matter in despair. It did not

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 13.

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meet Wilhelmina on the road: and she had left Baireuth;—where it met her, I do not know; probably at home, on her return, when all was over. Let Wilhelmina now speak her own lively experiences of that same Friday:

'I got to Berneck at ten. The heat was excessive; I found myself quite worn-out with the little journey I had done. I alighted at the House which had been got ready for my Brother. We waited for him, and in vain waited, till three in the afternoon. At three we lost patience; had dinner served without him. Whilst we were at table, there came on a frightful thunderstorm. I have witnessed nothing so terrible: the thunder roared and reverberated among the rocky cliffs which begirdle Berneck; and it seemed as if the world was going to perish: a deluge of rain succeeded the thunder.

'It was four o'clock; and I could not understand what had become of my Brother. I had sent out several persons on horseback to get tidings of him, and none of them came back. At length, in spite of all my prayers, the Hereditary Prince' (my excellent Husband) 'himself would go in search. I remained waiting till nine at night, and nobody returned. I was in cruel agitations: these cataracts of rain are very dangerous in the mountain countries; the roads get suddenly overflowed, and there often happen misfortunes. I thought for certain, there had one happened to my Brother or to the Hereditary Prince.' Such a 2d of July to poor Wilhelmina!

'At last, about nine, somebody brought word that my Brother had changed his route, and was gone to Culmbach' (a House of ours lying westward, known to readers); 'there to stay over night. I was for setting out thither,—Culmbach is twenty miles from Berneck; but the roads are frightful,' White Mayn, still a young River, dashing through the rock-labyrinths there, 'and full of precipices:—everybody rose in opposition, and, whether I would or not, they put me into the carriage for Himmelkron' (partly on the road thither), 'which is only about ten miles off. We had like to have got drowned on the road; the waters were so swoln' (White Mayn and its angry brooks), 'the horses could not cross but by swimming.

'I arrived at last, about one in the morning. I instantly threw myself on a bed. I was like to die with weariness; and in mortal terrors that something had happened to my Brother or the Hereditary Prince. This latter relieved me on his own score; he arrived at last, about four o'clock,—had still no news farther of my Brother. I was beginning to dose a little, when they came to warn me that "M. von Knobelsdorf wished to speak with me from the Prince-Royal." I darted out of bed, and ran to him. He' handing me a Letter, 'brought word that'—

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But let us now give Letter Second, which has turned up lately, and which curiously completes the picture here. Friedrich, on rising refreshed with sleep at Hof, had taken a cheerfuler view; and the Generals still lagging rearward, he thinks it possible to see Wilhelmina after all. Possible; and yet so very dangerous,—perhaps not possible? Here is a second Letter written from Münchberg, some fifteen miles farther on, at an after period of the same Friday: purport still of a perplexed nature, 'I will, and I dare not'; —practical outcome, of itself uncertain, is scattered now by torrents and thunderstorms. This is the Letter, which Knobelsdorf now hands to Wilhelmina at that untimely hour of Saturday:

2. *To Princess Wilhelmina* (by Knobelsdorf)

'Münchberg, 2d July 1734.

'MY DEAREST SISTER,—I am in despair that I cannot satisfy my impatience and my duty,—to throw myself at your feet this day. But alas, dear Sister, it does not depend on me: we poor Princes,' the Margraves and I, 'are obliged to wait here till our Generals' (Bredow, Schulenburg and Company) 'come up; we dare not go along without them. They broke a wheel in Gera' (fifty miles behind us); 'hearing nothing of them since, we are absolutely forced to wait here. Judge in what a mood I am, and what sorrow must be mine! Express order not to go by Baireuth or Anspach:—forbear, dear Sister, to torment me on things not depending on myself at all.

'I waver between hope and fear of paying my court to you. I hope it might still be at Berneck,' this evening,—'if you could contrive a road into the Nürnberg Highway again; avoiding Baireuth: otherwise I dare not go. The Bearer, who is Captain Knobelsdorf' (excellent judicious man, old acquaintance from the Cüstrin time, who attends upon us, actual Captain once, but now titular merely, given to architecture and the fine arts[1]), 'will apprise you of every particular: let Knobelsdorf settle something that may be possible. This is how I stand at present; and instead of having to expect some favour from the King' (after what I have done by his order), 'I get nothing but chagrin. But what is crueler

[1] Seyfarth (Anonymous), *Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1786), ii. 200. *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 33. Preuss, *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten* (Berlin, 1838), pp. 8, 17.

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upon me than all, is that you are ill. God, in his grace, be pleased to help you, and restore the precious health which I so much wish you!' * *

'FRIEDRICH.'[1]

Judicious Knobelsdorf settles that the meeting is to be this very morning at eight; Wilhelmina (whose memory a little fails her in the insignificant points) does not tell us where: but, by faint indications, I perceive it was in the Lake-House, pleasant Pavilion in the ancient artificial Lake, or big ornamental Fishpond, called *Brandenburger Weiher*, a couple of miles to the north of Baireuth: there Friedrich is to stop,—keeping the Paternal Order from the teeth outwards in this manner. Eight o'clock: so that Wilhelmina is obliged at once to get upon the road again,—poor Princess, after such a day and night. Her description of the Interview is very good:

'My Brother overwhelmed me with caresses; but found me in so pitiable a state, he could not restrain his tears. I was not able to stand on my limbs; and felt like to faint every moment, so weak was I. He told me the King was much angered at the Margraf' (my Father-in-Law) 'for not letting his Son make the Campaign,'—concerning which point, said Son, my Husband, being Heir-Apparent, there had been much arguing in Court and Country, here at Baireuth, and endless anxiety on my poor part, lest he should get killed in the Wars. 'I told him all the Margraf's reasons; and added, that surely they were good, in respect of my dear Husband. "Well," said he, "let him quit soldiering, then, and give back his regiment to the King. But for the rest, quiet yourself as to the fears you may have about him if he do go; for I know, by certain information, that there will be no blood spilt."—"They are at the Siege of Philipsburg, however."—"Yes," said my Brother; "but there will not be a battle risked to hinder it."

'The Hereditary Prince,' my Husband, 'came in while we were talking so; and earnestly entreated my Brother to get him away from Baireuth. They went to a window, and talked a long time together. In the end, my Brother told me he would write a very obliging Letter to the Margraf, and give him such reasons in favour of the Campaign, that he doubted not it would turn the scale. "We will stay together," said he, addressing the Hereditary Prince; "and I shall be charmed to have my dear Brother always beside me." He wrote the Letter; gave it to Baron

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 15.

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Stein' (Chamberlain or Goldstick of ours), 'to deliver to the Margraf. He promised to obtain the King's express leave to stop at Baireuth on his return;—after which he went away. It was the last time I saw him on the old footing with me: he has much changed since then!—We returned to Baireuth; where I was so ill that, for three days, they did not think I should get over it.'[1]

Crown-Prince dashes off, southwestward, through cross country, into the Nürnberg Road again; gets to Nürnberg that same Saturday night; and there, among other Letters, writes the following; which will wind-up this little Incident for us, still in a human manner:

3. *To Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth*

'Nürnberg, 3d July 1734.

'MY DEAREST (*très-chère*) SISTER,—It would be impossible to quit this place without signifying, dearest Sister, my lively gratitude for all the marks of favour you showed me in the *Weiherhaus*' (House on the Lake, today). 'The highest of all that it was possible to do, was that of procuring me the satisfaction of paying my court to you. I beg millions o pardons for so putting you about, dearest Sister; but I could not help it; for you know my sad circumstances well enough. In my great joy, I forgot to give you the Enclosed. I entreat you, write me often news of your health! Question the Doctors; and'—and in certain contingencies, the Crown-Prince 'would recommend goat's milk' for his poor Sister. Had already, what was noted of him in after life, a tendency to give medical advice, in cases interesting to him?—

'Adieu, my incomparable and dear Sister. I am always the same to you, and will remain so till my death.[2] FRIEDRICH.'

Generals with their wheel mended, Margraves, Prince and now the Camp Equipage too, are all at Nürnberg; and start on the morrow; hardly a hundred miles now to be done,—but on slower terms, owing to the Equipage. Heilbronn, place of arms or central stronghold of the Reich's-Army, they reach on Monday: about Eppingen, next night, if the wind is westerly, one may hear the cannon,—not without interest. It was Wednesday forenoon, 7th July 1734, on some hill-top

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 200-202.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 57.

[7th July 1734

coming down from Eppingen side, that the Prince first saw Philipsburg Siege, blotting the Rhine Valley yonder with its fire and counter-fire; and the Tents of Eugene stretching on this side: first view he ever had of the actualities of war. His account to Papa is so distinct and good, we look through it almost as at first-hand for a moment:

'Camp at Wiesenthal, Wednesday, 7th July 1734.

'MOST ALL-GRACIOUS FATHER, * * We left Nürnberg' (nothing said of our Baireuth affair), '4th early, and did not stop till Heilbronn; where, along with the Equipage, I arrived on the 5th. Yesterday I came with the Equipage to Eppingen' (twenty miles, a slow march, giving the fourgons time); 'and this morning we came to the Camp at Wiesenthal. I have dined with General Röder' (our Prussian Commander); 'and, after dinner, rode with Prince Eugene while giving the parole. I handed him my All-gracious Father's Letter, which much rejoiced him. After the parole, I went to see the relieving of our outposts' (change of sentries there), 'and view the French retrenchment.

'We,' your Majesty's Contingent, 'are throwing-up three redoubts: at one of them today, three musketeers have been miserably shot' (*geschossen*, wounded, not quite killed); 'two are of Röder's, and one is of Finkenstein's regiment.

'Tomorrow I will ride to a village which is on our right wing; Waghäusel is the name of it'[1] (some five miles off, north of us, near by the Rhine): 'there is a steeple there, from which one can see the French Camp; from this point I will ride down, between the two Lines,' French and ours, 'to see what they are like.

'There are quantities of hurdles and fascines being made; which, as I hear, are to be employed in one of two different plans. The first plan is, To attack the French retrenchment generally; the ditch which is before it, and the morass which lies on our left wing, to be made passable with these fascines. The other plan is, To amuse the Enemy by a false attack, and throw succour into the Town.—One thing is certain, in a few days we shall have a stroke of work here. Happen what may, my All-gracious Father may be assured that' etc., 'and that I will do nothing unworthy of him. FRIEDRICH.'[2]

Neither of those fine plans took effect; nor did anything take effect, as we shall see. But in regard to that 'survey from the steeple of Waghäusel, and ride home again between

[1] Büsching, v. 1152. [2] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 79.

8th July 1734]
the Lines,'—in regard to that, here is an authentic fraction of anecdote, curiously fitting in, which should not be omitted. A certain Herr von Suhm, Saxon Minister at Berlin, occasionally mentioned here, stood in much Correspondence with the Crown-Prince in the years now following: Correspondence which was all published at the due distance of time; Suhm having, at his decease, left the Prince's Letters carefully assorted with that view, and furnished with a Prefatory 'Character of the Prince-Royal (*Portrait du Prince-Royal, par M. de Suhm*).' Of which Preface this is a small paragraph, relating to the Siege of Philipsburg; offering us a momentary glance into one fibre of the futile War now going on there. Of Suhm, and how exact he was, we shall know a little by and by. Of 'Prince von Lichtenstein,' an Austrian man and soldier of much distinction afterwards, we have only to say that he came to Berlin next year on Diplomatic business, and that probably enough he had been eyewitness to the little fact, —fact credible perhaps without much proving. One rather regretted there was no date to it, no detail to give it whereabout and fixity in our conception; that the poor little Anecdote, though indubitable, had to hang vaguely in the air. Now, however, the above dated *Letter* does, by accident, date Suhm's Anecdote too; date 'July 8' as good as certain for it; the Siege itself having ended (July 18) in ten days more. Herr von Suhm writes (not for publication till after Friedrich's death and his own):

'It was remarked in the Rhine Campaign of 1734, that this Prince has a great deal of intrepidity (*beaucoup de valeur*). On one occasion, among others' (to all appearance, this very day, 'July 8,' riding home from Waghäusel between the lines), 'when he had gone to reconnoitre the Lines of Philipsburg, with a good many people about him,—passing, on his return, along a strip of very thin wood, the cannon-shot from the Lines accompanied him incessantly, and crashed down several trees at his side; during all which he walked his horse along at the old pace, precisely as if nothing were happening, nor in his hand upon the bridle was there the least trace of motion perceptible. Those who gave attention to the matter remarked, on the contrary, that he did not discontinue speaking

very tranquilly to some Generals who accompanied him; and who admired his bearing, in a kind of danger with which he had not yet had occasion to familiarise himself. It is from the Prince von Lichtenstein that I have this anecdote.'[1]

On the 15th arrived his Majesty in person, with the Old Dessauer, Buddenbrock, Derschau and a select suite; in hopes of witnessing remarkable feats of war, now that the crisis of Philipsburg was coming on. Many Princes were assembled there, in the like hope: Prince of Orange (honeymoon well ended[2]), a vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back; Princes of Baden, Darmstadt, Waldeck: all manner of Princes and distinguished personages, Fourscore Princes of them by tale, the eyes of Europe being turned on this matter, and on old Eugene's guidance of it. Prince Fred of England, even he had a notion of coming to learn war.

It was about this time, not many weeks ago, that Fred, now falling into much discrepancy with his Father, and at a loss for a career to himself, appeared on a sudden in the Antechamber at St. James's, one day; and solemnly demanded an interview with his Majesty. Which his indignant Majesty, after some conference with Walpole, decided to grant. Prince Fred, when admitted, made three demands: 1°. To be allowed to go upon the Rhine Campaign, by way of a temporary career for himself; 2°. That he might have something definite to live upon, a fixed revenue being suitable in his circumstances; 3°. That, after those sad Prussian disappointments, some suitable Consort might be chosen for him,—heart and household lying in such waste condition. Poor Fred, who of us knows what of sense might be in these demands? Few creatures more absurdly situated are to be found in this world. To go where his equals were, and learn soldiering a little, might really have been useful. Paternal Majesty received Fred and his

[1] *Correspondance de Frédéric II. avec M. de Suhm* (Berlin, 1787): Avant-propos, p. xviii. (written 28th April 1740). The *Correspondance* is all in *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xvi. 247-408); but the Suhm Preface not.

[2] Had wedded Princess Anne, George II.'s eldest, 25th (14th) March 1734; to the joy of self and mankind, in England here.

Three Demands with fulminating look; answered, to the first two, nothing; to the third, about a Consort, 'Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen;—and now off with you; away!'[1]

Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliamenteers about him; young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse, young Lyttelton of Hagley, our old Soissons friend, not to mention others of worse type; to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperiences, plentiful inflammabilities, is important for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than 'write madrigals' in this world: infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has;—he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth. And he is the Fireship those older hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman;—and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign; nor indeed ever to anything, except to writing madrigals, and being very futile, dissolute and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor constitutional Prince. Our Fritz was only in danger of losing his life; but what is that, to losing your sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fireship to his Majesty's Opposition?

Friedrich Wilhelm stayed a month campaigning here; graciously declined Prince Eugene's invitation to lodge in Head Quarters, under a roof and within built walls; preferred a tent among his own people, and took the common hardships, —with great hurt to his weak health, as was afterwards found.

In these weeks, the big Czarina, who has set a price (100,000 rubles, say 15,000*l.*) upon the head of poor Stanislaus, hears that his Prussian Majesty protects him; and thereupon signifies, in high terms, That she, by her Feldmarschall Münnich, will come across the frontiers and seize the said Stanislaus. To which his Prussian Majesty answers positively,

[1] Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 322.

though in proper Diplomatic tone, 'Madam, I will in no wise permit it!' Perhaps his Majesty's remarkablest transaction, here on the Rhine, was this concerning Stanislaus. For Seckendorf the Feldzeugmeister was here also, on military function, not forgetful of the Diplomacies; who busily assailed his Majesty, on the Kaiser's part, in the same direction: 'Give up Stanislaus, your Majesty! How ridiculous (*lächerlich*) to be perhaps ruined for Stanislaus!' But without the least effect, now or afterwards.

Poor Stanislaus, in the beginning of July, got across into Preussen, as we intimated; and there he continued, safe against any amount of rubles and Feldmarschalls, entreaties and menaces. At Angerburg, on the Prussian frontier, he found a steadfast veteran, Lieutenant-General von Katte, Commandant in those parts (Father of a certain poor Lieutenant, whom we tragically knew of long ago!)—which veteran gentleman received the Fugitive Majesty,[1] with welcome in the King's name, and assurances of an honourable asylum till the times and roads should clear again for his Fugitive Majesty. Fugitive Majesty, for whom the roads and times were very dark at present, went to Marienwerder; talked of going 'to Pillau, for a sea-passage,' of going to various places; went finally to Königsberg, and there,—with a considerable Polish Suite of Fugitives, very moneyless, and very expensive, most of them, who had accumulated about him,—set-up his abode. There for almost two years, in fact till this War ended, the Fugitive Polish Majesty continued; Friedrich Wilhelm punctually protecting him, and even paying him a small Pension (50*l.* a month),—France, the least it could do for the Grandfather of France, allowing a much larger one; larger, though still inadequate. France has left its Grandfather strangely in the lurch here; with '100,000 rubles on his head.' But Friedrich Wilhelm knows the sacred rites, and will do them; continues deaf as a doorpost alike to the menaces and the entreaties of Kaiser and Czarina;

[1] *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 254.

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strictly intimating to Münnich what the Laws of Neutrality are, and that they must be observed. Which, by his Majesty's good arrangements, Münnich, willing enough to the contrary had it been feasible, found himself obliged to comply with. Prussian Majesty, like a King and a gentleman, would listen to no terms about dismissing or delivering-up, or otherwise failing in the sacred rites to Stanislaus; but honourably kept him there till the times and routes cleared themselves again.[1] A plain piece of duty; punctually done: the beginning of it falls here in the Camp at Philipsburg, July-August 1734; in May 1736 we shall see some glimpse of the end!—

His Prussian Majesty in Camp at Philipsburg,—so distinguished a volunteer, doing us the honour to encamp here, —'was asked to all the Councils-of-War that were held,' say the Books. And he did attend, the Crown-Prince and he, on important occasions: but, alas, there was, so to speak, nothing to be consulted of. Fascines and hurdles lay useless; no attempt was made to relieve Philipsburg. On the third day after his Majesty's arrival, July 18th, Philipsburg, after a stiff defence of six weeks, growing hopeless of relief, had to surrender;—French then proceeded to repair Philipsburg, no attempt on Eugene's part to molest them there. If they try ulterior operations on this side the River, he counter-tries; and that is all.

Our Crown-Prince, somewhat of a judge in after years, is maturely of opinion, That the French Lines were by no means inexpugnable; that the French Army might have been ruined under an attack of the proper kind.[2] Their position was bad; no room to unfold themselves for fight, except with the Town's cannon playing on them all the while; only one Bridge to get across by, in case of coming to the worse: defeat of them probable, and ruin to them inevitable in case of defeat. But Prince Eugene, with an Army little to his mind (Reich's-Contingents not to be depended on, thought

[1] Förster, ii. 132, 134-136. [2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i. 167.

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Eugene), durst not venture: 'Seventeen victorious Battles, and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?'

It is probable the Old Dessauer, had he been Generalissimo, with this same Army,—in which, even in the Reich's part of it, we know Ten Thousand of an effective character,—would have done some stroke upon the French; but Prince Eugene would not try. Much dimmed from his former self this old hero; age now 73;—a good deal wearied with the long march through Time. And this very Summer, his Brother's Son, the last male of his House, had suddenly died of inflammatory fever; left the old man very mournful: 'Alone, alone, at the end of one's long march; laurels have no fruit, then?' He stood cautious, on the defensive; and in this capacity is admitted to have shown skilful management.

But Philipsburg being taken, there is no longer the least event to be spoken of; the Campaign passed into a series of advancings, retreatings, facings, and then right-about facings, —painful manœuvrings, on both sides of the Rhine and of the Neckar,—without result farther to the French, without memorability to either side. About the middle of August, Friedrich Wilhelm went away;—health much hurt by his month under canvas, amid Rhine inundations, and mere distressing phenomena. Crown-Prince Friedrich and a select party escorted his Majesty to Mainz, where was a Dinner of unusual sublimity by the Kurfürst there;[1]—Dinner done, his Majesty stept on board 'the Electoral Yacht'; and in this fine hospitable vehicle went sweeping through the Binger Loch, rapidly down towards Wesel; and the Crown-Prince and party returned to their Camp, which is upon the Neckar at this time.

Camp shifts about, and Crown-Prince in it: to Heidelberg, to Waiblingen, Weinheim; close to Mainz at one time: but it is not worth following: nor in Friedrich's own Letters, or in other documents, is there, on the best examination, anything considerable to be gleaned respecting his procedures

[1] 15th August (Fassmann, p. 511).

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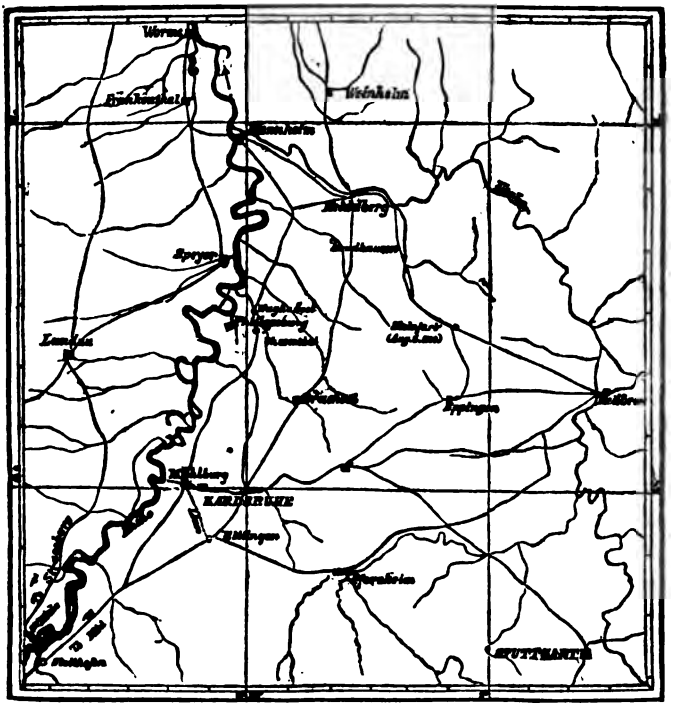
there. He hears of the ill-success in Italy, Battle of Parma at the due date, with the natural feelings; speaks with a sorrowful gaiety, of the muddy fatigues, futilities here on the Rhine;—has the sense, however, not to blame his superiors unreasonably. Here, from one of his Letters to Colonel



Camas, is a passage worth quoting for the credit of the writer. With Camas, a distinguished Prussian Frenchman, whom we mentioned elsewhere, still more with Madam Camas in time coming, he corresponded much, often in a fine filial manner:

'The present Campaign is a school, where profit may be reaped from observing the confusion and disorder which reigns in this Army: it has been a field very barren in laurels; and those who have been used, all

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their life, to gather such, and on Seventeen distinguished occasions have done so, can get none this time.' Next year, we all hope to be on the Moselle, and to find that a fruitfuler field. * * * 'I am afraid, dear Camas, you think I am going to put on the cothurnus; to set-up for a small Eugene, and, pronouncing with a doctoral tone what each should have done and not have done, condemn and blame to right and left. No, my dear Camas; far from carrying my arrogance to that point, I admire the conduct of our Chief, and do not disapprove that of his worthy Adversary; and far from forgetting the esteem and consideration due to persons who, scarred with wounds, have by years and long service gained a consummate experience, I shall hear them more willingly than ever as my teachers, and try to learn from them how to arrive at honour, and what is the shortest road into the secret of this Profession.'[1]

This other, to Lieutenant Gröben, three weeks earlier in date, shows us a different aspect; which is at least equally authentic; and may be worth taking with us. Gröben is Lieutenant,—I suppose still of the Regiment Goltz, though he is left there behind;—at any rate, he is much a familiar with the Prince at Ruppin; was ringleader, it is thought, in those midnight pranks upon parsons, and the other escapades there;[2] a merry man, eight years older than the Prince,—with whom it is clear enough he stands on a very free footing. Philipsburg was lost a month ago; French are busy repairing it; and manœuvering, with no effect, to get into the interior of Germany a little. Weinheim is a little Town on the north side of the Neckar, a dozen miles or so from Mannheim;—out of which, and into which, the Prussian Corps goes shifting from time to time, as Prince Eugene and the French manœuvre to no purpose in that Rhine-Neckar Country. '*Herdek Teremtetem*,' it appears, is a bit of Hungarian swearing; should be *Ordek teremtete;* and means 'The Devil made you!'

'Weinheim, 17th August 1734.

'*Herdek Teremtetem!* "Went with them, got hanged with them,"[3] said the Bielefeld Innkeeper! So will it be with me, poor devil; for I

[1] 'Camp at Heidelberg, 11th September 1734' (*Œuvres*, xvi. 131).

[2] Büsching, v. 20.

[3] '*Mitgegangen, mitgehangen:*' Letter is in German.

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go dawdling about with this Army here; and the French will have the better of us. We want to be over the Neckar again' (to the South or Philipsburg side), 'and the rogues won't let us. What most provokes me in the matter is, that while we are here in such a wilderness of trouble, doing our utmost, by military labours and endurances, to make ourselves heroic, thou sittest, thou devil, at home!

'Duc de Bouillon has lost his equipage; our Hussars took it at Landau' (other side the Rhine, a while ago). 'Here we stand in mud to the ears; fifteen of the Regiment Alt-Baden have sunk altogether in the mud. Mud comes of a waterspout, or sudden cataract of rain, there was in these Heidelberg Countries; two villages, Fuhrenheim and Sandhausen, it swam away, every stick of them (*gans und gar*).

'Captain von Stojentin, of Regiment Flans,' one of our eight Regiments here, 'has got wounded in the head, in an affair of honour; he is still alive, and it is hoped he will get through it.

'The Drill-Demon has now got into the Kaiser's people too: Prince Eugene is grown heavier with his drills than we ourselves. He is often three hours at it;—and the Kaiser's people curse us for the same, at a frightful rate. Adieu. If the Devil don't get thee, he ought. Therefore *vale*.[1] FRIEDRICH.'

No laurels to be gained here; but plenty of mud, and laborious hardship,—met, as we perceive, with youthful stoicism, of the derisive, and perhaps of better forms. Friedrich is twenty-two and some months, when he makes his first Campaign. The general physiognomy of his behaviour in it we have to gness from these few indications. No doubt he profited by it, on the military side; and would study with quite new light and vivacity after such contact with the fact studied of. Very didactic to witness even 'the confusions of this Army,' and what comes of them to Armies! For the rest, the society of Eugene, Lichtenstein, and so many Princes of the Reich, and Chiefs of existing mankind, could not but be entertaining to the young man; and silently, if he wished to read the actual Time, as sure enough he, with human and with royal eagerness, did wish,—they were here as the *alphabet* of it to him: important for years coming. Nay it is not doubted, the insight he here got into the condition of the Austrian Army and its management,—

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 181.

'Army left seven days without bread,' for one instance,—gave him afterwards the highly important notion, that such Army could be beaten if necessary!—

Wilhelmina says, his chief comrade was Margraf Heinrich; —the *Ill* Margraf; who was *cut* by Friedrich, in after years, for some unknown bad behaviour. Margraf Heinrich 'led him into all manner of excesses,' says Wilhelmina,—probably in the language of exaggeration. He himself tells her, in one of his *Letters*, a day or two before Papa's departure: 'The Camp is soon to be close on Mainz, nothing but the Rhine between Mainz and our right wing where my place is; and so soon as Serenissimus goes' (*Le Sérénissime*, so he irreverently names Papa), 'I mean to be across for some sport,'[1]—no doubt the Ill Margraf with me! With the Elder Margraf, little Sophie's Betrothed, whom he called 'big clown' in a Letter we read, he is at this date in open quarrel,—'*brouillé à toute outrance* with the mad Son-in-law, who is the wildest wild-beast of all this Camp.'[2]

Wilhelmina's Husband had come, in the beginning of August; but was not so happy as he expected. Considerably cut-out by the Ill Heinrich. Here is a small adventure they had; mentioned by Friedrich, and copiously recorded by Wilhelmina: adventure on some River,—which we could guess, if it were worth guessing, to have been the Neckar, not the Rhine. French had a fortified post on the farther side of this River; Crown-Prince, Ill Margraf, and Wilhelmina's Husband were quietly looking about them, riding up the other side: Wilhelmina's Husband decided to take a pencil-drawing of the French post, and paused for that object. Drawing was proceeding unmolested, when his foolish Baireuth Hussar, having an excellent rifle (*arquebuse rayée*) with him, took it into his head to have a shot at the French sentries at long range. His shot hit nothing; but it awakened the French animosity, as was natural; the French began diligently firing; and might easily have done mischief. My Husband,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 17 (10th Aug.). [2] *Ib.*

volleying-out some rebuke upon the blockhead of a Hussar, finished his drawing, in spite of the French bullets; then rode up to the Crown-Prince and Ill Margraf, who had got their share of what was going, and were in no good humour with him. Ill Margraf rounded things into the Crown-Prince's ear, in an unmannerly way, with glances at my Husband;—who understood it well enough; and promptly coerced such ill-bred procedures, intimating, in a polite impressive way, that they would be dangerous if persisted in. Which reduced the Ill Margraf to a spiteful but silent condition. No other harm was done at that time; the French bullets all went awry, or 'even fell short, being sucked-in by the river,' thinks Wilhelmina.[1]

A more important feature of the Crown-Prince's life in these latter weeks is the news he gets of his Father. Friedrich Wilhelm, after quitting the Electoral Yacht, did his reviewing at Wesel, at Bielefeld, all his reviewing in those Rhine and Weser Countries; then turned aside to pay a promised visit to Ginkel the Berlin Dutch Ambassador, who has a fine House in those parts; and there his Majesty has fallen seriously ill. Obliged to pause at Ginkel's, and then at his own Schloss of Moyland, for some time; does not reach Potsdam till the 14th September, and then in a weak, worsening, and altogether dangerous condition, which lasts for months to come.[2] Wrecks of gout, they say, and of all manner of nosological mischief; falling to dropsy. Case desperate, think all the Newspapers, in a cautious form; which is Friedrich Wilhelm's own opinion pretty much, and that of those better informed. Here are thoughts for a Crown-Prince; well-affected to his Father, yet suffering much from him which is grievous. To bystanders, one now makes a different figure: 'A Crown-Prince, who may be King one of these days,—whom a little adulation were well spent upon!' From within and from without come agitating influences; thoughts which must be

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 208, 209; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 19.

[2] Fassmann, pp. 512-533: September 1734-January 1735.

rigorously repressed, and which are not wholly repressible. The soldiering Crown-Prince, from about the end of September, for the last week or two of this Campaign, is secretly no longer quite the same to himself or to others.

Glimpse of Lieutenant Chasot, and of other Acquisitions

We have still two little points to specify, or to bring up from the rearward whither they are fallen, in regard to this Campaign. After which the wearisome Campaign shall terminate; Crown-Prince leading his Ten Thousand to Frankfurt, towards their winter-quarters at Westphalia; and then himself running across from Frankfurt (October 5th), to see Wilhelmina for a day or two on the way homewards: —with much pleasure to all parties, my readers and me included!

First point is, That, some time in this Campaign, probably towards the end of it, the Crown-Prince, Old Dessauer and some others with them, 'procured passports,' went across, and 'saw the French Camp,' and what new phenomena were in it for them. Where, when, how, or with what impression left on either side, we do not learn. It was not much of a Camp for military admiration, this of the French.[1] There were old soldiers of distinction in it here and there; a few young soldiers diligently studious of their art; and a great many young fops of high birth and high ways, strutting about 'in red-heeled shoes,' with 'Commissions got from Court' for this War, and nothing of the soldier but the epaulettes and plumages,—apt to be 'insolent' among their poorer comrades. From all parties, young and old, even from that insolent red-heel party, nothing but the highest finish of politeness could be visible on this particular occasion. Doubtless all passed in the usual satisfactory manner; and the Crown-Prince got his pleasant excursion, and materials, more or less, for after thought and comparison. But as there is nothing whatever

[1] *Mémoires de Noailles* (passim).

of it on record for us but the bare fact, we leave it to the reader's imagination,—fact being indubitable, and details not inconceivable to lively readers. Among the French dignitaries doing the honours of their Camp on this occasion, he was struck by the General's Adjutant, a 'Count de Rottembourg' (properly *von Rothenburg*, of German birth, kinsman to the Rothenburg whom we have seen as French Ambassador at Berlin long since); a promising young soldier; whom he did not lose sight of again, but acquired in due time to his own service, and found to be of eminent worth there. A Count von Schmettau, two Brothers von Schmettau, here in the Austrian service; superior men, Prussian by birth, and very fit to be acquired by and by; these the Crown-Prince had already noticed in this Rhine Campaign,—having always his eyes open to phenomena of that kind.

The *second* little point is of date perhaps two months anterior to that of the French Camp; and is marked sufficiently in this Excerpt from our confused Manuscripts:

Before quitting Philipsburg, there befel one slight adventure, which, though it seemed to be nothing, is worth recording here. One day, date not given, a young French Officer, of ingenuous prepossessing look, though much flurried at the moment, came across as involuntary deserter; flying from a great peril in his own camp. The name of him is Chasot, Lieutenant of such and such a Regiment: 'Take me to Prince Eugene!' he entreats, which is done. Peril was this: A high young gentleman, one of those fops in red heels, ignorant, and capable of insolence to a poorer comrade of studious turn, had fixed a duel upon Chasot. Chasot ran him through, in fair duel; dead, and is thought to have deserved it. 'But Duc de Boufflers is his kinsman: run, or you are lost!' cried everybody. The Officers of his Regiment hastily redacted some certificate for Chasot, hastily signed it; and Chasot ran, scarcely waiting to pack his baggage.

'Will not your Serene Highness protect me?'—'Certainly!' said Eugene;—gave Chasot a lodging among his own people; and appointed one of them, Herr Brender by name, to show him about, and teach him the nature of his new quarters. Chasot, a brisk, ingenuous young fellow, soon became a favourite; eager to be useful where possible; and very pleasant in discourse, said everybody.

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By and by,—still at Philipsburg, as would seem, though it is not said, —the Crown-Prince heard of Chasot; asked Brender to bring him over. Here is Chasot's own account: through which, as through a small eyelet-hole, we peep once more, and for the last time, direct into the Crown-Prince's Campaign-life on this occasion:

'Next morning, at ten o'clock the appointed hour, Brender having ordered out one of his horses for me, I accompanied him to the Prince; who received us in his Tent,—behind which he had, hollowed out to the depth of three or four feet, a large Dining-room, with windows, and a roof,' I hope of good height, 'thatched with straw. His Royal Highness, after two-hours conversation, in which he had put a hundred questions to me' (a Prince desirous of knowing the facts), 'dismissed us; and at parting, bade me return often to him in the evenings.

'It was in this Dining-room, at the end of a great dinner, the day after next, that the Prussian guard introduced a Trumpet from Monsieur d'Asfeld' (French Commander-in-Chief since Berwick's death), with my three horses, sent over from the French Army. Prince Eugene, who was present, and in good humour, said, 'We must sell those horses, they don't speak German; Brender will take care to mount you some way or other.' Prince Lichtenstein immediately put a price on my horses; and they were sold on the spot at three times their worth. The Prince of Orange, who was of this Dinner' (slightly crook-backed witty gentleman, English honeymoon well over), 'said to me in a half-whisper, "Monsieur, there is nothing like selling horses to people who have dined well."

'After this sale, I found myself richer than I had ever been in my life. The Prince-Royal sent me, almost daily, a groom and led horse, that I might come to him, and sometimes follow him in his excursions. At last, he had it proposed to me, by M. de Brender, and even by Prince Eugene, to accompany him to Berlin.' Which, of course, I did; taking Ruppin first. 'I arrived at Berlin from Ruppin, in 1734, two days after the marriage of Friedrich Wilhelm Margraf of Schwedt' (Ill Margraf's elder Brother, wildest wild-beast of this Camp) 'with the Princess Sophie,—that is to say, 12th of November; Marriage having been on the 10th, as the Books teach us. Chasot remembers that, on the 14th, 'the Crown-Prince gave, in his Berlin mansion, a dinner to all the Royal Family,' in honour of that auspicious wedding.[1]

Thus is Chasot established with the Crown-Prince. He will turn-up fighting well in subsequent parts of this History; and again duelling fatally, though nothing of a quarrelsome man, as he asserts.

[1] Kurd von Schlözer, *Chasot* (Berlin, 1856), pp. 20-22. A pleasant little Book; tolerably accurate, and of very readable quality.

Crown-Prince's Visit to Baireuth on the Way home

October 4th, the Crown-Prince has parted with Prince Eugene,—not to meet again in this world; 'an old hero gone to the shadow of himself,' says the Crown-Prince;[1]—and is giving his Prussian War-Captains a farewell dinner at Frankfurt-on-Mayn; having himself led the Ten Thousand so far, towards Winter-quarters, and handing them over now to their usual commanders. They are to winter in Westphalia, these Ten Thousand, in the Paderborn-Münster Country; where they are nothing like welcome to the Ruling Powers; nor are intended to be so,—Kur-Köln (proprietor there) and his Brother of Bavaria having openly French leanings. The Prussian Ten Thousand will have to help themselves to the essential, therefore, without welcome;—and things are not pleasant. And the Ruling Powers, by protocolling, still more the Commonalty if it try at mobbing,[2] can only make them worse. Indeed it is said the Ten Thousand, though their bearing was so perfect otherwise, generally behaved rather ill in their marches over Germany, during this War,—and always worst, it was remarked by observant persons, in the countries (Bamberg and Würzburg, for instance) where their officers had in past years been in recruiting troubles. Whereby observant persons explained the phenomenon to themselves. But we omit all that; our concern lying elsewhere. 'Directly after dinner at Frankfurt,' the Crown-Prince drives off, rapidly as his wont is, towards Baireuth. He arrives there on the morrow; 'October 5th,' says Wilhelmina,—who again illuminates him to us, though with oblique lights, for an instant.

Wilhelmina was in low spirits:—weak health; add funeral of the Prince of Culmbach (killed in the Battle of Parma), illness of Papa, and other sombre events:—and was by no

[1] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i. 167.

[2] '28th March 1735' (Fassmann, p. 547); Buchholz, i. 136.

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means content with the Crown-Prince, on this occasion. Strangely altered since we met him in July last! It may be, the Crown-Prince, looking, with an airy buoyancy of mind, towards a certain Event probably near, has got his young head inflated a little, and carries himself with a height new to this beloved Sister;—but probably the sad humour of the Princess herself has a good deal to do with it. Alas, the contrast between a heart knowing secretly its own bitterness, and a friend's heart conscious of joy and triumph, is harsh and shocking to the former of the two! Here is the Princess's account; with the subtrahend, twenty-five or seventy-five per cent, *not* deducted from it:

'My Brother arrived, the 5th of October. He seemed to me put-out (*décontenancé*); and to break-off conversation with me, he said he had to write to the King and Queen. I ordered him pen and paper. He wrote in my room; and spent more than a good hour in writing a couple of Letters, of a line or two each. He then had all the Court, one after the other, introduced to him; said nothing to any of them, looked merely with a mocking air at them; after which we went to dinner.

'Here his whole conversation consisted in quizzing (*turlupiner*) whatever he saw; and repeating to me, above a hundred times over, the words "little Prince," "little Court." I was shocked; and could not understand how he had changed so suddenly towards me. The etiquette of all Courts in the Empire is, that nobody who has not at the least the rank of Captain can sit at a Prince's table: my Brother put a Lieutenant there, who was in his suite; saying to me, "A King's Lieutenants are as good as a Margraf's Ministers." I swallowed this incivility, and showed no sign.

'After dinner, being alone with me, he said,'—turning up the flippant side of his thoughts, truly, in a questionable way:—'"Our Sire is going to end (*tire à sa fin*); he will not live-out this month. I know I have made you great promises; but I am not in a condition to keep them. I will give you up the Half of the sum which the late King" (our Grandfather) "lent you;[1] I think you will have every reason to be satisfied with that." I answered, That my regard for him had never been of an interested nature; that I would never ask anything of him, but the continuance of his friendship; and did not wish one sou, if it would in the least inconvenience him. "No, no," said he, "you shall have those

[1] Suprà, vol. ii. pp. 205-206.

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100,000 thalers; I have destined them for you.—People will be much surprised," continued he, "to see me act quite differently from what they had expected. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will become as common as pebbles at Berlin: but they will find I know better. I mean to increase my Army, and to leave all other things on the old footing. I will have every consideration for the Queen my Mother, and will sate her (*rassasierai*) with honours; but I do not mean that she shall meddle in my affairs; and if she try it, she will find so."' What a speech; what an outbreak of candour in the young man, preoccupied with his own great thoughts and difficulties,—to the exclusion of any other person's!

'I fell from the clouds on hearing all that; and knew not if I was sleeping or waking. He then questioned me on the affairs of this Country. I gave him the detail of them. He said to me: "When your goose (*benêt*) of a Father-in-law dies, I advise you to break-up the whole Court, and reduce yourselves to the footing of a private gentleman's establishment, in order to pay your debts. In real truth, you have no need of so many people; and you must try also to reduce the wages of those whom you cannot help keeping. You have been accustomed to live at Berlin with a table of four dishes; that is all you want here: and I will invite you now and then to Berlin; which will spare table and housekeeping."

'For a long while my heart had been getting big; I could not restrain my tears, at hearing all these indignities. "Why do you cry?" said he: "Ah, ah, you are in low spirits, I see. We must dissipate that dark humour. The music waits us; I will drive that fit out of you by an air or two on the flute." He gave me his hand, and led me into the other room. I sat down to the harpsichord; which I inundated (*inondai*) with my tears. Marwitz' (my artful Demoiselle d'Atours, perhaps too artful in time coming) 'placed herself opposite me, so as to hide from the others what disorder I was in.'[1]

For the last two days of the visit, Wilhelmina admits her Brother was a little kinder. But on the fourth day there came, by estafette, a Letter from the Queen, conjuring him to return without delay, the King growing worse and worse. Wilhelmina, who loved her Father, and whose outlooks in case of his decease appeared to be so little flattering, was overwhelmed with sorrow. Of her Brother, however, she strove to forget that strange outbreak of candour; and parted with him as if all were mended between them again. Nay, the

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 216-218.

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day after his departure, there goes a beautifully affectionate Letter to him; which we could give, if there were room:[1] 'the happiest time I ever in my life had;' 'my heart so full of gratitude and so sensibly touched;' 'every one repeating the words "dear Brother" and "charming Prince-Royal":'—a Letter in very lively contrast to what we have just been reading. A Prince-Royal not without charm, in spite of the hard practicalities he is meditating, obliged to meditate!—

As to the outbreak of candour, offensive to Wilhelmina and us, we suppose her report of it to be in substance true, though of exaggerated, perhaps perverted tone; and it is worth the reader's notice, with these deductions. The truth is, our charming Princess is always liable to a certain subtrahend. In 1744, when she wrote those *Mémoires*, 'in a Summerhouse at Baireuth,' her Brother and she, owing mainly to go-betweens acting on the susceptible female heart, were again in temporary quarrel (the longest and worst they ever had), and hardly on speaking terms; which of itself made her heart very heavy;—not to say that Marwitz, the too artful Demoiselle, seemed to have stolen her Husband's affections from the poor Princess, and made the world look all a little grim to her. These circumstances have given their colour to parts of her Narrative, and are not to be forgotten by readers.

The Crown-Prince,—who goes by Dessau, lodging for a night with the Old Dessauer, and writes affectionately to his Sister from that place, their Letters crossing on the road,—gets home on the 12th to Potsdam. October 12th, 1734, he has ended his Rhine Campaign, in that manner;—and sees his poor Father, with a great many other feelings besides those expressed in the dialogue at Baireuth.

[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 23.

CHAPTER XI

IN PAPA'S SICK-ROOM; PRUSSIAN INSPECTIONS: END OF WAR

IT appears, Friedrich met a cordial reception in the sick-room at Potsdam; and, in spite of his levities to Wilhelmina, was struck to the heart by what he saw there. For months to come, he seems to be continually running between Potsdam and Ruppin, eager to minister to his sick Father, when military leave is procurable. Other fact about him, other aspect of him, in those months, is not on record for us.

Of his young Madam, or Princess-Royal, peaceably resident at Berlin or at Schönhausen, and doing the vacant officialities, formal visitings and the like, we hear nothing; of Queen Sophie and the others, nothing: anxious, all of them, no doubt, about the event at Potsdam, and otherwise silent to us. His Majesty's illness comes and goes; now hope, and again almost none. Margraf of Schwedt and his young Bride, we already know, were married in November; and Lieutenant Chasot (two days old in Berlin) told us, there was Dinner by the Crown-Prince to all the Royal Family on that occasion; —poor Majesty out at Potsdam languishing in the back-ground, meanwhile.

His Carnival the Crown-Prince passes naturally at Berlin. We find he takes a good deal to the French Ambassador, one Marquis de la Chétardie; a showy restless character, of fame in the Gazettes of that time; who did much intriguing at Petersburg some years hence, first in a signally triumphant way, and then in a signally untriumphant; and is not now worth any knowledge but a transient accidental one. Chétardie came hither about Stanislaus and his affairs; tried hard, but in vain, to tempt Friedrich Wilhelm into interference;—is naturally anxious to captivate the Crown-Prince, in present circumstances.

Friedrich Wilhelm lay at Potsdam, between death and life, for almost four months to come; the Newspapers speculating much on his situation; political people extremely anxious what would become of him,—or in fact, when he would die; for that was considered the likely issue. Fassmann gives dolorous clippings from the *Leyden Gazette*, all in a blubber of tears, according to the then fashion, but full of impertinent curiosity withal. And from the Seckendorf private Papers there are Extracts of a still more inquisitive and notable character: Seckendorf and the Kaiser having an intense interest in this painful occurrence.

Seckendorf is not now himself at Berlin; but running much about, on other errands; can only see Friedrich Wilhelm, if at all, in a passing way. And even this will soon cease;—and in fact, to us it is by far the most excellent result of this French-Austrian War, that it carries Seckendorf clear away; who now quits Berlin and the Diplomatic line, and obligingly goes out of our sight henceforth. The old Ordnance-Master, as an Imperial General of rank, is needed now for War-Service, if he has any skill that way. In those late months, he was duly in attendance at Philipsburg and the Rhine-Campaign, in a subaltern torpid capacity, like Brunswick-Bevern and the others; ready for work, had there been any: but next season, he expects to have a Division of his own, and to do something considerable.—In regard to Berlin and the Diplomacies, he has appointed a Nephew of his, a Seckendorf Junior, to take his place there; to keep the old machinery in gear, if nothing more; and furnish copious reports during the present crisis. These Reports of Seckendorf Junior,—full of eavesdroppings, got from a *Kammermohr* (Nigger Lackey), who waits in the sick-room at Potsdam, and is sensible to bribes,—have been printed; and we mean to glance slightly into them. But as to Seckendorf Senior, readers can entertain the fixed hope that they have at length done with him; that, in these our premises, we shall never see him again;—nay, shall see him, on extraneous dim fields, far enough away, smarting

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and suffering, till even we are almost sorry for the old knave!—

Friedrich Wilhelm's own prevailing opinion is, that he cannot recover. His bodily sufferings are great: dropsically swollen, sometimes like to be choked: no bed that he can bear to lie on;—oftenest rolls about in a Bath-chair; very heavy-laden indeed; and I think of tenderer humour than in former sicknesses. To the Old Dessauer he writes, few days after getting home to Potsdam: 'I am ready to quit the world, as Your Dilection knows, and has various times heard me say. One ship sails faster, another slower; but they come all to one haven. Let it be with me, then, as the Most High has determined for me.'[1] He has settled his affairs, Fassmann says, so far as possible; settled the order of his funeral, How he is to be buried, in the Garrison Church of Potsdam, without pomp or fuss, like a Prussian Soldier; and what regiment or regiments it is that are to do the triple volley over him, by way of finis and long farewell. His soul's interests too,—we need not doubt he is in deep conference, in deep consideration about these; though nothing is said on that point. A serious man always, much feeling what immense facts he was surrounded with; and here is now the summing-up of all facts. Occasionally, again, he has hopes; orders up 'two hundred of his Potsdam Giants to march through the sick-room,' since he cannot get out to them; or old Generals, Buddenbrock, Waldau, come and take their pipe there, in reminiscence of a Tabagie. Here, direct from the fountain-head, or Nigger Lackey bribed by Seckendorf Junior, is a notice or two:

'*Potsdam, September 30th*, 1734. Yesterday, for half an hour, the King could get no breath: he keeps them continually rolling him about' in his Bath-chair, 'over the room, and cries: "*Luft, Luft* (Air, air)!"

'*October 2d.* The King is not going to die just yet; but will scarcely see Christmas. He gets-on his clothes; argues with the Doctors, is

[1] Orlich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i. 14. 'From the Dessau Archives; date, 21st September 1734.'

impatient; won't have people speak of his illness;—is quite black in the face; drinks nothing but *Moll'* (which we suppose to be small bitter beer), 'takes physic, writes in bed.'

'*October 5th.* The Nigger tells me things are better. The King begins to bring-up phlegm; drinks a great deal of oatmeal-water' (*Hafergrütswasser*, comfortable to the sick); 'says to the Nigger: "Pray diligently, all of you; perhaps I shall not die!"'

October 5th: this is the day the Crown-Prince arrives at Baireuth; to be called away by express four days after. How valuable, at Vienna or elsewhere, our dark friend the Lackey's medical opinion is, may be gathered from this other Entry, three weeks farther on,—enough to suffice us on that head:

'The Nigger tells me he has a bad opinion of the King's health. If you roll the King a little fast in his Bath-chair, you hear the water jumble in his body,'—with astonishment! 'King gets into passions; has beaten the pages' (may we hope, our dark friend among the rest?), 'so that it was feared apoplexy would take him.'

This will suffice for the physiological part; let us now hear our poor friend on the Crown-Prince and his arrival:

'*October 12th.* Return of the Prince-Royal to Potsdam; tender reception.—*October 21st.* Things look ill in Potsdam. The other leg is now also begun running; and above a quart (*maas*) of water has come from it. Without a miracle, the King cannot live,'—thinks our dark friend. 'The Prince-Royal is truly affected (*véritablement attendri*) at the King's situation; has his eyes full of water, has wept the eyes out of his head: has schemed in all ways to contrive a commodious bed for the King; wouldn't go away from Potsdam. King forced him away; he is to return Saturday afternoon. The Prince-Royal has been heard to say, "If the King will let me live in my own way, I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years." King always calls him Fritzchen. But Fritzchen,' thinks Seckendorf Junior, knows nothing about business. The King is aware of it; and said in the face of him one day: "If thou begin at the wrong end with things, and all go topsy-turvy after I am gone, I will laugh at thee out of my grave!"'[1]—

So Friedrich Wilhelm; labouring amid the mortal quicksands; looking into the Inevitable, in various moods. But the memorablest speech he made to Fritzchen or to anybody

[1] Seckendorf (*Baron*), *Journal Secret*; cited in Förster, ii. 142.

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at present, was that covert one about the Kaiser and Seckendorf, and the sudden flash of insight he got, from some word of Seckendorf's, into what they had been meaning with him all along. Riding through the Village of Priort, in debate about Vienna politics of a strange nature, Seckendorf said something, which illuminated his Majesty, dark for so many years, and showed him where he was. A ghastly horror of a country, yawning indisputable there; revealed to one as if by momentary lightning, in that manner! This is a speech which all the Ambassadors report, and which was already mentioned by us,—in reference to that opprobrious Proposal about the Crown-Prince's Marriage, 'Marry with England, after all; never mind breaking your word!' Here is the manner of it, with time and place:

'Sunday last,' Sunday 17th October 1734, reports Seckendorf Junior, through the Nigger or some better witness, 'the King said to the Prince-Royal: "My dear Son, I tell thee I got my death at Priort. I entreat thee, above all things in the world, don't trust those people, (*denen Leuten*), however many promises they make. That day, it was April 17th, 1733, there was a man said something to me: it was as if you had turned a dagger round in my heart."'[1]—

Figure that, spoken from amid the dark sick whirlpools, the mortal quicksands, in Friedrich Wilhelm's voice, clangorously plaintive; what a wild sincerity, almost pathos, is in it; and whether Fritzchen, with his eyes all bewept even for what Papa had suffered in that matter, felt lively gratitudes to the House of Austria at this moment!—

It was four months after, '21st January 1735,'[2] when the King first got back to Berlin, to enlighten the eyes of the Carnival a little, as his wont had been. The crisis of his Majesty's illness is over, present danger gone; and the Carnival people, not without some real gladness, though probably with less than they pretend, can report him well again. Which is far from being the fact, if they knew it.

[1] Seckendorf (*Baron*), Journal Secret; cited in Förster, ii. 142.

[2] Fassmann, p. 533.

Friedrich Wilhelm is on his feet again; but he never more was well. Nor has he forgotten that word at Priort, 'like the turning of a dagger in one's heart';—and indeed gets himself continually reminded of it by practical commentaries from the Vienna Quarter.

In April, Prince Lichtenstein arrives on Embassy with three requests or demands from Vienna: '1°. That, besides the Ten Thousand due by Treaty, his Majesty would send his Reich's-Contingent,'—*not* comprehended in those Ten Thousand, thinks the Kaiser. '2°. That he would have the goodness to dismiss Marquis de la Chétardie the French Ambassador, as a plainly superfluous person at a well-affected German Court in present circumstances';—person excessively dangerous, should the present Majesty die, Crown-Prince being so fond of that Chétardie. '3°. That his Prussian Majesty do give-up the false Polish Majesty Stanislaus, and no longer harbour him in East Preussen or elsewhere.' The whole of which demands his Prussian Majesty refuses; the latter two especially, as something notably high on the Kaiser's part, or on any mortal's, to a free Sovereign and Gentleman. Prince Lichtenstein is eloquent, conciliatory; but it avails not. He has to go home empty-handed;—manages to leave with Herr von Suhm, who took care of it for us, that Anecdote of the Crown-Prince's behaviour under cannon-shot from Philipsburg last year; and does nothing else recordable, in Berlin.

The Crown-Prince's hopes were set, with all eagerness, on getting to the Rhine-Campaign next ensuing; nor did the King refuse, for a long while, but still less did he consent; and in the end there came nothing of it. From an early period of the year, Friedrich Wilhelm sees too well what kind of campaigning the Kaiser will now make; at a certain Wedding-dinner where his Majesty was,—precisely a fortnight after his Majesty's arrival in Berlin,—Seckendorf Junior has got, by eavesdropping, this utterance of his Majesty's: 'The Kaiser has not a groschen of money. His Army in Lombardy

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is gone to Twenty-four Thousand men, will have to retire into the Mountains. Next campaign' (just coming) 'he will lose Mantua and the Tyrol. God's righteous judgment it is: a War like this! Comes of flinging old principles overboard, —of meddling in business that was none of yours'; and more, of a plangent alarming nature.[1]

Friedrich Wilhelm sends back his Ten Thousand, according to contract; sends, over and above, a beautiful stock of 'copper pontoons' to help the Imperial Majesty in that River Country, says Fassmann;—sends also a supernumerary Troop of Hussars, who are worth mentioning, 'Six-score horse of Hussar type,' under one Captain Ziethen, a taciturn, much-enduring, much-observing man, whom we shall see again: these are to be diligently helpful, as is natural; but they are also, for their own behoof, to be diligently observant, and learn the Austrian Hussar methods, which his Majesty last year saw to be much superior. Nobody that knows Ziethen doubts but he learnt; Hussar-Colonel Baronay, his Austrian teacher here, became too well convinced of it when they met on a future occasion.[2] All this his Majesty did for the ensuing campaign: but as to the Crown-Prince's going thither, after repeated requests on his part, it is at last signified to him, deep in the season, that it cannot be: 'Won't answer for a Crown-Prince to be sharer in such a Campaign;—be patient, my good Fritzchen, I will find other work for thee.'[3] Fritzchen is sent into Preussen, to do the Reviewings and Inspections there; Papa not being able for them this season; and strict manifold Inspection, in those parts, being more than usually necessary, owing to the Russian-Polish troubles. On this errand, which is clearly a promotion, though in present circumstances not a welcome one for the Crown-Prince, he sets out without delay; and passes

[1] Förster, ii. 144 (and *date* it from *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 54).

[2] *Life of Ziethen* (veridical but inexact, by the Frau von Blumenthal, a kinswoman of his; English Translation, very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), p. 54.

[3] Friedrich's Letter, 5th September 1735; Friedrich Wilhelm's Answer next day (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, 93-95).

there the equinoctial and autumnal season, in a much more useful way than he could have done in the Rhine-Campaign.

In the Rhine-Moselle Country and elsewhere the poor Kaiser does exert himself to make a Campaign of it; but without the least success. Having not a groschen of money, how could he succeed? Noailles, as foreseen, manœuvres him, hitch after hitch, out of Italy; French are greatly superior, more especially when Montemar, having once got Carlos crowned in Naples and put secure, comes to assist the French; Kaiser has to lean for shelter on the Tyrol Alps, as predicted. Italy, all but some sieging of strong places, may be considered as lost for the present.

Nor on the Rhine did things go better. Old Eugene, 'the shadow of himself,' had no more effect this year than last: nor, though Lacy and Ten Thousand Russians came as allies, Poland being all settled now, could the least good be done. Reich's-Feldmarschall Karl Alexander of Würtemberg did 'burn a Magazine' (probably of hay among better provender), by his bomb-shells, on one occasion. Also the Prussian Ten Thousand,—Old Dessauer leading them, General Röder having fallen ill,—burnt something. an Islet in the Rhine, if I recollect, 'Islet of Lorch near Bingen,' where the French had a post; which and whom the Old Dessauer burnt away. And then Seckendorf, at the head of Thirty Thousand, he, after long delays, marched to Trarbach in the interior Moselle Country; and got into some explosive sputter of battle with Belleisle, one afternoon,—some say, rather beating Belleisle; but a good judge says, it was a mutual flurry and terror they threw one another into.[1] Seckendorf meant to try again on the morrow: but there came an estafette that night: 'Preliminaries signed (Vienna, 3d October 1735);—try no farther!'[2] And this was the second Rhine-Campaign, and

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i. 168.

[2] 'Cessation is to be, 5th November for Germany, 15th for Italy; Preliminaries' were, Vienna, '3d October' 1735 (Schöll, ii. 245).

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the end of the Kaiser's French War. The Sea-Powers, steadily refusing money, diligently run about, offering terms of arbitration; and the Kaiser, beaten at every point, and reduced to his last groschen, is obliged to comply. He will have a pretty bill to pay for his Polish-Election frolic, were the settlement done! Fleury is pacific, full of bland candour to the Sea-Powers; the Kaiser, after long higgling upon articles, will have to accept the bill.

The Crown-Prince, meanwhile, has a successful journey into Preussen; sees new interesting scenes, Salzburg Emigrants, exiled Polish Majesties; inspects the soldiering, the schooling, the tax-gathering, the domain-farming, with a perspicacity, a dexterity and completeness that much pleases Papa. Fractions of the Reports sent home exist for us: let the reader take a glance of one only; the first of the series; dated *Marienwerder* (just across the Weichsel, fairly out of Polish Preussen and into our own), 27th September 1735, and addressed to the 'Most All-gracious King and Father'; —abridged for the reader's behoof:

* * 'In Polish Preussen, lately the Seat of War, things look hideously waste; one sees nothing but women and a few children; it is said the people are mostly running away,'—owing to the Russian-Polish procedures there, in consequence of the blessed Election they have had. King August, whom your Majesty is not in love with, has prevailed at this rate of expense. King Stanislaus, protected by your Majesty in spite of Kaisers and Czarinas, waits in Königsberg, till the Peace, now supposed to be coming, say what is to become of him: once in Königsberg, I shall have the pleasure to see him. 'A detachment of five-and-twenty Saxon Dragoons of the Regiment Arnstedt, marching towards Dantzig, met me: their horses were in tolerable case; but some are piebald, some sorrel, and some brown among them,' which will be shocking to your Majesty, 'and the people did not look well.' * *

'Got hither to Marienwerder, last night: have inspected the two Companies which are here, that is to say, Lieutenant-Col. Meier's and Rittmeister Hans's. In very good trim, both of them; and though neither the men nor their horses are of extraordinary size, they are handsome well-drilled fellows, and a fine set of stiff-built horses (*gedrungenen Pferden*). The fellows sit them like pictures (*reiten wie die*

Puppen); I saw them do their wheelings. Meier has some fine recruits; in particular two;'—nor has the Rittmeister been wanting in that respect. 'Young horses' too are coming well on, sleek of skin. In short, all is right on the military side.[1]

Civil business, too, of all kinds, the Crown-Prince looked into, with a sharp intelligent eye;—gave praise, gave censure in the right place; put various things on a straight footing, which were awry when he found them. In fact, it is Papa's second self; looks into the bottom of all things quite as Papa would have done, and is fatal to mendacities, practical or vocal, wherever he meets them. What a joy to Papa: 'Here, after all, is one that can replace me, in case of accident. This Apprentice of mine, after all, he has fairly learned the Art; and will continue it when I am gone!'—

Yes, your Majesty, it is a Prince-Royal, wise to recognise your Majesty's rough wisdom, on all manner of points; will not be a Devil's-*friend*, I think, any more than your Majesty was. Here truly are rare talents; like your Majesty and unlike;—and has a steady swiftness in him, as of an eagle, over and above! Such powers of practical judgment, of skilful action, are rare in one's twenty-third year. And still rarer, have readers noted what a power of holding his peace this young man has? Fruit of his sufferings, of the hard life he has had. Most important power; under which all other useful ones will more and more ripen for him. This Prince already knows his own mind, on a good many points; privately, amid the world's vague clamour jargoning round him to no purpose, he is capable of having *his* mind made up into definite Yes and No,—so as will surprise us one day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive,[2] was in a high degree content with this performance of the Prussian Mission: a very great comfort to his sick mind, in those months and afterwards. Here are talents, here are qualities,—visibly the Friedrich-Wilhelm stuff throughout, but cast in an infinitely improved

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d. p. 97.

[2] His Letter, 24th Oct. 1735. (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 99).

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type :—what a blessing we did not cut off that young Head, at the Kaiser's dictation, in former years !—

At Königsberg, as we learn in a dim indirect manner, the Crown-Prince sees King Stanislaus twice or thrice,—not formally, lest there be political offence taken, but incidentally at the houses of third parties ;—and is much pleased with the old gentleman ; who is of cultivated good-natured ways, and has surely many curious things, from Charles XII. downwards, to tell a young man.[1] Stanislaus has abundance of useless refugee Polish Magnates about him, with their useless crowds of servants, and no money in pocket ; Königsberg all on flutter, with their draperies and them, 'like a little Warsaw' : so that Stanislaus's big French pension, moderate Prussian monthly allowance, and all resources, are inadequate ; and, in fact, in the end, these Magnates had to vanish, many of them, without settling their accounts in Königsberg.[2] For the present they wait here, Stanislaus and they, till Fleury and the Kaiser, shaking the urn of doom in abstruse treaty after battle, decide what is to become of them.

Friedrich returned to Dantzig : saw that famous City, and late scene of War ; tracing with lively interest the footsteps of Münnich and his Siege operations,—some of which are much blamed by judges, and by this young Soldier among the rest. There is a pretty Letter of his from Dantzig, turning mainly on those points. Letter written to his young Brother-in-law, Karl of Brunswick, who is now become Duke there ; Grandfather and Father both dead ;[3] and has just been blessed with an Heir, to boot. Congratulation on the birth of this Heir is the formal purport of the Letter, though it runs ever and anon into a military strain. Here are some sentences in a condensed form :

'*Dantzig, 26th October* 1735. * * Thank my dear Sister for her

[1] Came 8th October, went 21st (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 98).
[2] *History of Stanislaus.*
[3] Grandfather, 1st March 1735 ; Father (who lost the *Lines of Ettlingen* lately in our sight), 3d September 1735. Suprà, p. 7.

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services. I am charmed that she has made you papa with so good a grace. I fear you won't stop there; but will go on peopling the world,'—one knows not to what extent,—'with your amiable race. Would have written sooner; but I am just returning from the depths of the barbarous Countries; and having been charged with innumerable commissions which I did not understand too well, had no good possibility to think or to write.

'I have viewed all the Russian labours in these parts; have had the assault on the Hagelsberg narrated to me; been on the grounds;—and own I had a better opinion of Marshal Münnich than to think him capable of so distracted an enterprise.[1] * * Adieu, my dear Brother. My compliments to the amiable young Mother. Tell her, I beg you, that her proof-essays are masterpieces (*coups d'essai sont des coups de maître*).' * * 'Your most,' etc. 'FRÉDÉRIC.'

The Brunswick Masterpiece, achieved on this occasion, grew to be a man and Duke, famous enough in the Newspapers in time coming: Champagne, 1792; Jena, 1806; George IV.'s Queen Caroline; these and other distracted phenomena (pretty much blotting-out the earlier better sort), still keep him hanging painfully in men's memory. From his birth, now in this Prussian Journey of our Crown-Prince, to his death-stroke on the Field of Jena, what a Seventy-one years!—

Fleury and the Kaiser, though it is long before the signature and last finish can take place, are come to terms of settlement, at the Crown-Prince's return; and it is known, in political circles, what the Kaiser's Polish-Election damages will probably amount to. Here are, in substance, the only conditions that could be got for him:

'1°. Baby Carlos, crowned in Naples, cannot be pulled out again: Naples, the Two Sicilies, are gone without return. That is the first loss; please Heaven it be the worst! On the other hand, Baby Carlos will, as

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31. Pressed for time, and in want of battering-cannon, he attempted to seize this Hagelsberg, one of the outlying defences of Dantzig, by nocturnal storm; lost two thousand men; and retired, *without* doing 'what was flatly impossible,' thinks the Crown-Prince. See Mannstein, pp. 77-79, for an account of it.

some faint compensation, surrender to your Imperial Majesty his Parma and Piacenza apanages; and you shall get back your Lombardy,—all but a scantling which we fling to the Sardinian Majesty; who is a good deal huffed, having had possession of the Milanese these two years past, in terms of his bargain with Fleury. Pacific Fleury says to him: "Bargain cannot be kept, your Majesty; please to quit the Milanese again, and put-up with this scantling."

'2°. The Crown of Poland, August III. has got it, by Russian bombardings and other measures: Crown shall stay with August,—all the rather as there would be no dispossessing him, at this stage. He was your Imperial Majesty's Candidate; let him be the winner there, for your Imperial Majesty's comfort.

'3°. And then as to poor Stanislaus? Well, let Stanislaus be Titular Majesty of Poland for life;—which indeed will do little for him:—but in addition, we propose, That, the Dukedom of Lorraine being now in our hands, Majesty Stanislaus have the life-rent of Lorraine to subsist upon; and—and that Lorraine fall to us of France on his decease!—"Lorraine?" exclaim the Kaiser, and the Reich, and the Kaiser's intended Son-in-law Franz Duke of Lorraine. There is indeed a loss and a disgrace; a heavy item in the Election damages!

'4°. As to Duke Franz, there is a remedy. The old Duke of Florence, last of the Medici, is about to die childless: let the now Duke of Lorraine, your Imperial Majesty's intended Son-in-law, have Florence instead.—And so it had to be settled. "Lorraine? To Stanislaus, to France?" exclaimed the poor Kaiser, still more the poor Reich, and poor Duke Franz. This was the bitterest cut of all; but there was no getting past it. This too had to be allowed, this item for the Election breakages in Poland. And so France, after nibbling for several centuries, swallows Lorraine whole. Duke Franz attempted to stand out; remonstrated much, with Kaiser and Hofrath, at Vienna, on this unheard-of proposal: but they told him it was irremediable; told him at last (one Bartenstein, a famed Aulic Official, told him), "No Lorraine, no Archduchess, your Serenity!"—and Franz had to comply. Lorraine is gone; cunning Fleury has swallowed it whole. "That was what he meant in picking this quarrel!" said Teutschland mournfully. Fleury was very pacific, candid in aspect to the Sea-Powers and others; and did not crow afflictively, did not say what he had meant.

'5°. One immense consolation for the Kaiser, if for no other, is: France guarantees the Pragmatic Sanction,—though with very great difficulty; spending a couple of years, chiefly on this latter point as was thought.[1] How it kept said guarantee, will be seen in the sequel.'

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[1] Treaty on *it* not signed till 18th November 1738 (Schöll, ii. 246).

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And these were the damages the poor Kaiser had to pay for meddling in Polish Elections; for galloping thither in chase of his Shadows. No such account of broken windows was ever presented to a man before. This may be considered as the consummation of the Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt; or at least its igniting and exploding point. His Duel with the Termagant has at last ended; in total defeat to him on every point. Shadow-Hunt does not end; though it is now mostly vanished; exploded in fire. Shadow-Hunt is now gone all to Pragmatic Sanction, as it were: that now is the one thing left in Nature for a Kaiser; and that he will love, and chase, as the summary of all things. From this point he steadily goes down, and at a rapid rate;—getting into disastrous Turk Wars, with as little preparation for War or Fact as a life-long Hunt of *Shadows* presupposes; Eugene gone from him, and nothing but Seckendorfs to manage for him;—and sinks to a low pitch indeed. We will leave him here; shall hope to see but little more of him.

In the summer of 1736, in consequence of these arrangements,—which were completed so far, though difficulties on Pragmatic Sanction and other points retarded the final signature for many months longer,—the Titular Majesty Stanislaus girt himself together for departure towards his new Dominion or Life-rent; quitted Königsberg; traversed Prussian Poland, safe this time, 'under escort of Lieutenant-General von Katte' (our poor Katte of Cüstrin's Father) 'and fifty cuirassiers'; reached Berlin in the middle of May, under flowerier aspects than usual. He travelled under the title of 'Count' Something, and alighted at the French Ambassador's in Berlin: but Friedrich Wilhelm treated him like a real Majesty, almost like a real Brother; had him over to the Palace; rushed out to meet him there, I forget how many steps beyond the proper limits; and was hospitality itself and munificence itself;—and, in fact, that night and all the other nights, 'they smoked above thirty pipes together,' for one item. May 21st, 1736,[1]

[1] Förster (i. 227), following loose Pöllnitz (ii. 478), dates it 1735: a more con-

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Ex-Majesty Stanislaus went on his way again; towards France, —towards Meudon, a quiet Royal House in France,—till Lunéville, Nanci, and their Lorraine Palaces are quite ready. There, in these latter, he at length does find resting-place, poor innocent insipid mortal, after such tossings to and fro: and M. de Voltaire, and others of mark, having sometimes enlivened the insipid Court there, Titular King Stanislaus has still a kind of remembrance among mankind.

Of his Prussian Majesty we said that, though the Berlin populations reported him well again, it was not so. The truth is, his Majesty was never well again. From this point, age only forty-seven, he continues broken in bodily constitution; clogged more and more with physical impediments; and his History, personal and political withal, is as that of an old man, finishing his day. To the last he pulls steadily, neglecting no business, suffering nothing to go wrong. Building operations go on at Berlin; pushed more than ever, in these years, by the rigorous Derschau, who has got that in charge. No man of money or rank in Berlin but Derschau is upon him, with heavier and heavier compulsion to build: which is felt to be tyrannous; and occasions an ever-deepening grumble among the moneyed classes. At Potsdam his Majesty himself is the Builder; and gives the Houses away to persons of merit.[1]

Nor is the Army less an object, perhaps almost more. Nay, at one time, old Kur-Pfalz being reckoned in a dying condition, Friedrich Wilhelm is about ranking his men, prepared to fight for his rights in Jülich and Berg; Kaiser having openly gone over, and joined with France against his Majesty in that matter. However, the old Kur-Pfalz did not die, and there came nothing of fight in Friedrich Wilhelm's time. But his

siderable error, if looked into, than is usual in Herr Förster; who is not an ill-informed nor inexact man;—though, alas, in respect of method (that is to say, *want* of visible method, indication, or human arrangement), probably the most confused of all the Germans!

[1] Pöllnitz, ii. 469.

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History, on the political side, is henceforth mainly a commentary to him on that 'word' he heard in Priort, 'which was as if you had turned a dagger in my heart!' With the Kaiser he is fallen out: there arise unfriendly passages between them, sometimes sarcastic on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, in reference to this very War now ended. Thus, when complaint rose about the Prussian misbehaviours on their late marches (misbehaviours notable in Countries where their recruiting operations had been troubled), the Kaiser took a high severe tone, not assuaging, rather aggravating the matter; and, for his own share, winded-up by a strict prohibition of Prussian recruiting in any and every part of the Imperial Dominions. Which Friedrich Wilhelm took extremely ill. This is from a letter of his to the Crown-Prince, and after the first gust of wrath had spent itself: 'It is a clear disadvantage, this prohibition of recruiting in the Kaiser's Countries. That is our thanks for the Ten Thousand men sent him, and for all the deference I have shown the Kaiser at all times; and by this you may see that it would be of no use if one even sacrificed oneself to him. So long as they need us, they continue to flatter; but no sooner is the strait thought to be over, and help not wanted, than they pull-off the mask, and have not the least acknowledgment. The considerations that will occur to you on this matter may put it in your power to be prepared against similar occasions in time coming.'[1]

Thus, again, in regard to the winter-quarters of the Ziethen Hussars. Prussian Majesty, we recollect, had sent a Supernumerary Squadron to the last Campaign on the Rhine. They were learning their business, Friedrich Wilhelm knew; but also were fighting for the Kaiser,—that was what the Kaiser knew about them. Somewhat to his surprise, in the course of next year, Friedrich Wilhelm received, from the Vienna War-Office, a little Bill of 10,284 florins (1,028*l.* 8*s.*) charged to *him* for the winter-quarters of these Hussars. He

[1] 6th February 1736: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 102.

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at once paid the little Bill, with only this observation: 'Heartily glad that I can help the Imperial *Ærarium* with that 1,028*l.* 8*s.* With the sincerest wishes for hundred-thousandfold increase to it in said *Ærarium*; otherwise it won't go very far!'[1]

At a later period, in the course of his disastrous Turk War, the Kaiser, famishing for money, set about borrowing a million gulden (100,000*l.*) from the Banking House Splittgerber and Daun at Berlin. Splittgerber and Daun had not the money, could not raise it: 'Advance us that sum, in their name, your Majesty,' proposes the Vienna Court: 'There shall be three per-cent bonus, interest six per cent, and security beyond all question!' To which fine offer his Majesty answers, addressing Seckendorf Junior: 'Touching the proposal of my giving the Bankers Splittberger and Daun a lift, with a million gulden, to assist in that loan of theirs,—said proposal, as I am not a merchant accustomed to deal in profits and percentages, cannot in that form take effect. Out of old friendship, however, I am, on Theiro Imperial Majesty's request, extremely ready to pay down, once and away (*à fond perdu*), a couple of million gulden, provided the Imperial Majesty will grant me *the conditions* known to your Uncle' (*fulfilment* of that now oldish Jülich-and-Berg promise, namely!), 'which are *fair*. In such case the thing shall be rapidly completed!'[2]

In a word, Friedrich Wilhelm falls-out with the Kaiser more and more; experiences more and more what a Kaiser this has been towards him. Queen Sophie has fallen silent in the History Books; both the Majesties may look remorsefully, but perhaps best in silence, over the breakages and wrecks this Kaiser has brought upon them. Friedrich Wilhelm does not meanly hate the Kaiser: good man, he sometimes pities him; sometimes, we perceive, has a touch of authentic contempt for him. But his thoughts, in that quarter, premature old age

[1] Letter to Seckendorf (*Senior*): Förster, ii. 150.
[2] Förster, ii. 151 (without *date* there).

nesses can take-up their abode in it. Which they do, this Autumn, 1736; and fairly commence Joint Housekeeping in a permanent manner. Hitherto it has been intermittent only: hitherto the Crown-Princess has resided in their Berlin Mansion, or in her own Country-house at Schönhausen; Husband not habitually with her, except when on leave of absence from Ruppin, in Carnival time or for shorter periods. At Ruppin his life has been rather that of a bachelor, or husband abroad on business, up to this time. But now at Reinsberg they do kindle the sacred hearth together; '6th August, 1736' the date of that important event. They have got their Court about them, dames and cavaliers more than we expected; they have arranged the furnitures of their existence here on fit scale, and set-up their Lares and Penates on a thrifty footing. Majesty and Queen come out on a visit to them next month;[1]—raising the sacred hearth into its first considerable blaze, and crowning the operation in a human manner.

And so there has a new epoch arisen for the Crown-Prince and his Consort. A new and much-improved one. It lasted into the fourth year; rather improving all the way: and only Kingship, which, if a higher sphere, was a far less pleasant one, put an end to it. Friedrich's happiest time was this at Reinsberg; the little Four Years of Hope, Composure, realisable Idealism: an actual snatch of something like the Idyllic, appointed him in a life-pilgrimage consisting otherwise of realisms oftenest contradictory enough, and sometimes of very grim complexion. He is master of his work, he is adjusted to the practical conditions set him; conditions once complied with, daily work done, he lives to the Muses, to the spiritual improvements, to the social enjoyments; and has, though not without flaws of ill-weather,—from the Tobacco-Parliament perhaps rather less than formerly, and from the Finance-quarter perhaps rather more,—a sunny time. His innocent insipidity of a Wife, too, appears to have been happy. She had the charm of youth, of good looks; a

[1] 4th September 1736 (Preuss, i. 75).

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wholesome perfect loyalty of character withal; and did not 'take to pouting,' as was once apprehended of her, but pleasantly gave and received of what was going. This poor Crown-Princess, afterwards Queen, has been heard, in her old age, reverting, in a touching transient way, to the glad days she had at Reinsberg. Complaint openly was never heard from her, in any kind of days; but these doubtless were the best of her life.

Reinsberg, we said, is in the *Amt* Ruppin; naturally under the Crown-Prince's government at present: the little Town or Village of Reinsberg stands about ten miles north of the Town Ruppin;—not quite a third-part as big as Ruppin is in our time, and much more pleasantly situated. The country about is of comfortable, not unpicturesque character; to be distinguished almost as beautiful, in that region of sand and moor. Lakes abound in it; tilled fields; heights called 'hills'; and wood of fair growth,—one reads of 'beech-avenues,' of 'high linden-avenues':—a country rather of the ornamented sort, before the Prince with his improvements settled there. Many lakes and lakelets in it, as usual hereabouts; the loitering waters straggle, all over that region, into meshes of lakes. Reinsberg itself, Village and Schloss, stands on the edge of a pleasant Lake, last of a mesh of such: the *summary*, or outfall, of which, already here a good strong brook or stream, is called the *Rhein*, Rhyn or Rein; and gives name to the little place. We heard of the Rein at Ruppin: it is there counted as a kind of river; still more, twenty miles farther down, where it falls into the Havel, on its way to the Elbe. The waters, I think, are drab-coloured, not peat-brown: and here, at the source, or outfall from that mesh of lakes, where Reinsberg is, the country seems to be about the best;—sufficient, in picturesqueness and otherwise, to satisfy a reasonable man.

The little Town is very old; but, till the Crown-Prince settled there, had no peculiar vitality in it. I think there are now some potteries, glass-manufactories: Friedrich Wilhelm,

just while the Crown-Prince was removing thither, settled a first Glass-work there; which took good root, and rose to eminence in the crystal, Bohemian-crystal, white-glass, cut-glass, and other commoner lines, in the Crown-Prince's time.[1]

Reinsberg stands on the east or southeast side of its pretty Lake: Lake is called 'the *Grinerick See*' (as all those remote Lakes have their names); Mansion is between the Town and Lake. A Mansion fronting, we may say, four ways; for it is of quadrangular form, with a wet moat from the Lake begirdling it, and has a spacious court for interior: but the principal entrance is from the Town side; for the rest, the Building is ashlar on all sides, front and rear. Stands there, handsomely abutting on the Lake with two Towers, a Tower at each angle, which it has on that lakeward side; and looks, over Reinsberg, and its steeple rising amid friendly umbrage which hides the housetops, towards the rising sun. Townward there is room for a spacious esplanade; and then for the stables, out-buildings, well masked; which still farther shut-off the Town. To this day, Reinsberg stands with the air of a solid respectable Edifice; still massive, rain-tight, though long since deserted by the Princeships,—by Friedrich nearly six-score years ago, and nearly three-score by Prince Henri, a Brother of Friedrich's, who afterwards had it. Last accounts I got were, of talk there had risen of planting an extensive *Normal-School* there; which promising plan had been laid aside again for the time.

The old Schloss, residence of the Bredows and other feudal people for a long while, had good solid mansonry in it, and around it orchards, potherb gardens; which Friedrich Wilhelm's Architects took good care to extend and improve, not to throw away: the result of their art is what we see, a beautiful Country-House, what might be called a Country-Palace with all its adjuncts;—and at a rate of expense which would fill English readers, of this time, with amazement.

[1] *Beschreibung des Lustschlosses, etc., zu Reinsberg* (Berlin, 1788): Author, a 'Lieutenant Hennert,' thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

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Much is admirable to us as we study Reinsberg, what it had been, what it became, and how it was made; but nothing more so than the small modicum of money it cost. To our wondering thought, it seems as if the shilling, in those parts, were equal to the guinea in these; and the reason, if we ask it, is by no means flattering altogether. 'Change in the value of money?' Alas, reader, no; that is not above the fourth part of the phenomenon. Three-fourths of the phenomenon are change in the methods of administering money,—difference between managing it with wisdom and veracity on both sides, and managing it with unwisdom and mendacity on both sides. Which is very great indeed; and infinitely sadder than any one, in these times, will believe!—But we cannot dwell on this consideration. Let the reader take it with him, as a constant accompaniment in whatever work of Friedrich Wilhelm's or of Friedrich his Son's, he now or at any other time may be contemplating. Impious waste, which means disorder and dishonesty, and loss of much other than money to all parties,—disgusting aspect of human creatures, master and servant, working together as if they were not human,—will be spared him in those foreign departments; and in an English heart thoughts will arise, perhaps, of a wholesome tendency, though very sad, as times are.

It would but weary the reader to describe this Crown-Prince Mansion; which, by desperate study of our abstruse materials, it is possible to do with auctioneer minuteness. There are engraved *Views* of Reinsberg and its Environs; which used to lie conspicuous in the portfolios of collectors,—which I have not seen.[1] Of the House itself, engraved Frontages (*Façades*), Groundplans, are more accessible; and along with them, descriptions which are little descriptive,—wearisomely detailed, and as it were dark by excess of light (auctioneer light) thrown on them. The reader sees, in general, a fine symmetrical Block of Buildings, standing in rectangular shape, in the above locality:—about two hundred

[1] See Hennert, just cited, for the titles of them.

English feet, each, the two longer sides measure, the Townward and the Lakeward, on their outer front: about a hundred and thirty, each, the two shorter; or a hundred and fifty, taking-in their Towers just spoken of. The fourth or Lakeward side, however, which is one of the longer pair, consists mainly of 'Colonnade'; spacious Colonnade 'with vases and statues'; catching-up the outskirts of said Towers, and handsomely uniting everything.

Beyond doubt, a dignified, substantial pile of stonework; all of good proportions. Architecture everywhere of cheerfully serious, solidly graceful character; all of sterling ashlar; the due *risalites* (projecting spaces) with their attics and statues atop, the due architraves, cornices, and corbels,—in short the due opulence of ornament being introduced, and only the due. Genuine sculptors, genuine painters, artists have been busy; and in fact all the suitable fine arts, and all the necessary solid ones, have worked together, with a noticeable fidelity, comfortable to the very beholder to this day. General height is about forty feet; two stories of ample proportions: the Towers overlooking them are sixty feet in height. Extent of outer frontage, if you go all round, and omit the Colonnade, will be five hundred feet and more: this, with the rearward face, is a thousand feet of room frontage: —fancy the extent of lodging space. For 'all the kitchens and appurtenances are underground'; the 'left front' (which is a new part of the Edifice) rising comfortably over these. Windows I did not count; but they must go high up into the Hundreds. No end to lodging space. Nay, in a detached side-edifice subsequently built, called Cavalier House, I read of there being, for one item, 'fifty lodging rooms,' and for another 'a theatre.' And if an English Duke of Trumps were to look at the bills for all that,—his astonishment would be extreme, and perhaps in a degree painful and salutary to him.

In one of these Towers the Crown-Prince has his Library: a beautiful apartment; nothing wanting to it that the arts

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could furnish, 'ceiling done by Pesne' with allegorical geniuses and what not; looks out on mere sky, mere earth and water in an ornamental state: silent as in Elysium. It is there we are to fancy the Correspondence written, the Poetries and literary industries going on. There, or stepping down for a turn in the open air, or sauntering meditatively under the Colonnade with its statues and vases (where weather is no object), one commands the Lake, with its little tufted Islands, 'Remus Island' much famed among them, and 'high beech-woods' on the farther side. The Lake is very pretty, all say; lying between you and the sunset;—with perhaps some other lakelet, or solitary pool in the wilderness, many miles away, 'revealing itself as a cup of molten gold,' at that interesting moment. What the Book-Collection was, in the interior, I know not except by mere guess.

The Crown-Princess's Apartment, too, which remained unaltered at the last accounts had of it,[1] is very fine;—take the anteroom for specimen: 'This fine room,' some twenty feet height of ceiling, 'has six windows; three of them, in the main front, looking towards the Town, the other three towards the Interior Court. The light from these windows is heightened by mirrors covering all the piers (*Schäfte*, interspaces of the walls), to an uncommonly splendid pitch; and shows the painting of the ceiling, which again is by the famous Pesne, to much perfection. The Artist himself, too, has managed to lay-on his colours there so softly, and with such delicate skill, that the light-beams seem to prolong themselves in the painted clouds and air, as if it were the real sky you had overhead.' There in that cloud-region 'Mars is being disarmed by the Love-Goddesses, and they are sporting with his weapons. He stretches out his arm towards the Goddess, who looks upon him with fond glances. Cupids are spreading-out a draping.' That is Pesne's luxurious performance in the ceiling.—'Weapon-festoons, in basso-relievo, gilt, adorn the walls of this room; and two Pictures, also by Pesne,

[1] From Hennert, namely, in 1778.

which represent, in life size, the late King and Queen' (our good friends Friedrich Wilhelm and his Sophie), 'are worthy of attention. Over each of the doors, you find in low-relief the Profiles of Hannibal, Pompey, Scipio, Cæsar, introduced as Medallions.'

All this is very fine: but all this is little to another ceiling, in some big Saloon elsewhere, Music-saloon, I think: Black Night, making off, with all her sickly dews, at one end of the ceiling; and at the other end, the Steeds of Phœbus bursting forth, and the glittering shafts of Day,—with Cupids, Love-goddesses, War-gods, not omitting Bacchus and his vines, all getting beautifully awake in consequence. A very fine room indeed;—used as a Music-Saloon, or I know not what,—and the ceiling of it almost an ideal, say the connoisseurs.

Endless gardens, pavilions, grottos, hermitages, orangeries, artificial ruins, parks and pleasances, surround this favoured spot and its Schloss; nothing wanting in it that a Prince's establishment needs,—except indeed it be hounds, for which this Prince never had the least demand.

Except the old Ruppin duties, which imply continual journeyings thither, distance only a morning's ride; except these, and occasional commissions from Papa, Friedrich is left master of his time and pursuits in this new Mansion. There are visits to Potsdam, periodical appearances at Berlin; some Correspondence to keep the Tobacco-Parliament in tune. But Friedrich's taste is for the Literatures, Philosophies: a young Prince bent seriously to cultivate his mind; to attain some clear knowledge of this world, so all-important to him. And he does seriously read, study and reflect a good deal; his main recreations, seemingly, are Music, and the converse of well-informed friendly men. In Music we find him particularly rich. Daily, at a fixed hour of the afternoon, there is concert held; the reader has seen in what kind of room: and if the Artists entertained here for that function were enumerated (high names, not yet forgotten in the Musical world), it

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would still more astonish readers. I count them to the number of Twenty or Nineteen; and mention only that 'the two Brothers Graun' and 'the two Brothers Benda' were of the lot; suppressing four other Fiddlers of eminence, and 'a Pianist who is known to everybody.'[1] The Prince has a fine sensibility to Music: does himself, with thrilling adagios on the flute, join in these harmonious acts; and, no doubt, if rightly vigilant against the Nonsenses, gets profit, now and henceforth, from this part of his resources.

He has visits, calls to make, on distinguished persons within reach; he has much Correspondence, of a Literary or Social nature. For instance, there is Suhm the Saxon Envoy translating *Wolf's Philosophy* into French for him; sending it in fascicles; with endless Letters to and from, upon it,—which were then highly interesting, but are now dead to every reader. The Crown-Prince has got a Post-Office established at Reinsberg; leathern functionary of some sort comes lumbering round, southward, 'from the Mecklenburg quarter twice a week, and goes by Fehrbellin,' for the benefit of his Correspondences. Of his calls in the neighbourhood, we mean to show the reader one sample, before long; and only one.

There are Lists given us of the Prince's 'Court' at Reinsberg; and one reads, and again reads, the dreariest unmemorable accounts of them; but cannot, with all one's industry, attain any definite understanding of what they were employed in, day after day, at Reinsberg:—still more are their salaries and maintenance a mystery to us, in that frugal establishment. There is Wolden for Hofmarschall, our old Cüstrin friend; there is Colonel Senning, old Marlborough Colonel with the wooden leg, who taught Friedrich his drillings and artillery-practices in boyhood, a fine sagacious old gentleman this latter. There is a M. Jordan, Ex-Preacher, an ingenious Prussian-Frenchman, still young, who acts as 'Reader and Librarian'; of whom we shall hear a good deal

[1] Hennert, p. 21.

more. 'Intendant' is Captain (Ex-Captain) Knobelsdorf; a very sensible accomplished man, whom we saw once at Baireuth; who has been to Italy since, and is now returned with beautiful talents for Architecture: it is he that now undertakes the completing of Reinsberg,[1] which he will skilfully accomplish in the course of the next three years. Twenty Musicians on wind or string; Painters, Antoine Pesne but one of them; Sculptors, Glume and others of eminence; and Hof-Cavaliers, to we know not what extent: —How was such a Court kept up, in harmonious free dignity, and no halt in its finances, or mean pinch of any kind visible? The Prince did get in debt; but not deep, and it was mainly for the tall recruits he had to purchase. His money-accounts are by no means fully known to me: but I should question if his expenditure (such is my guess) ever reached 3,000*l.* a year; and am obliged to reflect more and more, as the ancient Cato did, what an admirable revenue frugality is!

Many of the Cavaliers, I find, for one thing, were of the Regiment Goltz; that was one evident economy. 'Rittmeister von Chasot,' as the Books call him: readers saw that Chasot flying to Prince Eugene, and know him since the Siege of Philipsburg. He is not yet Rittmeister, or Captain of Horse, as he became; but is of the Ruppin Garrison; Hof-Cavalier; 'attended Friedrich on his late Prussian journey'; and is much a favourite, when he can be spared from Ruppin. Captain Wylich, afterwards a General of mark; the Lieutenant Buddenbrock who did the parson-charivari at Ruppin, but is now reformed from those practices: all these are of Goltz. Colonel Keyserling, not of Goltz, nor in active military duty here, is a friend of very old standing; was officially named as 'Companion' to the Prince, a long while back; and got into trouble on his account in the disastrous Ante-Cüstrin or Flight Epoch: one of the Prince's first acts, when he got pardoned after Cüstrin, was to beg for the pardon of this Keyserling; and now he has him here, and is very fond of

[1] Hennert, p. 29.

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him. A Courlander, of good family, this Keyserling; of good gifts too,—which, it was once thought, would be practically sublime; for he carried off all manner of college prizes, and was the Admirable-Crichton of Königsberg University and the Graduates there. But in the end they proved to be gifts of the vocal sort rather: and have led only to what we see. A man, I should guess, rather of buoyant vivacity than of depth or strength in intellect or otherwise. Excessively buoyant, ingenious; full of wit, kindly exuberance; a loyal-hearted, gay-tempered man, and much a favourite in society as well as with the Prince. If we were to dwell on Reinsberg, Keyserling would come prominently forward.

Major von Stille, ultimately Major-General von Stille, I should also mention: near twenty years older than the Prince; a wise thoughtful soldier (went, by permission, to the Siege of Dantzig lately, to improve himself); a man capable of rugged service, when the time comes. His military writings were once in considerable esteem with professional men; and still impress a lay reader with favourable notions towards Stille, as a man of real worth and sense.[1]

Of Monsieur Jordan and the Literary Set

There is, of course, a Chaplain in the Establishment: a Reverend 'M. Deschamps'; who preaches to them all,—in French no doubt. Friedrich never hears Deschamps: Friedrich is always over at Ruppin on Sundays; and there 'himself reads a sermon to the Garrison,' as part of the day's duties. Reads finely, in a melodious feeling manner, says Formey, who can judge: 'even in his old days, he would incidentally,' when some Emeritus Parson, like Formey, chanced to be with him, 'roll out choice passages from Bossuet, from Massillon,' in a voice and with a look, which would have been perfection in the pulpit, thinks Formey.[2]

[1] *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse*;—a posthumous Book; *anterior* to the Seven-Years War.

[2] *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen* (2de édition, Paris, 1797), i. 37.

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M. Jordan, though he was called '*Lecteur* (Reader),' did not read to him, I can perceive; but took charge of the Books; busied himself honestly to be useful in all manner of literary or quasi-literary ways. He was, as his name indicates, from the French-refugee department: a recent acquisition, much valued at Reinsberg. As he makes a figure afterwards, we had better mark him a little.

Jordan's parents were wealthy religious persons, in trade at Berlin; this Jordan (Charles Etienne, age now thirty-six) was their eldest son. It seems they had destined him from birth, consulting their own pious feelings merely, to be a Preacher of the Gospel; the other sons, all of them reckoned clever too, were brought-up to secular employments. And preach he, this poor Charles Etienne, accordingly did; what best Gospel he had; in an honest manner, all say,—though never with other than a kind of reluctance on the part of Nature, forced out of her course. He had wedded, been clergyman in two successive country places; when his wife died, leaving him one little daughter, and a heart much overset by that event. Friends, wealthy Brothers probably, had pushed him out into the free air, in these circumstances: 'Take a Tour; Holland, England; feel the winds blowing, see the sun shining, as in times past: it will do you good!'

Jordan, in the course of his Tour, came to composure on several points. He found that, by frugality, by wise management of some peculium already his, his little Daughter and he might have quietness at Berlin, and the necessary food and raiment;—and, on the whole, that he would altogether cease preaching, and settle down there, among his Books, in a frugal manner. Which he did;—and was living so, when the Prince, searching for that kind of person, got tidings of him. And here he is at Reinsberg; bustling about, in a brisk, modestly frank and cheerful manner: well liked by everybody; by his Master very well and ever better, who grew into real regard, esteem and even friendship for him, and has much Correspondence, of a freer kind than is common to him, with little

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Jordan, so long as they lived together. Jordan's death, ten years hence, was probably the one considerable pain he had ever given his neighbours, in this the ultimate section of his life.

I find him described, at Reinsberg, as a small nimble figure, of Southern-French aspect; black, uncommonly bright eyes; and a general aspect of adroitness, modesty, sense, sincerity; good prognostics, which on acquaintance with the man were pleasantly fulfilled.

For the sake of these considerations, I fished-out, from the Old-Book Catalogues and sea of forgetfulness, some of the poor Books he wrote; especially a *Voyage Littéraire*,[1] Journal of that first Sanitary Excursion or Tour he took, to get the clouds blown from his mind. A *Literary Voyage* which awakens a kind of tragic feeling; being itself dead, and treating of matters which are all gone dead. So many immortal writers, Dutch chiefly, whom Jordan is enabled to report as having effloresced, or being soon to effloresce, in such and such forms, of Books important to the learned: leafy, blossomy Forest of Literature, waving glorious in the then sunlight to Jordan;—and it lies all now, to Jordan and us, not withered only, but abolished; compressed into a film of indiscriminate *peat*. Consider what that *peat* is made of, O celebrated or uncelebrated reader, and take a moral from Jordan's Book! Other merit, except indeed clearness and commendable brevity, the *Voyage Littéraire* or other little Books of Jordan's have not now. A few of his Letters to Friedrich, which exist, are the only writings with the least life left in them, and this an accidental life, not momentous to him or us. Dryasdust informs me, 'Abbé Jordan, alone of the Crown-Prince's cavaliers, sleeps in the Town of Reinsberg, not in the Schloss,' and if I ask, Why?—there is no answer. Probably his poor little Daughterkin was beside him there?—

[1] *Histoire d'un Voyage Littéraire fait, en* MDCCXXXIII., *en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande* (2de édition, à La Haye, 1736).

We have to say of Friedrich's Associates, that generally they were of intelligent type, each of them master of something or other, and capable of rational discourse upon that at least. Integrity, loyalty of character, was indispensable; good humour, wit if it could be had, were much in request. There was no man of shining distinction there; but they were the best that could be had, and that is saying all. Friedrich cannot be said, either as Prince or as King, to have been superlatively successful in his choice of associates. With one single exception, to be noticed shortly, there is not one of them whom we should now remember except for Friedrich's sake;—uniformly they are men whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner. One man of shining parts he had, and one only; no man ever of really high and great mind. The latter sort are not so easy to get; rarely producible on the soil of this Earth! Nor is it certain how Friedrich might have managed with one of this sort, or he with Friedrich;—though Friedrich unquestionably would have tried, had the chance offered. For he loved intellect as few men on the throne, or off it, ever did; and the little he could gather of it round him often seems to me a fact tragical rather than otherwise.

With the outer Berlin social world, acting and reacting, Friedrich has his connexions, which obscurely emerge on us now and then. Literary Eminences, who are generally of Theological vesture; any follower of Philosophy, especially if he be of refined manners withal, or known in fashionable life, is sure to attract him; and gains ample recognition at Reinsberg or on Town-visits. But the Berlin Theological or Literary world at that time, still more the Berlin Social, like a sunk extinct object, continues very dim in those old records; and to say truth, what features we have of it do not invite to miraculous efforts for farther acquaintance. Venerable Beausobre, with his *History of the Manicheans*,[1] and other

[1] *Histoire critique de Manichés et du Manichéisme*: wrote also *Remarques etc.*

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learned things,—we heard of him long since, in Toland and the Republican Queen's time, as a light of the world. He is now fourscore, grown white as snow; very serene, polite, with a smack of French noblesse in him, perhaps a smack of affectation traceable too. The Crown-Prince, on one of his Berlin visits, wished to see this Beausobre; got a meeting appointed, in somebody's rooms 'in the French College,' and waited for the venerable man. Venerable man entered, loftily serene as a martyr Preacher of the World, something of an ancient Seigneur de Beausobre in him, too; for the rest, soft as sunset, and really with fine radiances, in a somewhat twisted state, in that good old mind of his. 'What have you been reading lately, M. de Beausobre?' said the Prince, to begin conversation. 'Ah, Monseigneur, I have just risen from reading the sublimest piece of writing that exists.'—'And what?' 'The exordium of St. John's Gospel: *In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was*—' Which somewhat took the Prince by surprise, as Formey reports; though he rallied straightway, and got good conversation out of the old gentleman. To whom, we perceive, he writes once or twice,[1]—a copy of his own verses to correct, on one occasion,—and is very respectful and considerate.

Formey tells us of another French sage, personally known to the Prince since Boyhood; for he used to be about the Palace, doing something. This is one La Croze; Professor of, I think, 'Philosophy' in the French College: sublime monster of Erudition, at that time; forgotten now, I fear, by everybody. Swag-bellied, short of wind; liable to rages, to utterances of a coarse nature; a decidedly ugly, monstrous and rather stupid kind of man. Knew twenty languages, in

sur le Nouveau Testament, which were once famous; *Histoire de la Réformation*; etc. etc. He is Beausobre *Senior*; there were two Sons (one of them born in second wedlock, after Papa was 70), who were likewise given to writing.—See Formey, *Souvenirs d' un Citoyen*, i. 33-39.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 121-126. Dates are all of 1737; the last of Beausobre's years.

a coarse inexact way. Attempted deep kinds of discourse, in the lecture-room and elsewhere; but usually broke-off into endless welters of anecdote, not always of cleanly nature; and after every two or three words, a desperate sigh, not for sorrow, but on account of flabbiness and fat. Formey gives a portraiture of him; not worth copying farther. The same Formey, standing one day somewhere on the streets of Berlin, was himself, he cannot doubt, *seen* by the Crown-Prince in passing; 'who asked M. Jordan, who that was,' and got answer:—is not that a comfortable fact? Nothing farther came of it;—respectable Ex-Parson Formey, though ever ready with his pen, being indeed of very vapid nature, not wanted at Reinsberg, as we can guess.

There is M. Achard, too, another Preacher, supreme of his sort, in the then Berlin circles; to whom or from whom a Letter or two exist. Letters worthless, if it were not for one dim indication: That, on inquiry, the Crown-Prince had been consulting this supreme Achard on the difficulties of Orthodoxy;[1] and had given him texts, or a text, to preach from. Supreme Achard did not abolish the difficulties for his inquiring Prince,—who complains respectfully that 'his faith is weak,' and leaves us dark as to particulars. This Achard passage is almost the only hint we have of what might have been an important chapter: Friedrich's Religious History at Reinsberg. The expression 'weak faith' I take to be meant not in mockery, but in ingenuous regret and solicitude; much painful fermentation, probably, on the religious question in those Reinsberg years! But the old '*Gnadenwahl*' business, the Free-Grace controversy, had taught him to be cautious as to what he uttered on those points. The fermentation, therefore, had to go on under cover; what the result of it was, is notorious enough; though the steps of the process are not in any point known.

Enough now of such details. Outwardly or inwardly, there is no History, or almost none, to be had of this

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. pp. 112-117: date, March-June 1736.

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Reinsberg Period; the extensive records of it consisting, as usual, mainly of chaotic nugatory matter, opaque to the mind of readers. There is copious correspondence of the Crown-Prince, with at least dates to it for most part: but this, which should be the main resource, proves likewise a poor one; the Crown-Prince's Letters, now or afterwards, being almost never of a deep or intimate quality; and seldom turning on events or facts at all, and then not always on facts interesting, on facts clearly apprehensible to us in that extinct element.

The Thing, we know always, *is* there; but vision of the Thing is only to be had faintly, intermittently. Dim inane twilight, with here and there a transient *spark* falling somewhither in it;—you do at last, by desperate persistence, get to discern outlines, features:—'The Thing cannot *always* have been No-thing,' you reflect! Outlines, features:—and perhaps, after all, those are mostly what the reader wants on this occasion.

CHAPTER II

OF VOLTAIRE AND THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCES

ONE of Friedrich's grand purposes at Reinsberg, to himself privately the grandest there, which he follows with constant loyalty and ardour, is that of scaling the heights of the Muses' Hill withal; of attaining mastership, discipleship, in Art and Philosophy;—or in candour let us call it, what it truly was, that of enlightening and fortifying himself with clear knowledge, clear belief, on all sides; and acquiring some spiritual panoply in which to front the coming practicalities of life. This, he feels well, will be a noble use of his seclusion in those still places; and it must be owned, he struggles and endeavours towards this, with great perseverance, by all the methods in his power, here, or wherever afterwards he might be.

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Here at Reinsberg, one of his readiest methods, his pleasantest if not his usefulest, is that of getting into correspondence with the chief spirits of his time. Which accordingly he forthwith sets about, after getting into Reinsberg, and continues, as we shall see, with much assiduity. Rollin, Fontenelle, and other French lights of the then firmament,—his Letters to them exist; and could be given in some quantity: but it is better not. They are intrinsically the common Letters on such occasions: 'O sublime demigod of literature, how small are princely distinctions to such a glory as thine; thou who enterest within the veil of the temple, and issuest with thy face shining!'—To which the response is: 'Hm, think you so, most happy, gracious, illustrious Prince, with every convenience round you, and such prospects ahead? Well, thank you, at any rate,—and, as the Irish say, more power to your Honour's Glory!' This really is nearly all that said Sets of Letters contain; and except perhaps the Voltaire Set, none of them give symptoms of much capacity to contain more.

Certainly there was no want of Literary Men discernible from Reinsberg at that time; and the young Prince corresponds with a good many of them; temporal potentate saluting spiritual, from the distance,—in a way highly interesting to the then parties, but now without interest, except of the reflex kind, to any creature. A very cold and empty portion, this, of the Friedrich Correspondence; standing there to testify what his admiration was for literary talent, or the great reputation of such; but in itself uninstructive utterly, and of freezing influence on the now living mind. Most of those French lights of the then firmament are gone out. Forgotten altogether; or recognised, like Rollin and others, for polished dullards, university bigwigs, and long-winded commonplace persons, deserving nothing but oblivion. To Montesquieu,—not yet called 'Baron de Montesquieu' with *Esprit des Lois*; but 'M. de Secondat' with (Anonymous) *Lettres Persanes*; and already known to the world for a

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person of sharp audacious eyesight,—it does not appear that Friedrich addressed any Letter, now or afterwards. No notice of Montesquieu; nor of some others, the absence of whom is a little unexpected. Probably it was want of knowledge mainly; for his appetite was not fastidious at this time. And certainly he did hit the centre of the mark, and get into the very kernel of French literature, when, in 1736, hardly yet established in his new quarters, he addressed himself to the shining figure known to us as 'Arouet Junior' long since, and now called *M. de Voltaire*; which latter is still a name notable in Friedrich's History and that of Mankind. Friedrich's first Letter, challenging Voltaire to correspondence, dates itself 8th August 1736; and Voltaire's Answer,—the Reinsberg Household still only in its second month,—was probably the brightest event which had yet befallen there.

On various accounts it will behove us to look a good deal more strictly into this Voltaire; and, as his relations to Friedrich and to the world are so multiplex, endeavour to disengage the real likeness of the man from the circumambient noise and confusion which in his instance continue very great. 'Voltaire was the spiritual complement of Friedrich,' says Sauerteig once: 'what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. Other fruit we have not from it to speak of, at this day. Voltaire, and what *can* be faithfully done on the Voltaire Creed; "Realised Voltairism";—admit it, reader, not in a too triumphant humour,—is not that pretty much the net historical product of the Eighteenth Century? The rest of its history either pure somnambulism; or a mere Controversy, to the effect, "Realised Voltairism? How soon shall it be realised, then? Not at once, surely!" So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century; the chief and

in a sense the sole products of their Century. They alone remain to us as still living results from it,—such as they are. And the rest, truly, *ought* to depart and vanish (as they are now doing); being mere ephemera; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay; and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialities at all, as these Two were.'—With more of the like sort from Sauerteig.

M. de Voltaire, who used to be M. François-Marie Arouet, was at this time about forty,[1] and had gone through various fortunes; a man, now and henceforth, in a high degree conspicuous, and questionable to his fellow-creatures. Clear knowledge of him ought, at this stage, to be common; but unexpectedly it is not. What endless writing and biographying there has been about this man; in which one still reads, with a kind of lazy satisfaction, due to the subject, and to the French genius in that department! But the man himself, and his environment and practical aspects, what the actual physiognomy of his life and of him can have been, is dark from beginning to ending; and much is left in an ambiguous undecipherable condition to us. A proper History of Voltaire, in which should be discoverable, luminous to human creatures, what he was, what element he lived in, what work he did: this is still a problem for the genius of France!—

His Father's name is known to us; the name of his Father's profession, too, but not clearly the nature of it; still less his Father's character, economic circumstances, physiognomy spiritual or social: not the least possibility granted you of forming an image, however faint, of that notable man and household, which distinguished itself to all the earth by producing little François into the light of this

[1] Born 20th February 1694; the younger of two sons: Father, 'François Arouet, 'a Notary of the Châtelet, ultimately Treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts'; Mother, 'Marguerite d'Aumart, of a noble family of Poitou.'

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sun. Of Madame Arouet, who, or what, or how she was, nothing whatever is known. A human reader, pestered continually with the Madame-Denises, Abbé-Mignots and enigmatic nieces and nephews, would have wished to know, at least, what children, besides François, Madame Arouet had: once for all, How many children? Name them, with year of birth, year of death, according to the church-registers: they all, at any rate, had that degree of history! No; even that has not been done. Beneficent correspondents of my own make answer, after some research, No register of the Arouets anywhere to be had. The very name VOLTAIRE, if you ask whence came it? there is no answer, or worse than none.—The fit 'History' of this man, which might be one of the shining Epics of his Century, and the lucid summary and soul of any *History* France then had, but which would require almost a French demigod to do it, is still a great way off, if on the road at all! For present purposes, we select what follows from a well-known hand:

'*Youth of Voltaire* (1694-1725).—French Biographers have left the Arouet Household very dark for us; meanwhile we can perceive, or guess, that it was moderately well in economic respects; that François was the second of the Two Sons; and that old Arouet, a steady, practical and perhaps rather sharp-tempered old gentleman, of official legal habits and position, "Notary of the Châtelet" and something else, had destined him for the Law Profession; as was natural enough to a son of M. Arouet, who had himself succeeded well in Law, and could there, best of all, open roads for a clever second son. François accordingly sat "in chambers," as we call it; and his fellow-clerks much loved him,—the most amusing fellow in the world. Sat in chambers, even became an advocate; but did not in the least take to advocateship;—took to poetry, and other airy dangerous courses, speculative, practical; causing family explosions and rebukes, which were without effect on him. A young fool, bent on sportful pursuits instead of serious; more and more shuddering at Law. To the surprise and indignation of M. Arouet Senior. Law, with its wigs and sheepskins, pointing towards high honours and deep flesh-pots, had no charms for the young fool; he could not be made to like Law.

'Whereupon arose explosions, as we hint; family explosions on the part of M. Arouet Senior; such that friends had to interfere, and it was

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uncertain what would come of it. One judicious friend, "M. Caumartin," took the young fellow home to his house in the country for a time; —and there, incidentally, brought him acquainted with old gentlemen deep in the traditions of Henri Quatre and the cognate topics; which much inflamed the young fellow, and produced big schemes in the head of him.

'M. Arouet Senior stood strong for Law; but it was becoming daily more impossible. Madrigals, dramas (not without actresses), satirical wit, airy verse, and all manner of adventurous speculation, were what this young man went upon; and was getting more and more loved for; introduced, even, to the superior circles, and recognised there as one of the brightest young fellows ever seen. Which tended, of course, to confirm him in his folly, and open other outlooks and harbours of refuge than the paternal one.

'Such things, strange to M. Arouet Senior, were in vogue then; wicked Regent d'Orléans having succeeded sublime Louis XIV., and set strange fashions to the Quality. Not likely to profit this fool François, thought M. Arouet Senior; and was much confirmed in his notion, when a rhymed Lampoon against the Government having come out (*Les j'ai vu*, as they call it),[1] and become the rage, as a clever thing of the kind will, it was imputed to the brightest young fellow in France, M. Arouet's Son. Who, in fact, was not the Author; but was not believed on his denial; and saw himself, in spite of his high connexions, ruthlessly lodged in the Bastille in consequence. "Let him sit," thought M. Arouet Senior, "and come to his senses there!" He sat for eighteen months (age still little above twenty); but privately employed his time, not in repentance, or in serious legal studies, but in writing a Poem on his Henri Quatre. "Epic Poem," no less; *La Ligue*, as he then called it; which it was his hope the whole world would one day fall in love with;—as it did. Nay, in two years more, he had done a Play, *Œdipe* the renowned name of it; which "ran for forty-eight nights" (18th November 1718, the first of them); and was enough to turn any head of such age. Law may be considered hopeless, even by M. Arouet Senior.

'Try him in the Diplomatic line; break these bad habits and connexions, thought M. Arouet, at one time; and sent him to the French Ambassador in Holland,—on good behaviour, as it were, and by way of temporary banishment. But neither did this answer. On the contrary, the young fellow got into scrapes again; got into amatory intrigues,—young lady visiting you in men's clothes, young lady's mother inveigling,

[1] 'I have seen (*j'ai vu*)' this ignominy occur, 'I have seen' that other,—to the amount of a dozen or two;—'and am not yet twenty.' Copy of it, and guess as to authorship, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, i. 321.

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and I know not what;—so that the Ambassador was glad to send him home again unmarried; marked, as it were, "Glass, with care!" And the young lady's mother printed his Letters, not the least worth reading: —and the old M. Arouet seems now to have flung-up his head; to have settled some small allowance on him, with peremptory no-hope of more, and said, "Go your own way, then, foolish junior: the elder shall be my son." M. Arouet disappears at this point, or nearly so, from the history of his son François; and I think must have died in not many years. Poor old M. Arouet closed his old eyes without the least conception what a prodigious ever-memorable thing he had done unknowingly, in sending this François into the world, to kindle such universal "dry dungheap of a rotten world," and set it blazing! François, his Father's synonym, came to be representative of the family, after all; the elder Brother also having died before long. Except certain confused niece-and-nephew personages, progeny of the sisters, François has no more trouble or solacement from the paternal household. François meanwhile is his Father's synonym, and signs Arouet Junior, "François Arouet l. j. (*le jeune*)."

'"All of us Princes, then, or Poets!" said he, one night at supper, looking to right and left: the brightest fellow in the world, well fit to be Phœbus Apollo of such circles; and great things now ahead of him. Dissolute Regent d'Orléans, politest, most debauched of men, and very witty, holds the helm; near him Dubois the Devil's Cardinal, and so many bright spirits. All the Luciferous Spiritualism there is in France is lifting anchor, under these auspices, joyfully towards new latitudes and Isles of the Blest. What may not François hope to become? "Hmph!" answers M. Arouet Senior, steadily, so long as he lives. Here are one or two subsequent phases, epochs or turning-points, of the young gentleman's career.

'*Phasis First* (1725-1728).—The accomplished Duc de Sulli (Year 1725, day not recorded), is giving in his hôtel a dinner, such as usual; and a bright witty company is assembled;—the brightest young fellow in France sure to be there; and with his electric coruscations illuminating everything, and keeping the table in a roar. To the delight of most; not to that of a certain splenetic ill-given Duc de Rohan; grandee of high rank, great haughtiness, and very ill-behaviour in the world; who feels impatient at the notice taken of a mere civic individual, Arouet Junior. "*Quel est donc ce jeune homme qui parle si haut*, Who is this young man that talks so loud, then?" exclaims the proud splenetic Duke. "Monseigneur," flashes the young man back upon him in an electric manner, "It is one who does not drag a big name about with him; but who secures respect for the name he has!" Figure that, in the penetrating grandly clangorous voice (*voix sombre et majestueuse*), and the

momentary flash of eyes that attended it. Duc de Rohan rose, in a sulphurous frame of mind; and went his ways. What date? You ask the idle French Biographer in vain;—see only, after more and more inspection, that the incident is true; and with labour date it, summer of the Year 1725. Treaty of Utrecht itself, though all the Newspapers and Own Correspondents were so interested in it, was perhaps but a foolish matter to date in comparison!

'About a week after, M. Arouet Junior was again dining with the Duc de Sulli, and a fine company as before. A servant whispers him, That somebody has called, and wants him below. "Cannot come," answers Arouet; "how can I, so engaged?" Servant returns after a minute or two: "Pardon, Monsieur; I am to say, it is to do an act of beneficence that you are wanted below!" Arouet lays down his knife and fork; descends instantly to see what act it is. A carriage is in the court, and hackney-coach near it: "Would Monsieur have the extreme goodness to come to the door of the carriage, in a case of necessity?" At the door of the carriage, hands seize the collar of him, hold him as in a vice; diabolic visage of Duc de Rohan is visible inside, who utters, looking to the hackney-coach, some "*Voilà*, now then!" Whereupon the hackney-coach opens, gives out three porters, or hired bullies, with the due implements: scandalous actuality of horsewhipping descends on the back of poor Arouet, who shrieks and execrates to no purpose, nobody being near. "That will do," says Rohan at last, and the gallant ducal party drive off; young Arouet, with torn frills and deranged hair, rushing up-stairs again, in such a mood as is easy to fancy. Everybody is sorry, inconsolable, everybody shocked; nobody volunteers to help in avenging. "Monseigneur de Sulli, is not such atrocity done to one of your guests, an insult to yourself?" asks Arouet. "Well, yes perhaps, but"—Monseigneur de Sulli shrugs his shoulders, and proposes nothing. Arouet withdrew, of course in a most blazing condition, to consider what he could, on his own strength, do in this conjuncture.

'His Biographer Duvernet says, he decided on doing two things: learning English and the small-sword exercise.[1] He retired to the country for six months, and perfected himself in these two branches. Being perfect, he challenged Duc de Rohan in the proper manner;

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[1] *La Vie de Voltaire*, par M* * (à Genève, 1786), pp. 55-57; or pp. 60-63, in his *second* form of the Book. The 'M* *' is an Abbé Duvernet; of no great mark otherwise. He got into Revolution trouble afterwards, but escaped with his head; and republished his Book, swollen-out somewhat by new 'Anecdotes' and republican bluster, in this second instance; signing himself T. J. D. V. ... (Paris, 1797). A vague but not dark or mendacious little Book; with traces of real *eyesight* in it,—by one who had personally known Voltaire, or at least seen and heard him.

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applying ingenious compulsives withal, to secure acceptance of the challenge. Rohan accepted, not without some difficulty, and compulsion at the theatre or otherwise:—accepted, but withal confessed to his wife. The result was, no measuring of swords took place; and Rohan only blighted by public opinion, or incapable of farther blight that way, went at large; a convenient *Lettre de Cachet* having put Arouet again in the Bastille. Where for six months Arouet lodged a second time, the innocent not the guilty; making, we can well suppose, innumerable reflections on the phenomena of human life. Imprisonment once over, he hastily quitted for England; shaking the dust of ungrateful France off his feet,—resolved to change his unhappy name, for one thing.

'Smelfungus, denouncing the torpid fatuity of Voltaire's Biographers, says he never met with one Frenchman, even of the literary classes, who could tell him whence this name VOLTAIRE originated. "A *petite terre*, small family estate," they said; and sent him hunting through Topographies, far and wide, to no purpose. Others answered "Volterra in Italy, some connexion with Volterra,"—and seemed even to know that this was but fatuity. "In ever-talking, ever-printing Paris, is it as in Timbuctoo, then, which neither prints nor has anything to print?" exclaims poor Smelfungus! He tells us at last, the name *Voltaire* is a mere Anagram of *Arouet l. j.*—you try it; A.R.O.U.E.T.L.J. = V.O.L.T.A.I.R.E; and perceive at once, with obligations to Smelfungus, that he has settled this small matter for you, and that you can be silent upon it forever thenceforth.

'The anagram VOLTAIRE, gloomily settled in the Bastille in this manner, can be reckoned a very famous wide-sounding outer result of the Rohan impertinence and blackguardism; but it is not worth naming beside the inner intrinsic result, of banishing Voltaire to England at this point of his course. England was full of Constitutionality and Freethinking; Tolands, Collinses, Wollastons, Bolingbrokes, still living; very free indeed. England, one is astonished to see, has its royal-republican ways of doing; something Roman in it, from Peerage down to Plebs; strange and curious to the eye of M. de Voltaire. Sciences flourishing; Newton still alive, white with fourscore years, the venerable hoary man; Locke's Gospel of Common Sense in full vogue, or even done into verse, by incomparable Mr. Pope, for the cultivated upper classes. In science, in religion, in politics, what a surprising "liberty" allowed or taken! Never was a freer turn of thinking. And (what to M. de Voltaire is a pleasant feature) it is Freethinking with ruffles to its shirt and rings on its fingers;—never yet, the least, dreaming of the shirtless or *sansculottic* state that lies ahead for it! That is the palmy condition of English Liberty, when M. de Voltaire arrives there.

'In a man just out of the Bastille on those terms, there is a mind driven

by hard suffering into seriousness, and provoked by indignant comparisons and remembrances. As if you had elaborately ploughed and pulverised the mind of this Voltaire to receive with its utmost avidity, and strength of fertility, whatever seed England may have for it. That was a notable conjuncture of a man with circumstances. The question, Is this man to grow-up a Court Poet; to do legitimate dramas, lampoons, witty verses, and wild spiritual and practical magnificences, the like never seen; Princes and Princesses recognising him as plainly divine, and keeping him tied by enchantments to that poor trade as his task in life? is answered in the negative. No: and it is not quite to decorate and comfort your "dry dungheap" of a world, or the fortunate cocks that scratch on it, that the man Voltaire is here; but to shoot lightnings into it, and set it ablaze one day! That was an important alternative; truly of world-importance to the poor generations that now are; and it was settled, in good part, by this voyage to England, as one may surmise. Such is sometimes the use of a dissolute Rohan in this world; for the gods make implements of all manner of things.

'M. de Voltaire (for we now drop the Arouet altogether, and never hear of it more) came to England—when? Quitted England—when? Sorrow on all fatuous Biographers, who spend their time not in laying permanent foundation-stones, but in fencing with the wind!—I at last find indisputably, it was in 1726 that he came to England:[1] and he himself tells us that he quitted it "in 1728." Spent, therefore, some two years there in all,—last year of George I.'s reign, and first of George II.'s. But mere inanity and darkness visible reign, in all his Biographies, over this period of his life, which was above all others worth investigating: seek not to know it; no man has inquired into it, probably no competent man now ever will. By hints in certain Letters of the period, we learn that he lodged, or at one time lodged, in "Maiden Lane, Covent Garden"; one of those old Houses that yet stand in Maiden Lane: for which small fact let us be thankful. His own Letters of the period are dated now and then from "Wandsworth." Allusions there are to Bolingbroke; but the Wandsworth is not Bolingbroke's mansion, which stood in Battersea; the Wandsworth was one Edward Fawkener's; a man somewhat admirable to young Voltaire, but extinct now, or nearly so, in human memory. He had been a Turkey Merchant, it would seem, and nevertheless was admitted to speak his word in intellectual, even in political circles; which was wonderful to young Voltaire. This Fawkener, I think, became Sir Edward Fawkener, and some kind of "Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland":—I judge it to be the same Fawkener; a man highly unmemorable now, were it not for the young Frenchman he was

[1] Got out of the Bastille, with orders to leave France, '29th April' of that year (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, i. 40 *n.*).

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hospitable to. Fawkener's and Bolingbroke's are perhaps the only names that turn-up in Voltaire's *Letters* of this English Period: over which generally there reigns, in the French Biographies, inane darkness, with an intimation, half involuntary, that it *should* have been made luminous, and would if perfectly easy.

'We know, from other sources, that he had acquaintance with many men in England, with all manner of important men: Notes to Pope in Voltaire-English, visit of Voltaire to Congreve, Notes even to such as Lady Sundon in the interior of the Palace, are known of. The brightest young fellow in the world did not want for introductions to the highest quarters, in that time of political alliance, and extensive private acquaintance, between his Country and ours. And all this he was the man to improve, both in the trivial and the deep sense. His bow to the divine Princess Caroline and suite, could it fail in graceful reverence or what else was needed? Dextrous right words in the right places, winged with *esprit* so-called: that was the man's supreme talent, in which he had no match, to the last. A most brilliant, swift, far-glancing young man, disposed to make himself generally agreeable. For the rest, his wonder, we can see, was kept awake; wonder readily inclining, in his circumstances, towards admiration. The stereotype figure of the Englishman, always the same, which turns-up in Voltaire's *Works*, is worth noting in this respect. A rugged surly kind of fellow, much-enduring, not intrinsically bad; splenetic without complaint, standing oddly inexpugnable in that natural stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with strange flashes of speech in him now and then, something which goes beyond laughter and articulate logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these two, what they call "humour" in their dialect: this is pretty much the *reverse* of Voltaire's own self, and therefore all the welcomer to him; delineated always with a kind of mockery, but with evident love. What excellences are in England, thought Voltaire; no Bastille in it, for one thing! Newton's Philosophy annihilated the vortexes of Descartes for him; Locke's Toleration is very grand (especially if all is uncertain, and *you* are in the minority); then Collins, Wollaston and Company,—no vile Jesuits here, strong in their mendacious malodorous stupidity, despicablest yet most dangerous of creatures, to check freedom of thought! Illustrious Mr. Pope, of the *Essay on Man*, surely he is admirable; as are Pericles Bolingbroke, and many others. Even Bolingbroke's high-lackered brass is gold to this young French friend of his.—Through all which admirations and exaggerations the progress of the young man, toward certain very serious attainments and achievements, is conceivable enough.

'One other man, who ought to be mentioned in the Biographies, I find Voltaire to have made acquaintance with, in England: a German M. Fabrice, one of several Brothers called Fabrice or Fabricius,—concerning

whom, how he had been at Bender, and how Voltaire picked *Charles Douze* from the memory of him, there was already mention. The same Fabrice who held poor George I. in his arms while they drove, galloping, to Osnabrück, that night *in extremis*:—not needing mention again. The following is more to the point.

'Voltaire, among his multifarious studies while in England, did not forget that of economics: his Poem *La Ligue*,—surreptitiously printed, three years since, under that title (one Desfontaines, a hungry Ex-Jesuit, the perpetrator),[1]—he now took in hand for his own benefit; washed it clean of its blots; christened it *Henriade*, under which name it is still known over all the world;—and printed it; published it here, by subscription, in 1726; one of the first things he undertook. Very splendid subscription; headed by Princess Caroline, and much favoured by the opulent of quality. Which yielded an unknown but very considerable sum of thousands sterling, and grounded not only the world-renown but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire. For the fame of the "new epic," as this *Henriade* was called, soon spread into all lands. And such fame, and other agencies on his behalf, having opened the way home for Voltaire, he took this sum of Thousands Sterling along with him; laid it out judiciously in some city lottery, or profitable scrip then going at Paris, which at once doubled the amount: after which he invested it in Corn-trade, Army Clothing, Barbary-trade, Commissariat Bacon-trade, all manner of well-chosen trades,—being one of the shrewdest financiers on record;—and never from that day wanted abundance of money, for one thing. Which he judged to be extremely expedient for a literary man, especially in times of Jesuit and other tribulation. "You have only to watch," he would say, "what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of agio, are offered; if you exert any judgment, it is easy to gain there: do not the stupidest of mortals gain there, by intensely attending to it?"

'Voltaire got almost nothing by his Books, which he generally had to disavow, and denounce as surreptitious suppositious scandals, when some sharp-set Bookseller, in whose way he had laid the savoury article as bait, chose to risk his ears for the profit of snatching and publishing it. Next to nothing by his Books; but by his fine finance-talent otherwise, he had become possessed of ample moneys. Which were so cunningly disposed, too, that he had resources in every Country; and no conceivable combination of confiscating Jesuits and dark fanatic Official Persons could throw him out of a livelihood, whithersoever he might be forced to run. A man that looks facts in the face; which is creditable of him. The vulgar call it avarice and the like, as their way is: but M. de Voltaire is convinced that effects will follow causes; and that it well

[1] 1723, *Vie*, par T. J. D. V. (that is, 'M**' in the *second* form), p. 59.

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beseems a lonely Ishmaelite, hunting his way through the howling wildernesses and confused ravenous populations of this world, to have money in his pocket. He died with a revenue of some 7,000*l.* a year, probably as good as 20,000*l.* at present; the richest literary man ever heard of hitherto, as well as the remarkablest in some other respects. But we have to mark the second phasis of his life' (in which Friedrich now sees him), 'and how it grew out of this first one.

'*Phasis Second* (1728-1733).—Returning home as if quietly triumphant, with such a talent in him, and such a sanction put upon it and him by a neighbouring Nation, and by all the world, Voltaire was warmly received, in his old aristocratic circles, by cultivated France generally; and now in 1728, in his thirty-second year, might begin to have definite outlooks of a sufficiently royal kind, in Literature and otherwise. Nor is he slow, far from it, to advance, to conquer and enjoy. He writes successful literature, falls in love with women of quality; encourages the indigent and humble; eclipses, and in case of need tramples down, the too proud. He elegises poor Adrienne Lecouvreur, the Actress,—our poor friend the Comte de Saxe's female friend; who loyally emptied out her whole purse for him, 30,000*l.* in one sum, that he might try for Courland, and whether he could fall in love with her of the Swollen Cheek there; which proved impossible. Elegises Adrienne, we say, and even buries her under cloud of night: ready to protect unfortunate females of merit. Especially theatrical females; having much to do in the theatre, which we perceive to be the pulpit or real preaching-place of cultivated France in those years. All manner of verse, all manner of prose, he dashes-off with surprising speed and grace: showers of light spray for the moment; and always some current of graver enterprise, *Siècle de Louis Quatorze* or the like, going on beneath it. For he is a most diligent, swift, unresting man; and studies and learns amazingly in such a rackety existence. Victorious enough in some senses; defeat, in Literature, never visited him. His Plays, coming thick on the heels of one another, rapid brilliant pieces, are brilliantly received by the unofficial world; and ought to dethrone dull Crébillon, and the sleepy potentates of Poetry that now are. Which in fact is their result with the public; but not yet in the highest courtly places;—a defect much to be condemned and lamented.

'Numerous enemies arise, as is natural, of an envious venomous description; this is another ever-widening shadow in the sunshine. In fact we perceive he has, besides the inner obstacles and griefs, two classes of outward ones: There are Lions on his path and also Dogs. Lions are the Ex-Bishop of Mirepoix, and certain other dark Holy Fathers, or potent orthodox Official Persons. These, though Voltaire does not yet declare his heterodoxy (which, indeed, is but the *ortho*doxy

of the cultivated private circles), perceive well enough, even by the *Henriade*, and its talk of "tolerance," horror of "fanaticism" and the like, what this one's '*doxy* is; and how dangerous he, not a mere mute man of quality, but a talking spirit with winged words, may be;—and they much annoy and terrify him, by their roaring in the distance. Which roaring cannot, of course, convince; and since it is not permitted to kill, can only provoke a talking spirit into still deeper strains of heterodoxy for his own private behoof. These are the Lions on his path: beasts conscious to themselves of good intentions; but manifesting from Voltaire's point of view, it must be owned, a physiognomy unlovely to a degree. "Light is superior to darkness, I should think," meditates Voltaire; "power of thought to the want of power! The *Ane de Mirepoix* (Ass of Mirepoix),[1] pretending to use me in this manner, is it other, in the court of Rhadamanthus, than transcendent Stupidity, with transcendent Insolence superadded?" Voltaire grows more and more heterodox; and is ripening towards dangerous utterances, though he strives to hold in.

'The Dogs upon his path, again, are all the disloyal envious persons of the Writing Class, whom his success has offended; and, more generally, all the dishonest hungry persons who can gain a morsel by biting him: and their name is legion. It must be owned, about as ugly a Doggery ("*infâme Canaille*" he might well reckon them) as has, before or since, infested the path of a man. They are not hired and set on, as angry suspicion might suggest; but they are covertly somewhat patronised by the Mirepoix, or orthodox Official class. Scandalous Ex-Jesuit Desfontaines, Thersites Fréron,—these are but types of an endless Doggery; whose names and works should be blotted out; whose one claim to memory is, that the riding man so often angrily sprang down, and tried horsewhipping them into silence. A vain attempt. The individual hound flies howling, abjectly petitioning and promising; but the rest bark all with new comfort, and even *he* starts again straightway. It is bad travelling in those woods, with such Lions and such Dogs. And then the sparsely scattered *Human* Creatures (so we may call them in contrast, persons of Quality for most part) are not always what they should be. The grand mansions you arrive at, in this waste-howling solitude, prove sometimes essentially Robber-towers;—and there may be Armida Palaces, and divine-looking Armidas, where your ultimate fate is still worse.

"*Que le monde est rempli d'enchanteurs, je ne dis rien d'enchanteresses!*"

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[1] Poor joke of Voltaire's continually applied to this Bishop, or Ex-Bishop,—who was thought, generally, a rather tenebrific man for appointment to the *Feuille des Bénéfices* (charge of nominating Bishops, keeping King's conscience, etc.); and who, in that capacity, signed himself *Anc.* (by no means '*Ane*,' but '*Ancien*, Whilom') *de Mirepoix*,—to the enragement of Voltaire often enough.

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To think of it, the solitary Ishmaelite journeying, never so well mounted, through such a wilderness: with lions, dogs, human robbers and Armidas all about him; himself lonely, friendless under the stars:—one could pity him withal, though that is not the feeling he solicits; nor gets hitherto, even at this impartial distance.

'One of the beautiful creatures of Quality,—we hope, not an Armida, —who came athwart Voltaire, in these times, was a Madame du Châtelet; distinguished from all the others by a love of mathematics and the pure sciences, were it nothing else. She was still young, under thirty; the literary man still under forty. With her Husband, to whom she had brought a child, or couple of children, there was no formal quarrel; but they were living apart, neither much heeding the other, as was by no means a case without example at that time; Monsieur soldiering, and philandering about, in garrison or elsewhere; Madame, in a like humour, doing the best for herself in the high circle of society, to which he and she belonged. Most wearisome barren circles to a person of thought, as both she and M. de Voltaire emphatically admitted to one another, on first making acquaintance. But is there no help?

'Madame had tried the pure sciences and philosophies, in Books: but how much more charming, when they come to you as a Human Philosopher; handsome, maganimous, and the wittiest man in the world! Young Madame was not regularly beautiful; but she was very piquant, radiant, adventurous; understood other things than the pure sciences, and could be abundantly coquettish and engaging. I have known her scuttle-off, on an evening, with a couple of adventurous young wives of Quality, to the remote lodging of the witty M. de Voltaire, and make his dim evening radiant to him.[1] Then again, in public crowds, I have seen them; obliged to dismount to the peril of Madame's diamonds, there being a jam of carriages, and no getting forward for half the day. In short, they are becoming more and more intimate, to the extremest degree; and, scorning the world, thank Heaven that they are mutually indispensable. Cannot we get away from this scurvy wasp's-nest of a Paris, thought they, and live to ourselves and our books?

'Madame was of high quality, one of the Breteuils; but was poor in comparison, and her Husband the like. An old Château of theirs, named Cirey, stands in a pleasant enough little valley in Champagne; but so dilapidated, gaunt and vacant, nobody can live in it. Voltaire, who is by this time a man of ample moneys, furnishes the requisite cash; Madame and he, in sweet symphony, concert the plans: Cirey is repaired, at least parts of it are, into a boudoir of the gods, regardless of expense; nothing ever seen so tasteful, so magnificent; and the two withdraw thither to study, in peace, what sciences, pure and other, they

[1] One of Voltaire's Letters.

have a mind to. They are recognised as lovers, by the Parisian public, with little audible censure from anybody there,—with none at all from the easy Husband; who occasionally even visits Cirey, if he be passing that way; and is content to take matters as he finds them, without looking below the surface.[1] For the Ten Commandments are at a singular pass in cultivated France at this epoch. Such illicit-idyllic form of life has been the form of Voltaire's since 1733,'—for some three years now, when Friedrich and we first make acquaintance with him. 'It lasted above a dozen years more. an illicit marriage after its sort, and subject only to the liabilities of such. Perhaps we may look in upon the Cirey Household, ourselves, at some future time; and'—This Editor hopes not!

'Madame admits that for the first ten years it was, on the whole, sublime; a perfect Eden on Earth, though stormy now and then.[2] After ten years, it began to grow decidedly dimmer; and in the course of few years more, it became undeniably evident that M. de Voltaire "did not love me as formerly":—in fact, if Madame could have seen it, M. de Voltaire was growing old, losing his teeth, and the like; and did not care for anything as formerly! Which was a dreadful discovery, and gave rise to results by and by.

'In this retreat at Cirey, varied with flying visits to Paris, and kept awake by multifarious Correspondences, the quantity of Literature done by the two was great and miscellaneous. By Madame, chiefly in the region of the pure sciences, in Newtonian Dissertations, competitions for Prizes, and the like: really sound and ingenious Pieces, entirely forgotten long since. By Voltaire, in serious Tragedies, Histories, in light Sketches and deep Dissertations:—mockery getting ever wilder with him; the satirical vein, in prose and verse, amazingly copious, and growing more and more heterodox, as we can perceive. His troubles from the ecclesiastical or Lion kind in the Literary forest, still more from the rabid Doggery in it, are manifold, incessant. And it is pleasantly notable,—during these first ten years,—with what desperate intensity, vigilance and fierceness, Madame watches over all his interests and

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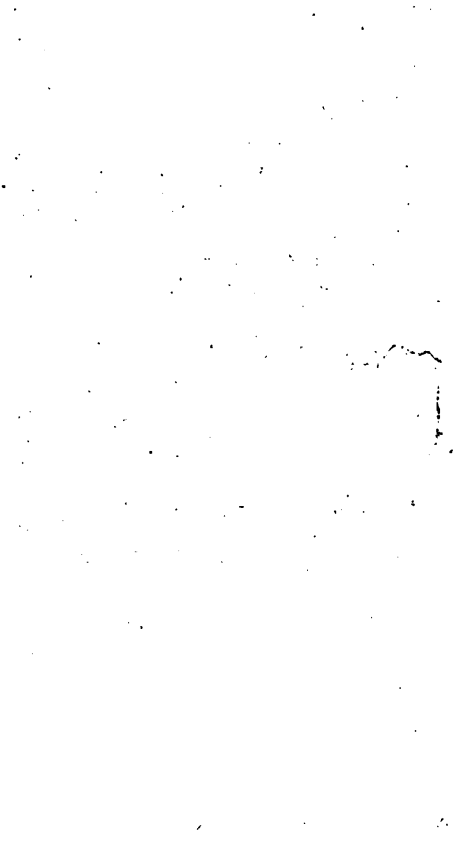
[1] See (whoever is curious) Madame de Grafigny, *Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet* (Paris, 1820). A six months of actual Letters written by poor Grafigny, while sheltering at Cirey, Winter and Spring 1738-1739; straitened there in various respects,—extremely ill-off for fuel, among other things. Rugged practical Letters, shadowing-out to us, unconsciously oftenest, and like a very mirror, the splendid and the sordid, the seamy side and the smooth, of Life at Cirey, in her experience of it. Published, fourscore years after, under the above title.

[2] *Lettres Inédites de Madame la Marquise du Chastelet; auxquelles on a joint une Dissertation* (etc. of hers): Paris, 1806.

Madame du Châtelet.



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liabilities and casualties great and small; leaping with her whole force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of antecedences and consequences alike; flying, with the spirit of an angry brood-hen, at the face of mastiffs, in defence of any feather that is M. de Voltaire's. To which Voltaire replies, as he well may, with eloquent gratitude; with Verses to the divine Emilie, with Gifts to her, verses and gifts the prettiest in the world;—and industriously celebrates the divine Emilie to herself and all third parties.

'An ardent, aerial, gracefully predominant, and in the end somewhat termagant female figure, this divine Emilie. Her temper, radiant rather than bland, was none of the patientest on occasion; nor was M. de Voltaire the least of a Job, if you came athwart him the wrong way. I have heard, their domestic symphony was liable to furious flaws,—let us hope at great distances apart:—that "plates," in presence of the lackeys, actual crockery or metal, have been known to fly from end to end of the dinner-table; nay they mention "knives" (though only in the way of oratorical action); and Voltaire has been heard to exclaim, the sombre and majestic voice of him risen to a very high pitch: "*Ne me regardez tant de ces yeux hagards et louches*, Don't fix those haggard sidelong eyes on me in that way!"—mere shrillness of pale rage presiding over the scene. But it was only once in the quarter, or seldomer: after which the element would be clearer for some time. A lonesome literary man, who has got a Brood Phœnix to preside over him, and fly at the face of gods and men for him in that manner, ought to be grateful.

'Perhaps we shall one day glance, personally, as it were, into Cirey with our readers;'—Not with this Editor or his! 'It will turn out beyond the reader's expectation. Tolerable illicit resting-place, so far as the illicit can be tolerable, for a lonesome Man of Letters, who goes into the illicit. Helpfulness, affection, or the flattering image of such, are by no means wanting: squalls of infirm temper are not more frequent than in the most licit establishments of a similar sort. Madame, about this time, has a swift Palfrey, "*Rossignol* (Nightingale)" the name of him; and gallops fairy-like through the winding valleys; being an ardent rider, and well-looking on horseback. Voltaire's study is inlaid with—the Grafigny knows all what:—mere china tiles, gilt sculptures, marble slabs, and the supreme of taste and expense: study fit for the Phœbus Apollo of France, so far as Madame could contrive it. Takes coffee with Madame, in the Gallery, about noon. And his bedroom, I expressly discern,[1] looks out upon a running brook, the murmur of which is pleasant to one.'

Enough, enough. We can perceive what kind of Voltaire

[1] *Letters of Voltaire.*

it was to whom the Crown-Prince now addressed himself; and how luminous an object, shining afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent young man, still so capable of admiration. Model Epic, *Henriade;* model History, *Charles Douze;* sublime Tragedies, *César*, *Alzire* and others, which readers still know though with less enthusiasm, are blooming fresh in Friedrich's memory and heart; such Literature as man never saw before; and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures: a Reform of human Thought itself; a new 'Gospel,' good-tidings or God's-Message, by this man;—which Friedrich does not suspect, as the world with horror does, to be a new *Ba'spel*, or Devil's-Message of bad-tidings! A sublime enough Voltaire; radiant enough, over at Cirey yonder. To all lands, a visible Phœbus Apollo, climbing the eastern steeps; with arrows of celestial 'new light' in his quiver; capable of stretching many a big foul Python, belly uppermost, in its native mud, and ridding the poor world of her Nightmares and Mud-Serpents in some measure, we may hope!—

And so there begins, from this point, a lively Correspondence between Friedrich and Voltaire; which, with some interruptions of a notable sort, continued during their mutual Life; and is a conspicuous feature in the Biographies of both. The world talked much of it, and still talks; and has now at last got it all collected, and elucidated into a dimly legible form for studious readers.[1] It is by no means the diabolically wicked Correspondence it was thought to be; the reverse, indeed, on both sides;—but it has unfortunately become a very dull one, to the actual generation of mankind. Not without intrinsic merit; on the contrary (if you read intensely, and bring the extinct alive again), it sparkles notably with epistolary grace and vivacity; and, on any terms, it has still passages of biographical and other interest: but the substance

[1] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxi. xxii. xxiii., Berlin, 1853); who supersedes the lazy French Editors in this matter.

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of it, then so new and shining, has fallen absolutely commonplace, the property of all the world, since then; and is now very wearisome to the reader. No doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard, with clear belief or clear disbelief, a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again. The common fate of philosophical originalities in this world. As a Biographical Document, it is worth a very strict perusal, if you are interested that way in either Friedrich or Voltaire: finely significant hints and traits, though often almost evanescent, so slight are they, abound in this Correspondence; frankness, veracity under graceful forms, being the rule of it, strange to say! As an illustration of Two memorable Characters, and of their Century; showing on what terms the sage Plato of the Eighteenth Century and his Tyrant Dionysius correspond, and what their manners are to one another, it may long have a kind of interest to mankind: otherwise it has not much left.

In Friedrich's History it was, no doubt, an important fact, that there lived a Voltaire along with him, twenty years his senior. With another Theory of the Universe than the Voltaire one, how much *other* had Friedrich too been! But the Theory called by Voltaire's name was not properly of Voltaire's creating, but only of his uttering and publishing; it lay ready for everybody's finding, and could not well have been altogether missed by such a one as Friedrich. So that perhaps we exaggerate the effects of Voltaire on him, though undoubtedly they were considerable. Considerable; but not derived from this express correspondence, which seldom turns on didactic points at all; derived rather from Voltaire's Printed *Works*, where they lay derivable to all the world. Certain enough it is, Voltaire was at this time, and continued all his days, Friedrich's chief Thinker in the world; unofficially, the chief Preacher, Prophet and Priest of this Working King;—no better off for a spiritual Trismegistus was poor Friedrich in the world! On the practical side, Friedrich soon outgrew him,—perhaps had already outgrown,

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having far more veracity of character, and an intellect far better built in the silent parts of it, and trained too by hard experiences to know shadow from substance;—outgrew him, and gradually learned to look down upon him, occasionally — with much contempt, in regard to the practical. But in all changes of humour towards Voltaire, Friedrich, we observe, considers him as plainly supreme in speculative intellect; and has no doubt but, for thinking and speaking, Nature never made such another. Which may be taken as a notable feature of Friedrich's History; and gives rise to passages between Voltaire and him, which will make much noise in time coming.

Here, meanwhile, faithfully presented though in condensed form, is the starting of the Correspondence: First Letter of it, and first Response. Two Pieces which were once bright as the summer sunrise on both sides, but are now fallen very dim; and have much needed condensation, and abridgment by omission of the unessential,—so lengthy are they, so extinct and almost dreary to us! Sublime 'Wolf' and his 'Philosophy,' how he was hunted out of Halle with it, long since; and now shines from Marburg, his 'Philosophy' and he supreme among mankind: this, and other extinct points, the reader's fancy will endeavour to rekindle in some slight measure:

To M. de Voltaire, at Cirey (From the Crown-Prince).

'Berlin, 8th August 1736.

'MONSIEUR,—Although I have not the satisfaction of knowing you personally, you are not the less known to me through your Works. They are treasures of the mind, if I may so express myself; and they reveal to the reader new beauties at every fresh perusal. I think I have recognised in them the character of their ingenious Author, who does honour to our age and to human nature. If ever the dispute on the comparative merits of the Moderns and the Ancients should be revived, the modern great men will owe it to you, and to you only, that the scale is turned in their favour. With the excellent quality of Poet you join innumerable others more or less related to it. Never did Poet before

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put Metaphysics into rhythmic cadence; to you the honour was reserved of doing it first.

'This taste for Philosophy manifested in your writings, induces me to send you a translated Copy of the *Accusation and Defence of M. Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days; who, for having carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism. Such is the destiny of great men; their superior genius exposes them to the poisoned arrows of calumny and envy. I am about getting a Translation made of the *Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World*,'—Translation done by an Excellency Suhm, as has been hinted,—'from the pen of the same Author. I will send it you when it is finished; and I am sure that the force of evidence in all his propositions, and their close geometrical sequence, will strike you.

'The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote themselves to the Arts and Sciences, makes me hope that you will not exclude me from the number of those whom you find worthy of your instructions:—it is so I would call your intercourse by Correspondence of Letters; which cannot be other than profitable to every thinking being. * *

* * 'beauties without number in your works. Your *Henriade* delights me. The tragedy of *César* shows us sustained characters; the sentiments in it are magnificent and grand, and one feels that Brutus is either a Roman, or else an Englishman (*ou un Romain ou un Anglais*). Your *Alzire*, to the graces of novelty adds' * *

'Monsieur, there is nothing I wish so much as to possess all your Writings,' even those not printed hitherto. 'Pray, Monsieur, do communicate them to me without reserve. If there be amongst your Manuscripts any that you wish to conceal from the eyes of the public, I engage to keep them in the profoundest secrecy. I am unluckily aware, that the faith of Princes is an object of little respect in our days; nevertheless I hope you will make an exception from the general rule in my favour. I should think myself richer in the possession of your Works than in that of all the transient goods of Fortune. These the same chance grants and takes away: your Works one can make one's own by means of memory, so that they last us whilst it lasts. Knowing how weak my own memory is, I am in the highest degree select in what I trust to it.

'If Poetry were what it was before your appearance, a strumming of wearisome idyls, insipid eclogues, tuneful nothings, I should renounce it forever:' but in your hands it becomes ennobled; a melodious 'course of morals; worthy of the admiration and the study of cultivated minds (*des honnêtes gens*). You'—in fine, 'you inspire the ambition to follow in your footsteps. But I, how often have I said to myself: "*Malheureux*, throw down a burden which is above thy strength! One cannot imitate Voltaire, without being Voltaire!"

'It is in such moments that I have felt how small are those advantages of birth, those vapours of grandeur, with which vanity would solace us! They amount to little, properly to nothing (*pour mieux dire à rien*). Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed with faculties that can advance the Arts and Sciences; and it is the part of Princes to recompense his noble toils. Ah, would Glory but make use of me to crown your successes! My only fear would be, lest this Country, little fertile in laurels, proved unable to furnish enough of them.

'If my destiny refuse me the happiness of being able to possess you, may I, at least, hope one day to see the man whom I have admired so long now from afar; and to assure you, by word of mouth, that I am,—With all the esteem and consideration due to those who, following the torch of truth for guide, consecrate their labours to the Public,—Monsieur, your affectionate friend, FRÉDÉRIC, P. R. of Prussia.'[1]

By what route or conveyance this Letter went, I cannot say. In general, it is to be observed, these Friedrich-Voltaire Letters,—liable perhaps to be considered contraband at *both* ends of their course,—do not go by the Post; but by French-Prussian Ministers, by Hamburg Merchants, and other safe suoterranean channels. Voltaire, with enthusiasm, and no doubt promptly, answers within three weeks:

To the Crown-Prince, at Reinsberg (From Voltaire)

'Cirey, 26th August 1736.

'MONSEIGNEUR,—A man must be void of all feeling who were not infinitely moved by the Letter which your Royal Highness has deigned to honour me with. My self-love is only too much flattered by it: but my love of Mankind, which I have always nourished in my heart, and which, I venture to say, forms the basis of my character, has given me a very much purer pleasure,—to see that there is, now in the world, a Prince who thinks as a man; a *Philosopher* Prince, who will make men happy.

'Permit me to say, there is not a man on the earth but owes thanks for the care you take to cultivate by sound philosophy a soul that is born for command. Good kings there never were except those that had begun by seeking to instruct themselves; by knowing good men from bad; by loving what was true, by detesting persecution and superstition. No Prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back the golden age into his Countries! And why do so few Princes seek this glory? You

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi. 6.

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feel it, Monseigneur, it is because they all think more of their Royalty than of Mankind. Precisely the reverse is your case:—and, unless, one day, the tumult of business and the wickedness of men alter so divine a character, you will be worshipped by your People, and loved by the whole world. Philosophers, worthy of the name, will flock to your States; thinkers will crowd round that throne, as the skilfulest artisans do to the city where their art is in request. The illustrious Queen Christina quitted her kingdom to go in search of the Arts; reign you, Monseigneur, and the Arts will come and seek you.

'May you only never be disgusted with the Sciences by the quarrels of their Cultivators! A race of men no better than Courtiers; often enough as greedy, intriguing, false and cruel as these,' and still more ridiculous in the mischief they do. 'And how sad for mankind that the very Interpreters of Heaven's commandments, the Theologians, I mean, are sometimes the most dangerous of all! Professed messengers of the Divinity, yet men sometimes of obscure ideas and pernicious behaviour; their soul blown-out with mere darkness; full of gall and pride, in proportion as it is empty of truths. Every thinking being who is not of their opinion is an Atheist; and every King who does not favour them will be damned. Dangerous to the very throne; and yet intrinsically insignificant:' best way is, leave their big talk and them alone; speedy collapse will follow. * * *

'I cannot sufficiently thank your Royal Highness for the gift of that little Book about Monsieur Wolf. I respect Metaphysical ideas; rays of lightning they are in the midst of deep night. More, I think, is not to be hoped from Metaphysics. It does not seem likely that the First-principles of things will ever be known. The mice that nestle in some little holes of an immense Building, know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told his secret to one of us. If anybody could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf.' Beautiful in your Royal Highness to protect such a man. And how beautiful it will be, to send me his chief Book, as you have the kindness to promise! 'The Heir of a Monarchy, from his palace, attending to the wants of a recluse far off! Condescend to afford me the pleasure of that book, Monseigneur. * *

'What your Royal Highness thinks of poetry is just: verses that do not teach men new and touching truths, do not deserve to be read.' As to my own poor verses—But, after all, 'that *Henriade* is the writing of an Honest Man: fit, in that sense, that it find grace with a Philosopher Prince.

'I will obey your commands as to sending those unpublished Pieces. You shall be my public, Monseigneur; your criticisms will be my reward:

it is a price few Sovereigns can pay. I am sure of your secrecy: your virtue and your intellect must be in proportion. I should indeed consider it a precious happiness to come and pay my court to your Royal Highness! One travels to Rome to see paintings and ruins: a Prince such as you is a much more singular object; worthier of a long journey! But the friendship' (divine Emilie's) 'which keeps me in this retirement does not permit my leaving it. No doubt you think with Julian, that great and much-calumniated man, who said, "Friends should always be preferred to Kings."

'In whatever corner of the world I may end my life, be assured, Monseigneur, my wishes will continually be for you,—that is to say, for a whole People's happiness. My heart will rank itself among your subjects; your glory will ever be dear to me. I shall wish, May you always be like yourself, and may other Kings be like you!—I am, with profound respect, your Royal Highness's most humble VOLTAIRE.'[1]

The Correspondence, once kindled, went on apace; and soon burst forth, finding nourishment all round, into a shining little household fire, pleasant to the hands and hearts of both parties. Consent of opinions on important matters is not wanting; nor is emphasis in declaring the same. The mutual admiration, which is high,—high and intrinsic on Friedrich's side; and on Voltaire's, high if in part *ex*trinsic,—by no means wants for emphasis of statement: superlatives, tempered by the best art, pass and repass. Friedrich, reading Voltaire's immortal Manuscripts, confesses with a blush, before long, that he himself is a poor Apprentice that way. Voltaire, at sight of the Princely Productions, is full of admiration, of encouragement; does a little in correcting, solecisms of grammar chiefly; a little, by no means much. But it is a growing branch of employment; now and henceforth almost the one reality of function Voltaire can find for himself in this beautiful Correspondence. For, 'Oh, what a Crown-Prince, ripening forward to be the delight of human nature, and realise the dream of sages, Philosophy upon the Throne!' And on the other side, 'Oh, what a Phœbus Apollo, mounting the eastern sky, chasing the Nightmares,—sowing the Earth with Orient pearl, to begin with!'—In which fine duet, it

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi. 10.

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must be said, the Prince is perceptibly the truer singer; singing within compass, and from the heart; while the Phœbus shows himself acquainted with art, and warbles in seductive quavers, now and then beyond the pitch of his voice. We must own also, Friedrich proves little seducible; shows himself laudably indifferent to such siren-singing;—perhaps more used to flattery, and knowing by experience how little meal is to be made of chaff. Voltaire, in an ungrateful France, naturally plumes himself a good deal on such recognition by a Foreign Rising Sun; and, of the two, though so many years the elder, is much more like losing head a little.

Elegant gifts are despatched to Cirey; gold-amber trinkets for Madame, perhaps an amber inkholder for Monsieur: priceless at Cirey as the gifts of the very gods. By and by, a messenger goes express: the witty Colonel Keyserling, witty but experienced, whom we once named at Reinsberg; he is to go and see with his eyes, since his Master cannot. What a messenger there; ambassador from star to star! Keyserling's report at Reinsberg is not given; but we have Grafigny's, which is probably the more impartial. Keyserling's embassy was in the end of next year;[1] and there is plenty of airy writing about it and him, in these Letters.

Friedrich has translated the name *Keyserling* (diminutive of *Kaiser*) into 'Cæsarion';—and I should have said, he plays much upon names and also upon things, at Reinsberg, in that style; and has a good deal of airy symbolism, and cloudwork ingeniously painted round the solidities of his life there. Especially a 'Bayard Order,' as he calls it: Twelve of his selectest Friends made into a Chivalry Brotherhood, the names of whom are all changed, 'Cæsarion' one of them; with dainty devices, and mimetic procedures of the due sort. Which are not wholly mummery; but have a spice of reality, to flavour them to a serious young heart. For the selection was rigorous, superior merit and behaviour a strict condition;

[1] 3d November 1737 (as we gather from the Correspondence).

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and indeed several of these Bayard Chevaliers proved notable practical Champions in time coming;—for example Captain Fouquet, of whom we have heard before, in the dark Cüstrin days. This is a mentionable feature of the Reinsberg life, and of the young Prince's character there: pleasant to know of, from this distance; but not now worth knowing more in detail.

The Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence contains much incense; due whiffs of it, from Reinsberg side, to the 'divine Emilie,' Voltaire's quasi better-half or worse-half; who responds always in her divinest manner to Reinsberg, eager for more acquaintance there. The Du Châtelets had a Lawsuit in Brabant; very inveterate, perhaps a hundred years old or more; with the 'House of Honsbrouck:[1] this, not to speak of other causes, flights from French peril and the like, often brought Voltaire and his Dame into those parts; and gave rise to occasional hopes of meeting with Friedrich; which could not take effect. In more practical style, Voltaire solicits of him: 'Could not your Royal Highness perhaps graciously speak to some of those Judicial Bigwigs in Brabant, and flap them up a little!' Which Friedrich, I think, did, by some good means. Happily, by one means or other, Voltaire got the Lawsuit ended,—1740, we might guess, but the time is not specified;—and Friedrich had a new claim, had there been need of new, to be regarded with worship by Madame.[2] But the proposed meeting with Madame could never take effect; not even when Friedrich's hands were free. Nay, I notice at last, Friedrich had privately determined it never should; Madame evidently an inconvenient element to him. A young man not wanting in private power of eyesight; and able to distinguish chaff from meal! Voltaire and he will meet; meet, and also part; and there will be passages between them:—and the reader will again hear

[1] *Lettres Inédites de Voltaire* (Paris, 1826), p. 9.

[2] Record of all this, left, like innumerable other things there, in an intrinsically dark condition, lies in Voltaire's *Letters*,—not much worth hunting-up into clear daylight, the process being so difficult to a stranger.

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of this Correspondence of theirs, where it has a biographical interest. We are to conceive it, at present, as a principal light of life to the young heart at Reinsberg; a cheerful new fire, almost an altar-fire, irradiating the common dusk for him there.

Of another Correspondence, beautifully irradiative for the young heart, we must say almost nothing: the Correspondence with Suhm. Suhm the Saxon Minister, whom we have occasionally heard of, is an old Friend of the Crown-Prince's, dear and helpful to him: it is he who is now doing those *Translations* of *Wolf*, of which Voltaire lately saw specimen; translating *Wolf* at large, for the young man's behoof. The young man, restless to know the best Philosophy going, had tried reading of Wolf's chief Book; found it too abstruse, in Wolf's German: wherefore Suhm translates; sends it to him in limpid French; fascicle by fascicle, with commentaries; young man doing his best to understand and admire,—gratefully, not too successfully, we can perceive. That is the staple of the famous *Suhm Correspondence;* staple which nobody could now bear to be concerned with.

Suhm is also helpful in finance difficulties, which are pretty frequent; works-out subventions, loans under a handsome form, from the Czarina's and other Courts. Which is an operation of the utmost delicacy; perilous, should it be heard of at Potsdam. Wherefore Suhm and the Prince have a covert language for it: and affect still to be speaking of 'Publishers' and 'new Volumes,' when they mean Lenders and Bank-Draughts. All these loans, I will hope, were accurately paid one day, as that from George II. was, in 'rouleaus of new gold.' We need not doubt the wholesome charm and blessing of so intimate a Correspondence to the Crown-Prince; and indeed his real love of the amiable Suhm, as Suhm's of him, comes beautifully to light in these Letters: but otherwise they are not now to be read without weariness, even dreariness, and have become a biographical reminiscence merely.

Concerning Graf von Manteufel, a third Literary Corre-

spondent, and the only other considerable one, here, from a German Commentator on this matter, is a Clipping that will suffice:

'Manteufel was Saxon by birth, long a Minister of August the Strong, but quarrelled with August owing to some frail female it is said, and had withdrawn to Berlin a few years ago. He shines there among the fashionable philosophical classes; underhand, perhaps does a little in the volunteer political line withal; being a very busy pushing gentleman. Tall of stature, "perfectly handsome at the age of sixty;"[1] great partisan of Wolf and the Philosophies, awake to the Orthodoxies too. Writes flowing elegant French, in a softly trenchant, somewhat too all-knowing style. High manners traceable in him; but nothing of the noble loyalty, natural politeness and pious lucency of Suhm. One of his Letters to Friedrich has this slightly impertinent passage;—Friedrich, just getting settled in Reinsberg, having transiently mentioned "the quantity of fair sex" that had come about him there:

'"*Berlin, 26th August* 1736 (To the Crown-Prince). * * I am well persuaded your Royal Highness will regulate all that to perfection, and so manage that your fair-sex will be charmed to find themselves with you at Reinsberg, and you charmed to have them there. But permit me, your Royal Highness, to repeat in this place, what I one day took the liberty of saying here at Berlin: Nothing in the world would better suit the present interests of your Royal Highness and of us all, than some Heir of your Royal Highness's making! Perhaps the tranquil convenience with which your Royal Highness at Reinsberg can now attend to that object, will be of better effect than all those hasty and transitory visits at Berlin were. At least I wish it with the best of my heart. I beg pardon, Monseigneur, for intruding thus into everything which concerns your Royal Highness;"—In truth, I am a rather impudent busybodyish fellow, with super-abundant dashing manner, speculation, utterance; and shall get myself ordered out of the Country, by my present correspondent, by and by.—"Being ever," with the due enthusiasm, "MANTEUFEL."'[2]

'To which Friedrich's Answer is of a kind to put a gag in the foul mouth of certain extraordinary Pamphleteerings, that were once very copious in the world; and, in particular, to set at rest the Herr Dr. Zimmermann, and his poor puddle of calumnies and credulities, got

[1] Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 39-45.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 487;—Friedrich's Answer is, Reinsberg, 23d September (*Ibid.* 489).

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together in that weak pursuit of physiology under obscene circumstances;—

'Which is the one good result I have gathered from the Manteufel Correspondence,' continues our German friend; whom I vote with!—Or if the English reader never saw those Zimmermann or other dog-like Pamphleteerings and surmisings, let this Excerpt be mysterious and superfluous to the thankful English reader.

On the whole, we conceive to ourselves the abundant nature of Friedrich's Correspondence, literary and other; and what kind of event the transit of that Post functionary 'from Fehrbellin northwards,' with his leathern bags, 'twice a-week,' may have been at Reinsberg, in those years.

CHAPTER III

CROWN-PRINCE MAKES A MORNING CALL

THURSDAY 25th October 1736, the Crown-Prince, with Lieutenant Buddenbrock and an attendant or two, drove over into Mecklenburg, to a Village and serene Schloss called Mirow, intending a small act of neighbourly civility there; on which perhaps an English reader of our time will consent to accompany him. It is but some ten or twelve miles off, in a northerly direction; Reinsberg being close on the frontier there. A pleasant enough morning's-drive, with the October sun shining on the silent heaths, on the many-coloured woods and you.

Mirow is an Apanage for one of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz junior branches: Mecklenburg-Strelitz being itself a junior compared to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin of which, and its infatuated Duke, we have heard so much in times past. Mirow and even Strelitz are not in a very shining state,—but indeed, we shall see them, as it were, with eyes. And the English

reader is to note especially those Mirow people, as perhaps of some small interest to him, if he knew it. The Crown-Prince reports to Papa, in a satirical vein, not ungenially, and with much more freedom than is usual in those Reinsberg letters of his:

'*To his Prussian Majesty* (From the Crown-Prince)

'Reinsberg, 26th October 1736.

* * 'Yesterday I went across to Mirow. To give my Most All-gracious Father an idea of the place, I cannot liken it to anything higher than Gross-Kreutz' (term of comparison lost upon us; say *Garrat*, at a venture, or the *Clachan of Aberfoyle*): 'the one house in it, that can be called a house, is not so good as the Parson's there. I made straight for the Schloss; which is pretty much like the Garden-house in Bornim: only there is a rampart round it; and an old Tower, considerably in ruins, serves as a Gateway to the House.

'Coming on the Drawbridge, I perceived an old stocking-knitter disguised as Grenadier, with his cap, cartridge-box and musket laid to a side, that they might not hinder him in his knitting-work. As I advanced, he asked, "Whence I came, and whitherward I was going?" I answered, that "I came from the Posthouse, and was going over this Bridge;" whereupon the Grenadier, quite in a passion, ran to the Tower; where he opened a door and called out the Corporal. The Corporal seemed to have hardly been out of bed; and in his great haste, had not taken time to put-on his shoes, nor quite button his breeches; with much flurry he asked us, "Where we were for, and how we came to treat the Sentry in that manner?" Without answering him at all, we went our way towards the Schloss.

'Never in my life should I have taken this for a Schloss, had it not been that there were two glass lamps fixed at the door-posts, and the figures of two Cranes standing in front of them, by way of Guards. We made-up to the House; and after knocking almost half an hour to no purpose, there peered out at last an exceedingly old woman, who looked as if she might have nursed the Prince of Mirow's father. The poor woman, at sight of strangers, was so terrified, she slammed the door to in our faces. We knocked again; and seeing there could nothing be made of it, we went round to the stables; where a fellow told us, "The young Prince with his Consort was gone to Neu-Strelitz, a couple of miles off" (ten miles English); "and the Duchess his Mother, who lives here, had given him, to make the better figure, all her people along with him; keeping nobody but the old woman to herself."

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'It was still early; so I thought I could not do better than profit by the opportunity, and have a look at Neu-Strelitz. We took post-horses; and got thither about noon. Neu-Strelitz is properly a Village; with only one street in it, where Chamberlains, Office-Clerks, Domestics all lodge, and where there is an Inn. I cannot better describe it to my Most All-gracious Father than by that street in Gumbinnen where you go up to the Townhall,—except that no house here is whitewashed. The Schloss is fine, and lies on a lake, with a big garden; pretty much like Reinsberg in situation.

'The first question I asked here was for the Prince of Mirow: but they told me he had just driven off again to a place called Kanow; which is only a couple of miles English from Mirow, where we had been. Buddenbrock, who is acquainted with Neu-Strelitz, got me, from a chamberlain, something to eat; and in the mean while that Böhme came in, who was Adjutant in my Most All-gracious Father's Regiment' (not of Goltz, but King's presumably): 'Böhme did not know me till I hinted to him who I was. He told me, "The Duke of Strelitz was an excellent seamster;" fit to be Tailor to your Majesty in a manner, had not Fate been cruel, "and that he made beautiful dressing-gowns (*casaquins*) with his needle." This made me curious to see him: so we had ourselves presented as Foreigners; and it went-off so well that nobody recognised me. I cannot better describe the Duke than by saying he is like old Stahl' (famed old medical man at Berlin, dead last year, physiognomy not known to actual readers), 'in a blonde Abbé's-periwig. He is extremely silly (*blöde*); his Hofrath Altrock tells him, as it were, everything he has to say.' About fifty, this poor Duke; shrunk into needlework, for a quiet life, amid such tumults from Schwerin and elsewhere.

'Having taken leave, we drove right off to Kanow; and got thither about six. It is a mere Village; and the Prince's Pleasure-House (*Lusthaus*) here is nothing better than an ordinary Hunting-Lodge, such as any Forest-keeper has. I alighted at the Miller's; and had myself announced' at the *Lusthaus* 'by his maid: upon which the Major-Domo (*Haus-Hofmeister*) came over to the Mill, and complimented me; with whom I proceeded to the Residenz,'—that is, back again to Mirow, 'where the whole Mirow Family were assembled. The Mother is a Princess of Schwartzburg, and still the cleverest of them all,'—still under sixty; good old Mother, intent that her poor Son should appear to advantage, when visiting the more opulent Serenities. 'His Aunt also,' mother's sister, 'was there. The Lady Spouse is small; a Niece to the Prince of Hildburghausen, who is in the Kaiser's service: she was in the family-way; but (*aber*) seemed otherwise to be a very good Princess.

'The first thing they entertained me with was, the sad misfortune

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come upon their best Cook; who, with the cart that was bringing the provisions, had overset, and broken his arm; so that the provisions had all gone to nothing. Privately I have had inquiries made; there was not a word of truth in the story. At last we went to table; and, sure enough, it looked as if the Cook and his provisions had come to some mishap; for certainly in the Three Crowns at Potsdam' (worst inn, one may guess, in the satirical vein), 'there is better eating than here.

'At table there was talk of nothing but of all the German Princes who are not right in their wits (*nicht recht klug*),'—as Mirow himself, your Majesty knows, is reputed to be! 'There was Weimar,[1] Gotha, Waldeck, Hoym, and the whole lot of them, brought upon the carpet:—and after our good Host had got considerably drunk, we rose,—and he lovingly promised me that "he and his whole Family would come and visit Reinsberg." Come he certainly will; but how I shall get rid of him, God knows.

'I most submissively beg pardon of my Most All-gracious Father for this long Letter; and'—we will terminate here.[2]

Dilapidated Mirow and its inmates, portrayed in this satirical way, except as a view of Serene Highnesses fallen into Sleepy Hollow, excites little notice in the indolent mind; and that little, rather pleasantly contemptuous than really profitable. But one fact ought to kindle momentary interest in English readers: the young foolish Herr, in this dilapidated place, is no other than our 'Old Queen Charlotte's' Father that is to be,—a kind of Ancestor of ours, though we little guessed it! English readers will scan him with new curiosity, when he pays that return visit at Reinsberg. Which he does within the fortnight.

'To his Prussian Majesty (From the Crown-Prince)

'Reinsberg, 8th November 1736.

* * 'that my Most All-gracious Father has had the graciousness to send us some Swans. My Wife also has been exceedingly delighted

[1] Wilhelmina's acquaintance; wedded, not without difficulty, to a superfluous Baireuth Sister-in-law by Wilhelmina (*Mémoires de Wilhelmina*, ii. 185-194): Grandfather of Goethe's Friend;—is nothing like fairly out of his wits; only has a flea (as we may say) dancing occasionally in the ear of him. Perhaps it is so with the rest of these Serenities, here fallen upon evil tongues?

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 104-106.

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at the fine Present sent her.' * * 'General Prætorius,' Danish Envoy, with whose Court there is some tiff or quarrel, 'came hither yesterday to take leave of us; he seems very unwilling to quit Prussia.

'This morning, about three o'clock, my people woke me, with word that there was a Stafette come with Letters,'—from your Majesty or Heaven knows whom! 'I spring up in all haste; and opening the Letter,—find it is from the Prince of Mirow; who informs me that "he will be here to-day at noon." I have got all things in readiness to receive him, as if he were the Kaiser in person; and I hope there will be material for some amusement to my Most All-gracious Father, by next post.'—Next post is half-a-week hence:

'*To his Prussian Majesty* (From the Crown-Prince)

'Reinsberg, 11th November.

* * 'The Prince of Mirow's visit was so curious, I must give my Most All-gracious Father a particular report of it. In my last I mentioned how General Prætorius had come to us: he was in the room, when I entered with the Prince of Mirow; at sight of him Prætorius exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by everybody, "*Voilà le Prince Cajuca!*"[1] Not one of us could help laughing; and I had my own trouble to turn it so that he did not get angry.

'Scarcely was the Prince got in, when they came to tell me, for his worse luck, that Prince Heinrich,' the Ill Margraf, 'was come;—who accordingly trotted him out, in such a way that we thought we should all have died with laughing. Incessant praises were given him, especially for his fine clothes, his fine air, and his uncommon agility in dancing. And indeed I thought the dancing would never end.

'In the afternoon, to spoil his fine coat,'—a contrivance of the Ill Margraf's, I should think,—'we stept out to shoot at target in the rain: he would not speak of it, but one could observe he was in much anxiety about the coat. In the evening, he got a glass or two in his head, and grew extremely merry; said at last, "He was sorry that, for divers state-reasons and businesses of moment, he must of necessity return home;" —which, however, he put-off till about two in the morning. I think, next day he would not remember very much of it.

'Prince Heinrich is gone to his Regiment again;' Prætorius too is off; —and we end with the proper *Kow-tow*.[2]

These Strelitzers, we said, are juniors to infatuated Schwerin; and poor Mirow is again junior to Strelitz:

[1] Nickname out of some Romance, fallen extinct long since.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. part 3d, p. 109.

plainly one of the least opulent of Residences. At present, it is Dowager Apanage (*Wittwen-Sitz*) to the Widow of the late Strelitz of blessed memory: here, with her one Child, a boy now grown to what manhood we see, has the Serene Dowager lived, these twenty-eight years past; a Schwartzburg by birth, 'the cleverest head among them all.' Twenty-eight years in dilapidated Mirow: so long has that Tailoring Duke, her eldest *stepson* (child of a prior wife) been Supreme Head of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; employed with his needle, or we know not how,—collapsed plainly into tailoring at this date. There was but one other Son; this clever Lady's, twenty years junior,—'Prince of Mirow' whom we now see. Karl Ludwig Friedrich is the name of this one; age now twenty-eight gone. He, ever since the third month of him, when the poor Serene Father died ('May 1708') has been at Mirow with Mamma; getting what education there was,—not too successfully, as would appear. Eight years ago, 'in 1726,' Mamma sent him off upon his travels; to Geneva, Italy, France: he looked in upon Vienna, too; got a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the Kaiser's Service, but did not like it; soon gave it up; and returned home to vegetate, perhaps to seek a wife,—having prospects of succession in Strelitz. For the Serene Half-Brother proves to have no children: were *his* tailoring once finished in the world, our Prince of Mirow is Duke in Chief. On this basis he wedded last year: the little Wife has already brought him one child, a Daughter; and has (as Friedrich notices) another under way, if it prosper. No lack of Daughters, nor of Sons by and by: eight years hence came the little Charlotte,—subsequently Mother of England: much to her and our astonishment.[1]

The poor man did not live to be Duke of Strelitz; he died, 1752, in little Charlotte's eighth year; Tailor Duke

[1] Born (at Mirow), 19th May 1744: married (London), 8th September 1761; died, 18th November 1818 (Michaelis, ii. 445, 446; Hübner, t. 195; Œrtel, pp. 43, 22).

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surviving him a few months. Little Charlotte's Brother did then succeed, and lasted till 1794; after whom a second Brother, father of the now Serene Strelitzes;—who also is genealogically notable. For from him there came another still more famous Queen: Louisa of Prussia; beautiful to look upon, as 'Aunt Charlotte' was not, in a high degree; and who showed herself a Heroine in Napoleon's time, as Aunt Charlotte never was called to do. Both Aunt and Niece were women of sense, of probity, propriety; fairly beyond the average of Queens. And as to their early poverty, ridiculous to this gold-nugget generation, I rather guess it may have done them benefits which the gold-nugget generation, in its Queens and otherwise, stands far more in want of than it thinks.

But enough of this Prince of Mirow, whom Friedrich has accidentally unearthed for us. Indeed there is no farther history of him, for or against. He evidently was not thought to have invented gunpowder, by the public. And yet who knows but, in his very simplicity, there lay something far beyond the Ill Margraf to whom he was so quizzable? Poor downpressed brother mortal; somnambulating so pacifically in Sleepy Hollow yonder, and making no complaint!

He continued, though soon with less enthusiasm, and in the end very rarely, a visitor of Friedrich's during this Reinsberg time. Patriotic English readers may as well take the few remaining vestiges too, before quite dismissing him to Sleepy Hollow. Here they are, swept accurately together, from that Correspondence of Friedrich with Papa:

'*Reinsberg*, 18*th November* 1736. * * report most submissively that the Prince of Mirow has again been here, with his Mother, Wife, Aunt, Hofdames, Cavaliers and entire Household; so that I thought it was the Flight out of Egypt' (Exodus of the Jews). 'I begin to have a fear of those good people, as they assured me they would have such pleasure in coming often!'

'*Reinsberg*, 1*st February* 1737.' Let us give it in the Original too, as a specimen of German spelling:

'*Der Printz von Mihrau ist vohr einigen thagen hier gewessen und haben wier einige Wasser schwermer in der See ihm zu Ehren gesmissen, seine frau ist mit einer thoten Printzesin nieder geKomen.—Der General schulenburg ist heute hier gekommen und wirdt morgen*'—That is to say:

'The Prince of Mirow was here a few days ago; and we let-off, in honour of him, a few water-rockets over the Lake: his Wife has been brought to bed of a dead Princess. General Schulenburg' (with a small *s*) 'came hither today; and tomorrow will' * *

'*Reinsberg, 28th March* 1737. * * Prince von Mirow was here yesterday; and tried shooting at the popinjay with us; he cannot see rightly, and shoots always with the help of an opera-glass.'

'*Ruppin, 20th October* 1737. The Prince of Mirow was with us last Friday; and babbled much in his high way; among other things, whitelied to us, that the Kaiserinn gave him a certain porcelain snuff-box he was handling; but on being questioned more tightly, he confessed to me he had bought it in Vienna.'[1]

And so let him somnambulate yonder, till the two Queens, like winged Psyches, one after the other, manage to emerge from him.

Friedrich's Letters to his Father are described by some Prussian Editors as 'very attractive *sehr ansiehende Briefe*'; which, to a Foreign reader, seems a strange account of them. Letters very hard to understand completely; and rather insignificant when understood. They turn on Gifts sent to and sent from, 'swans,' 'hams,' with the unspeakable thanks for them; on recruits of so many inches; on the visitors that have been; they assure us that 'there is no sickness in the regiment,' or tell expressly how much:—wholly small facts; nothing of speculation, and of ceremonial pipeclay a great deal. We know already under what nightmare conditions Friedrich wrote to his Father! The attitude of the Crown Prince, sincerely reverent and filial, though obliged to appear ineffably so, and on the whole struggling under such mountains of encumbrance, yet loyally maintaining his equilibrium, does at last acquire, in these Letters, silently a kind of beauty

[1] *Briefe an Vater*, p. 71 (*carel* in *Œuvres*); pp. 85-114.—See *Ibid.*, 6th November 1737, for faint trace of a visit; and 25th September 1739, for another still fainter, the last there is.

to the best class of readers. But that is nearly their sole merit. By far the most human of them, that on the first visit to Mirow, the reader has now seen; and may thank us much that we show him no more of them.[1]

CHAPTER IV

NEWS OF THE DAY

WHILE these Mirow visits are about their best, and much else at Reinsberg is in comfortable progress, Friedrich's first year there just ending, there come accounts from England of quarrels broken out between the Britannic Majesty and his Prince of Wales. Discrepancies risen now to a height; and getting into the very Newspapers;—the Rising Sun too little under the control of the Setting, in that unquiet Country!

Prince Fred of England did not get to the Rhine Campaign, as we saw: he got some increase of Revenue, a Household of his own; and finally a Wife, as he had requested: a Sachsen-Gotha Princess; who, peerless Wilhelmina being unattainable, was welcome to Prince Fred. She is in the family-way, this summer 1737, a very young lady still; result thought to be due—When? Result being potential Heir to the British Nation, there ought to have been good calculation of the time when! But apparently nobody had well turned his attention that way. Or if Fred and Spouse had, as is presumable, Fred had given no notice to the Paternal Majesty, —'Let Paternal Majesty, always so cross to me, look-out for himself in that matter.' Certain it is, Fred and Spouse, in the beginning of August 1737, are out at Hampton Court; potential Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th in the evening, out at solitary Hampton

[1] *Friedrich des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, 1838). Reduced in size, by suitable omissions; and properly spelt; but with little other elucidation for a stranger: in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 1-123 (Berlin, 1856).

Court; the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth,—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry, or by forethought,—instead of dashing-off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the necessary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled-off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor Wife in person! Unwarned, unprovided; where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night,—safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway: never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment,—unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech, on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be. Papa doubts not, it was malice aforethought all of it. 'Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!' thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since; the very Newspapers and coffee-houses and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit, one visit to the poor young Mother, so soon as proper: coming out from the visit, Prince Fred obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace, in front of St. James's; and there knelt down on the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to 'beg a Mother's blessing,' and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed tenor; drove off; and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear, this kneeling in the mud tells against Prince Fred; but in truth I do not know, nor even much care.[1] What a noise in England about nothing at all!—What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty!

[1] Lord Hervey, *Memoirs of George the Second*, ii. 362-370, 409.

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Foolish 'rising sun' not restrainable there by the setting or shining one; opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations, like a very mad object!—

But in a month or two, there comes worse news out of England; falling heavy on the heart of Prussian Majesty: news that Queen Caroline herself is dead.[1] Died as she had lived, with much constancy of mind, with a graceful modest courage and endurance; sinking quietly under the load of private miseries long quietly kept hidden, but now become too heavy, and for which the appointed rest was now here. Little George blubbered a good deal; fidgeted and flustered a good deal: much put about, poor foolish little soul. The dying Caroline recommended *him* to Walpole; advised his Majesty to marry again. '*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses* (No, I'll have mistresses)!' sobbed his Majesty passionately. '*Ah, mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas* (that does not hinder)!' answered she, from long experience of the case. There is something stoically tragic in the history of Caroline with her flighty vapouring little King: seldom had foolish husband so wise a wife. 'Dead!' thought Friedrich Wilhelm, looking back through the whirlwinds of life, into sunny young scenes far enough away: 'Dead!'—Walpole continued to manage the little King; but not for long; England itself rising in objection. Jenkins's Ear, I understand, is lying in cotton; and there are mad inflammable strata in that Nation, capable of exploding at a great rate.

From the Eastern regions our Newspapers are very full of events: War with the Turk going on there; Russia and Austria both doing their best against the Turk. The Russians had hardly finished their Polish-Election fighting, when they decided to have a stroke at the Turk,—Turk always an especial eye-sorrow to them, since that 'Treaty of the Pruth,' and Czar Peter's sad rebuff there:—Münnich marched direct out of Poland through the Ukraine, with his eye on the

[1] 'Sunday evening, 1st December (20th Nov.) 1737.' Lord Hervey, *Memoirs of George the Second*, ii. pp. 510-539.

Crimea and furious business in that quarter. This is his second Campaign there, this of 1737; and furious business has not failed. Last year he stormed the Lines of Perecop, tore open the Crimea; took Azoph, he or Lacy under him; took many things: this year he had laid his plans for Oczakow; —takes Oczakow,—fiery event, blazing in all the Newspapers, at Reinsberg and elsewhere. Concerning which will the reader accept this condensed testimony by an eye-witness?

'*Oczakow*, 13*th July* 1737. Day before yesterday, Feldmarschall Münnich got to Oczakow, as he had planned,'—strong Turkish Town in the nook between the Black Sea and the estuary of the Dnieper;—'with intention to besiege it. Siege-train, stores of every sort, which he had set afloat upon the Dnieper in time enough, were to have been ready for him at Oczakow. But the flotilla had been detained by shallows, by waterfalls; not a boat was come, nor could anybody say when they were coming. Meanwhile nothing is to be had here; the very face of the earth the Turks have burnt: not a blade of grass for cavalry within eight miles, nor a stick of wood for engineers; not a hole for covert, and the ground so hard you cannot raise redoubts on it: Münnich perceives he must attempt, nevertheless.

'On his right, by the seashore, Münnich finds some remains of gardens, palisades; scrapes together some vestige of shelter there (five thousand, or even ten thousand pioneers working desperately all that first night, 11th July, with only half success); and on the morrow commences firing with what artillery he has. Much out-fired by the Turks inside;—his enterprise as good as desperate, unless the Dnieper flotilla come soon. July 12th, all day the firing continues, and all night; Turks extremely furious: about an hour before daybreak, we notice burning in the interior, "Some wooden house kindled by us, town got on fire yonder," and, praise to Heaven, they do not seem to succeed in quenching it again. Münnich turns out, in various divisions; intent on trying something, had he the least engineer furniture;—hopes desperately there may be promise for him in that internal burning still visible.

'In the centre of Münnich's line is one General Keith, a deliberate stalwart Scotch gentleman, whom we shall know better; Münnich himself is to the right: could not one try it by scalade; keep the internal burning free to spread, at any rate? "Advance within musket-shot, General Keith!" orders Münnich's Aide-de-Camp cantering up. "I have been this good while within it," answers Keith, pointing to his dead men. Aide-de-Camp canters up a second time: "Advance within half musket-shot, General Keith, and quit any covert you have!"

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Keith does so; sends, with his respects to Feldmarschall Münnich, his remonstrance against such a waste of human life. Aide-de-Camp canters up a third time: "Feldmarschall Münnich is for trying a scalade; hopes General Keith will do his best to cöoperate!" "Forward, then!" answers Keith; advances close to the glacis; finds a wet ditch twelve feet broad, and has not a stick of engineer furniture. Keith waits there two hours; his men, under fire all the while, trying this and that to get across; Münnich's scalade going off ineffectual in like manner:—till at length Keith's men, and all men, tire of such a business, and roll back in great confusion out of shot-range. Münnich gives himself up for lost. And indeed, says Mannstein, had the Turks sallied out in pursuit at that moment, they might have chased us back to Russia. But the Turks did not sally. And the internal conflagration is not quenched, far from it;—and about nine A.M. their Powder Magazine, conflagration reaching it, roared aloft into the air, and killed seven thousand of them.'[1]

So that Oczakow was taken, sure enongh; terms, life only: and every remaining Turk packs-off from it, some 'twenty-thousand inhabitants young and old' for one sad item.—A very blazing semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles,—where General Keith will be better known one day.

Russian War with the Turk: that means withal, by old Treaties, aid of thirty thousand men from the Kaiser to Russia. Kaiser, so ruined lately, how can he send thirty thousand, and keep them recruited, in such distant expedition? Kaiser, much meditating, is advised it will be better to go frankly into the Turk on his own score, and try for slices of profit from him in this game. Kaiser declares war against the Turk; and what is still more interesting to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Berlin Circles, Seckendorf is named General of it. Feldzeugmeister now Feldmarschall Seckendorf, envy may say what it will, he has marched this season into the Lower-Donau Countries,—going to besiege Widdin, they say,—at the head of a big Army (on paper, almost a hundred and fifty thousand, light troops and heavy)—virtually Commander-in-Chief; though nominally our fine young friend, Franz of Lorraine bears the title of Commander, whom Seckendorf is to

[1] Mannstein, pp. 151-156.

dry-nurse in the way sometimes practised. Going to besiege Widdin, they say. So has the poor Kaiser been advised. His wise old Eugene is now gone;[1] I fear his advisers,—a youngish Feldzeugmeister, Prince of Hildburghausen, the chief favourite among them,—are none of the wisest. All Protestants, we observe, these favourite Hildburghausens, Schmettaus, Seckendorfs of his; and Vienna is an orthodox papal Court;—and there is a Hofkriegsrath (Supreme Council of War), which has ruined many a General, poking too meddlesomely into his affairs! On the whole, Seckendorf will have his difficulties. Here is a scene, on the Lower Donau, different enough from that at Oczakow, not far from contemporaneous with it. The Austrian Army is at Kolitz, a march or two beyond Belgrad:

'*Kolitz, 2d July* 1737. This day, the Army not being on march, but allowed to rest itself, Grand Duke Franz went into the woods to hunt. Hunting up and down, he lost himself; did not return at evening; and, as the night closed in and no Generalissimo visible, the Generalissimo *ad Latus* (such the title they had contrived for Seckendorf) was in much alarm. Generalissimo *ad Latus* ordered out his whole force of drummers, trumpeters: To fling themselves, postwise, deeper and deeper into the woods all round; to drum there, and blow, in everwidening circle, in prescribed notes, and with all energy, till the Grand Duke were found. Grand Duke being found, Seckendorf remonstrated, rebuked; a thought too earnestly, some say, his temper being flurried,'—voice snuffling somewhat in alt, with lisp to help:—'so that the Grand Duke took offence; flung-off in a huff: and always looked askance on the Feldmarschall from that time;'[2]—quitting him altogether before long; and marching with Khevenhüller, Wallis, Hildburghausen, or any of the subordinate Generals rather. Probably Widden will not go the road of Oczakow, nor the Austrians prosper like the Russians, this summer.

Pöllnitz, in Tobacco-Parliament, and in certain Berlin circles foolishly agape about this new Feldmarschall, maintains always, Seckendorf will come to nothing; which his Majesty zealously contradicts,—his Majesty, and some short-sighted

[1] Died 30th April 1736.

[2] See *Lebensgeschichte des Grafen von Schmettau* (by his Son; Berlin, 1806), i. 27.

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private individuals still favourable to Seckendorf.[1] Exactly one week after that singular drum-and-trumpet operation on Duke Franz, the last of the Medici dies at Florence;[2] and Serene Franz, if he knew it, is Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, according to bargain: a matter important to himself chiefly, and to France, who, for Stanislaus and Lorraine's sake, has had to pay him some 200,000*l.* a-year during the brief intermediate state.

Of Berg and Jülich again; and of Luiscius with the One Razor

These remote occurrences are of small interest to his Prussian Majesty, in comparison with the Pfalz affair, the Cleve-Jülich succession, which lies so near home. His Majesty is uncommonly anxious to have this matter settled, in peace, if possible. Kaiser and Reich, with the other Mediating Powers, go on mediating; but when will they decide? This year the old Bishop of Augsburg, one Brother of the older Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip, dies; nothing now between us and the event itself, but Karl Philip alone, who is verging towards eighty: the decision, to be peaceable, ought to be speedy! Friedrich Wilhelm, in January last, sent the expert Degenfeld, once of London, to old Karl Philip; and has him still there, with the most conciliatory offers: 'Will leave your Sulzbachs a part, then; will be content with part, instead of the whole, which is mine if there be force in sealed parchment; will do anything for peace!' To which the old Kur-Pfalz, foolish old creature, is steadily deaf; answers vaguely, negatively always, in a polite manner; pushing his Majesty upon extremities painful to think of. 'We hate war; but cannot quite do without justice, your Serenity,' thinks Friedrich Wilhelm: 'must it be the eighty thousand iron ramrods, then?' Obstinate Serenity continues deaf; and Friedrich

[1] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 497-502.
[2] 9th July (*Fastes de Louis XV.* p. 304).

Wilhelm's negotiations, there at Mannheim, over in Holland, and through Holland with England, not to speak of Kaiser and Reich close at hand, become very intense; vehemently earnest, about this matter, for the next two years. The details of which, inexpressibly uninteresting, shall be spared the reader.

Summary is, these Mediating Powers will be of no help to his Majesty; not even the Dutch will, with whom he is specially in friendship: nay, in the third year it becomes fatally manifest, the chief Mediating Powers, Kaiser and France, listening rather to political convenience, than to the claims of justice, go direct in Kur-Pfalz's favour;—by formal treaty of their own,[1] France and the Kaiser settle, 'That the Sulzbachers shall, as a preliminary, get provisional possession, on the now Serenity's decease; and shall continue undisturbed for two years, till Law decide between his Prussian Majesty and them.' Two years; Law decide;—and we know what are the *nine-points* in a Law-case! This, at last, proved too much for his Majesty. Majesty's abstruse dubitations, meditations on such treatment by a Kaiser and others, did then, it appears, gloomily settle into fixed private purpose of trying it by the iron ramrods, when old Kur-Pfalz should die, —of marching with eighty thousand men into the Cleve Countries, and *so* welcoming any Sulzbach or other guests that might arrive. Happily old Kur-Pfalz did not die in his Majesty's time; survived his Majesty several years: so that the matter fell into other hands,—and was settled very well, near a century after.

Of certain wranglings with the little Town of Herstal,—Prussian Town (part of the Orange Heritage, once *King Pepin's* Town, if that were any matter now) in the Bishop of Liége's neighbourhood, Town highly insignificant otherwise,—we shall say nothing here, as they will fall to be treated, and be settled, at an after stage. Friedrich Wilhelm was much

[1] 'Versailles, 13th January 1739' (Olrich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege*, 1-13); Mauvillon, ii. 405-446; etc.

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grieved by the contumacies of that paltry little Herstal; and by the Bishop of Liége's highflown procedures in countenancing them;—especially in a recruiting case that had fallen out there, and brought matters to a head.[1] The Kaiser too was afflictively high in countenancing the Bishop; for which both Kaiser and Bishop got due payment in time. But his Prussian Majesty would not kindle the world for such a paltriness; and so left it hanging in a vexatious condition. Such things, it is remarked, weigh heavier on his now infirm Majesty than they were wont. He is more subject to fits of hypochondria, to talk of abdicating. 'All gone wrong!' he would say, if any little flaw rose, about recruiting or the like. 'One might go and live at Venice, were one rid of it!'[2] And his deep-stung clangorous growl against the Kaiser's treatment of him bursts out, from time to time; though he oftenest pities the Kaiser, too; seeing him at such a pass with his Turk War and otherwise.

It was in this Pfalz business that Herr Luiscius, the Prussian Minister in Holland, got into trouble; of whom there is a light dash of outline-portraiture by Voltaire, which has made him memorable to readers. This 'fat King of Prussia,' says Voltaire, was a dreadfully avaricious fellow, unbeautiful to a high degree in his proceedings with mankind:

'He had a Minister at the Hague called Luiscius; who certainly of all Ministers of Crowned Heads was the worst paid. This poor man, to warm himself, had made some trees be felled in the Garden of Honslardik, which belonged at that time to the House of Prussia; he thereupon received despatches from the King, intimating that a year of his salary was forfeited. Luiscius, in despair, cut his throat with probably the one razor he had (*seul rasoir qu'il eût*); an old valet came to his assistance, and unhappily saved his life. In after years, I found his Excellency at the Hague; and have occasionally given him an alms at the door of the

[1] 'December 1738' is crisis of the recruiting case (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 63); '17th February 1739,' Bishop's highflown appearance in it (*ib.* 67); Kaiser's in consequence, '10th April 1739.'

[2] Förster (place *lost*).

Vieille Cour (Old Court), a Palace belonging to the King of Prussia, where this poor Ambassador had lived a dozen years. It must be owned, Turkey is a republic in comparison to the despotism exercised by Friedrich Wilhelm.'[1]

Here truly is a witty sketch; consummately dashed off, as nobody but Voltaire could; 'round as Giotto's O,' done at one stroke. Of which the prose facts are only as follows. Luiscius, Prussian Resident, not distinguished by salary or otherwise, had, at one stage of these negotiations, been told, from headquarters, He might, in casual extra-official ways, if it seemed furthersome, give their High Mightinesses the hope, or notion, that his Majesty did not intend actual war about that Cleve-Jülich Succession,—being a pacific Majesty, and unwilling to involve his neighbours and mankind. Luiscius, instead of casual hint delicately dropped in some good way, had proceeded by direct declaration; frank assurance to the High Mightinesses, That there would be no war. Which had never been quite his Majesty's meaning, and perhaps was now becoming rather the reverse of it. Disavowal of Luiscius had to ensue thereupon; who produced defensively his instruction from headquarters; but got only rebukes for such heavy-footed clumsy procedure, so unlike Diplomacy with its shoes of felt; —and, in brief, was turned out of the Diplomatic function, as unfit for it; and appointed to manage certain Orange Properties, fragments of the Orange Heritage which his Majesty still has in those Countries. This misadventure sank heavily on the spirits of Luiscius, otherwise none of the strongest-minded of men. Nor did he prosper in managing the Orange Properties: on the contrary, he again fell into mistakes; got soundly rebuked for injudicious conduct there, —'cutting trees,' planting trees, or whatever it was;—and this produced such an effect on Luiscius, that he made an attempt on his own throat, distracted mortal; and was only stopped by somebody rushing in. 'It was not the first time he had tried that feat,' says Pöllnitz, 'and been prevented;

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire* (*Vie Privée*, or what they now call *Mémoires*), ii. 15.

nor was it long till he made a new attempt, which was again frustrated: and always afterwards his relations kept him close in view:' Majesty writing comfortable forgiveness to the perturbed creature, and also 'settling a pension on him'; adequate, we can hope, and not excessive; 'which Luiscius continued to receive, at the Hague, so long as he lived.' These are the prose facts; not definitely dated to us, but perfectly clear otherwise.[1]

Voltaire, in his Dutch excursions, did sometimes, in after years, lodge in that old vacant Palace, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague; where he gracefully celebrates the decayed forsaken state of matters; dusky vast rooms with dim gilding; forgotten libraries 'veiled under the biggest spiderwebs in Europe'; for the rest, an uncommonly quiet place, convenient for a writing man, besides costing nothing. A son of this Luiscius, a good young lad, it also appears, was occasionally Voltaire's amanuensis there; him he did recommend zealously to the new King of Prussia, who was not deaf on the occasion. This, in the fire of satirical wit, is what we can transiently call 'giving alms to a Prussian Excellency';—not now excellent, but pensioned and cracked; and the reader perceives, Luiscius had probably more than one razor, had not one been enough, when he did the rash act! Friedrich employed Luiscius Junior, with no result that we hear of farther; and seems to have thought Luiscius Senior an absurd fellow, not worth mentioning again: 'ran away from the Cleve Country' (probably some madhouse there) 'above a year ago, I hear; and what is the matter where such a crackbrain end?'[2]

[1] Pöllnitz, ii. 495, 496;—the '*new* attempt' seems to have been 'June 1739' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, in mense, p. 331).

[2] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Letter to Friedrich, 7th October 1740), lxxii. 261; and Friedrich's answer (wrong dated), *ib.* 265; Preuss, xxii. 33.

CHAPTER V

VISIT AT LOO

THE Pfalz question being in such a predicament, and Luiscius diplomatising upon it in such heavy-footed manner, his Majesty thinks a journey to Holland, to visit one's Kinsfolk there, and incidentally speak a word with the High Mightinesses upon Pfalz, would not be amiss. Such journey is decided on; Crown-Prince to accompany. Summer of 1738: a short visit, quite without fuss; to last only three days;—mere sequel to the Reviews held in those adjacent Cleve Countries; so that the Gazetteers may take no notice. All which was done accordingly: Crown-Prince's first sight of Holland; and one of the few reportable points of his Reinsberg life, and not quite without memorability to him and us.

On the 8th of July 1738, the Review Party got upon the road for Wesel: all through July, they did their reviewing in those Cleve Countries; and then struck across for the Palace of Loo in Geldern, where a Prince of Orange countable kinsman to his Prussian Majesty, and a Princess still more nearly connected,—English George's Daughter, own niece to his Prussian Majesty,—are in waiting for this distinguished honour. The Prince of Orange we have already seen, for a moment once; at the siege of Philipsburg four years ago, when the sale of Chasot's horses went off so well. 'Nothing like selling horses when your company have dined well,' whispered he to Chasot, at that time; since which date we have heard nothing of his Highness.

He is not a beautiful man; he has a crooked back, and features conformable; but is of prompt vivacious nature, and does not want for sense and good-humour. Paternal George, the gossips say, warned his Princess, when this marriage was talked of, 'You will find him very ill-looking though!' 'And if I found him a baboon—!' answered she; being so

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heartily tired of St. James's. And in fact, for anything I have heard, they do well enough together. She is George II.'s eldest Princess;—next elder to our poor Amelia, who was once so interesting to us! What the Crown-Prince now thought of all that, I do not know; but the Books say, poor Amelia wore the willow, and specially wore the Prince's miniature on her breast all her days after, which were many. Grew corpulent, somewhat a huddle in appearance and equipment, 'eyelids like upper-*lips*,' for one item: but when life itself fled, the miniature was found in its old place, resting on the old heart after some sixty years. O Time, O Sons and Daughters of Time!—

His Majesty's reception at Loo was of the kind he liked,—cordial, honourable, unceremonious; and these were three pleasant days he had. Pleasant for the Crown-Prince too; as the whole Journey had rather been; Papa, with covert satisfaction, finding him a wise creature, after all, and 'more serious' than formerly. 'Hm, you don't know what things are in that Fritz!' his Majesty murmured sometimes, in these later years, with a fine light in his eyes.

Loo itself is a beautiful Palace: 'Loo, close by the Village Appeldoorn, is a stately brick edifice, built with architectural regularity; has finely decorated rooms, beautiful gardens, and round are superb alleys of oak and linden.'[1] There saunters pleasantly our Crown-Prince, for these three days;—and one glad incident I do perceive to have befallen him there: the arrival of a Letter from Voltaire. Letter much expected, which had followed him from Wesel; and which he answers here, in this brick Palace, among the superb avenues and gardens.[2]

No doubt a glad incident, irradiating, as with a sudden sunburst in gray weather, the commonplace of things. Here is news worth listening to; news as from the empyrean!

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, viii. 69.

[2] *Œuvres*, xxi. 203, the Letter, 'Cirey, June 1738'; *Ib.* 222, the Answer to it, 'Loo, 6th August 1738.'

Free interchange of poetries and proses, of heroic sentiments and opinions, between the Unique of Sages and the Paragon of Crown-Princes; how charming to both! Literary business, we perceive, is brisk on both hands; at Cirey the *Discours sur l'Homme* ('Sixth *Discours*' arrives in this packet at Loo, surely a deathless piece of singing); nor is Reinsberg idle: Reinsberg is copiously doing verse, such verse! and in prose, very earnestly, an '*Anti-Macchiavel*'; which soon afterwards filled all the then world, though it has now fallen so silent again. And at Paris, as Voltaire announces with a flourish, 'M. de Maupertuis's excellent Book, *Figure de la Terre*, is out;'[1] M. de Maupertuis, home from the Polar regions and from measuring the Earth there; the sublimest miracle in Paris society at present. Might build, new-build, an *Academy of Sciences* at Berlin for your Royal Highness, one day? suggests Voltaire, on this occasion: and Friedrich, as we shall see, takes the hint. One passage of the Crown-Prince's Answer is in these terms;—fixing this Loo Visit to its date for us, at any rate:

'*Loo in Holland, 6th August* 1739. * * I write from a place where there lived once a great man' (William III. of England, our Dutch William); 'which is now the Prince of Orange's House. The demon of Ambition sheds its unhappy poisons over his days. He might be the most fortunate of men; and he is devoured by chagrins in his beautiful Palace here, in the middle of his gardens and of a brilliant Court. It is pity in truth; for he is a Prince with no end of wit (*infiniment d'esprit*), and has respectable qualities.' Not Stadtholder, unluckily; that is where the shoes pinches; the Dutch are on the Republican tack, and will not have a Stadtholder at present. No help for it in one's beautiful gardens and avenues of oak and linden.

'I have talked a great deal about Newton with the Princess,'—about Newton; never hinted at Amelia; not permissible!—'from Newton we passed to Leibnitz; and from Leibnitz to the late Queen of England,' Caroline lately gone, 'who, the Prince told me, was of Clarke's

[1] Paris, 1738: Maupertuis's 'measurement of a degree, in the utmost North, 1736-7 (to prove the Earth flattened there). Vivid Narrative; somewhat gesticulative, but duly brief. The only Book of that great Maupertuis which is now readable to human nature.

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sentiment' on that important theological controversy now dead to mankind.——And of Jenkins and his Ear did the Princess say nothing? That is now becoming a high phenomenon in England! But readers must wait a little.

Pity that we cannot give these two Letters in full; that no reader, almost, could be made to understand them, or to care for them when understood. Such the cruelty of Time upon this Voltaire-Friedrich Correspondence, and some others; which were once so rosy, sunny, and are now fallen drearily extinct,—studiable by Editors only! In itself the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, we can see, was charming; very blossomy at present: businesses increasing; mutual admiration now risen to a great height,—admiration sincere on both sides, most so on the Prince's, and extravagantly expressed on both sides, most so on Voltaire's.

Crown-Prince becomes a Freemason; and is harangued by Monsieur de Bielfeld

His Majesty, we said, had three pleasant days at Loo; discoursing, as with friends, on public matters, or even on more private matters, in a frank unconstrained way. He is not to be called 'Majesty' on this occasion; but the fact, at Loo, and by the leading Mightinesses of the Republic, who come copiously to compliment him there, is well remembered. Talk there was, with such leading Mightinesses, about the Jülich-and-Berg question, aim of this Journey: earnest enough private talk with some of them: but it availed nothing; and would not be worth reporting now to any creature, if we even knew it. In fact, the Journey itself remains mentionable chiefly by one very trifling circumstance; and then by another, not important either, which followed out of that. The trifling circumstance is,—That Friedrich, in the course of this Journey, became a Freemason: and the unimportant sequel was, That he made acquaintance with one Bielfeld, on the occasion; who afterwards wrote a Book about

him, which was once much read, though never much worth reading, and is still citable, with precaution, now and then.[1] Trifling circumstance, of Freemasonry, as we read in Bielfeld and in many Books after him, befell in manner following.

Among the dinner-guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe-Bückeburg,—Prince of small territory, but of great speculation; whose territory lies on the Weser, leading to Dutch connexions; and whose speculations stretch over all the Universe, in a high fantastic style:—he was a dinner-guest; and one of the topics that came up was Freemasonry; a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or rekindled, in those years, in England first of all; and was now hovering about, a good deal, in Germany and other countries; pretending to be a new light of Heaven, and not a bog-meteor of phosphorated hydrogen, conspicuous in the murk of things. Bog-meteor, foolish putrescent will-o'-wisp, his Majesty promptly defined it to be: Tomfoolery and *Kinderspiel*, what else? Whereupon ingenious Bückeburg, who was himself a Mason, man of forty by this time, and had high things in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defence; and was so respectful, eloquent, dextrous, ingenious, he quite captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown-Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown-Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Bückeburg aside; talked farther on the subject, expressed his admiration, his conviction,—his wish to be admitted into such a Hero Fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made-up between them, That Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic Brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them, on the Crown-Prince's road homeward,—say at Brunswick, night before the Fair, where we are to be,—and there make the Crown-Prince a Mason.[2]

[1] Monsieur le Baron de Bielfeld, *Lettres de Familières et Autres*, 1763;—second edition, 2 vols. à Leide, 1767, is the one we use here.

[2] Bielfeld, i. 14-16; Preuss, i. 111; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 41.

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This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not Loo at all: dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighbourhood, during the Cleve Review time; 'probably at Minden, 17th July'; and all was settled into fixed program before Loo came in sight.[1] Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure at Brunswick, as he saw it and was himself part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind; and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular.

He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now decipherable enough), The Durchlaucht of Lippe-Bückeburg had summoned six Brethren of the Hamburg Lodge; of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmannsegge, a Baron von Oberg, both from Hanover, and Bielfeld himself, a Merchant's Son, of Hamburg; these, with 'Kielmannsegge's Valet to act as Tiler,' Valet being also a Mason, and the rule equality of mankind,—were to have the honour of initiating the Crown-Prince. They arrived at the Western Gate of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is Fair-time; all manner of traders, pedlars, showmen rendezvousing; many neighbouring Nobility too, as was still the habit. 'Such a bulk of light luggage?' said the Custom-house people at the Gate;—but were pacified by slipping them a ducat. Upon which we drove to 'Korn's Hôtel' (if anybody now knew it); and there patiently waited. No great things of a Hôtel, says Bielfeld; but can be put-up with;—worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by, nothing but a wooden partition between us: How if he should overhear!—

Prussian Majesty and suite, under universal cannon salvos,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 201; Friedrich's Letter to this Durchlaucht, 'Comte de Schaumbourg-Lippe' he calls him; date, 'Moyland, 26th July 1738': Moyland, a certain *Schloss*, or habitable Mansion, of his Majesty's, few miles to north of Mörs in the Cleve Country; where his Majesty used often to pause;—and where (what will be much more remarkable to readers) the Crown-Prince and Voltaire had their first meeting, two years hence.

arrived, Sunday the 12th; to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august Son-in-law and Daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at Court, the rest of us not; privately settles with the Prince: 'Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure; that shall be the night: at Korn's Hôtel, late enough!' And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th-15th August 1738, the light-luggage trunks have yielded their stage-properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready; Tiler (Kielmannsegge's Valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbour, on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him, this day after dinner, successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers, he is lying dead drunk hours ago, could not overhear a cannon-battery, he. And soon after midnight, the Crown-Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate; and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them, on the Crown-Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way.

Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanour of this Prince, his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy; and how he was so 'intrepid,' and 'possessed himself so gracefully in the most critical instants.' Extremely genial air, and so young, looks younger even than his years: handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*), a negligent plenty of it; 'his large blue eyes have something at once severe, sweet and gracious.' Eligible Mason indeed. Had better make despatch at present, lest Papa be getting on the road before him!— Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed beforehand; with which the Prince seemed to be content. And so, with masonic grip, they made their adieus for the present; and the Crown-Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty.

His Majesty came on Sunday; goes on Wednesday, home

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now at a stretch; and, we hope, has had a good time of it here, these three days. Daughter Charlotte and her Serene Husband, well with their subjects, well with one another, are doing well; have already two little Children; a Boy the elder, of whom we have heard: Boy's name is Karl, age now three; sprightly, reckoned very clever, by the fond parents; —who has many things to do in the world, by and by; to attack the French Revolution, and be blown to pieces by it on the Field of Jena, for final thing! That is the fate of little Karl, who frolics about here, so sunshiny and ingenuous at present.

Karl's Grandmother, the Serene Dowager Duchess, Friedrich's own Mother-in-law, his Majesty and Friedrich would also of course see here. Fine Younger Sons of hers are coming forward; the reigning Duke beautifully careful about the furtherance of these Cadets of the House. Here is Prince Ferdinand, for instance; just getting ready for the Grand Tour; goes in a month hence:[1] a fine eupeptic loyal young fellow; who, in a twenty years more, will be Chatham's Generalissimo, and fight the French to some purpose. A Brother of his, the next elder, is now fighting the Turks for his Kaiser; does not like it at all, under such Seckendorfs and War-Ministries as there are. Then, elder still, eldest of all the Cadets, there is Anton Ulrich, over at Petersburg for some years past, with outlooks high enough: To wed the Mecklenburg Princess there (Daughter of the unutterable Duke), and be as good as Czar of all the Russias one day. Little to his profit, poor soul!—These, historically ascertainable, are the aspects of the Brunswick Court during those three days of Royal Visit, in Fair-time; and may serve to date the Masonic Transaction for us, which the Crown-Prince has just accomplished over at Korn's.

As for the Transaction itself, there is intrinsically no harm in this initiation, we will hope: but it behoves to be kept well

[1] Mauvillon (*Fils*, son of him whom we cite otherwise), *Geschichte Ferdinands Herzogs von Braunschweig-Lüneburg* (Leipzig, 1794), i. 17-25.

hidden from Papa. Papa's good opinion of the Prince has sensibly risen, in the course of this Journey, 'so rational, serious, not dangling about among the women as formerly'; —and what a shock would this of Korn's Hôtel be, should Papa hear of it! Poor Papa, from officious talebearers he hears many things: is in distress about Voltaire, about Heterodoxies;—and summoned the Crown-Prince, by express, from Reinsberg, on one occasion lately, over to Potsdam, 'to take the Communion' there, by way of case-hardening against Voltaire and Heterodoxies! Think of it, human readers!— We will add the following stray particulars, more or less illustrative of the Masonic Transaction; and so end that trifling affair.

The Captain Wartensleben, fellow-recipient of the mysteries at Brunswick, is youngest son, by a second marriage, of old Feldmarschall Wartensleben, now deceased; and is consequently Uncle, Half-Uncle, of poor Lieutenant Katte, though some years younger than Katte would now have been. Tender memories hang by Wartensleben, in a silent way! He is Captain in the Potsdam Giants; somewhat an intimate, and not undeservedly so, of the Crown-Prince;—succeeds Wolden as Hofmarschall at Reinsberg, not many months after this; Wolden having died of an apoplectic stroke. Of Bielfeld comes a Book, slightly citable; from no other of the Brethren, or their Feat at Korn's, comes (we may say) anything whatever. The Crown-Prince prosecuted his Masonry, at Reinsberg or elsewhere, occasionally, for a year or two; but was never ardent in it; and very soon after his Accession, left off altogether: 'Child's-play and *ignis fatuus* mainly!' A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new King consented to be patron; but he never once entered the place; and only his Portrait (a welcomely good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that Establishment. Harmless 'fire,' but too 'fatuous'; mere flame-circles cut in the air, for infants, we know how!—

With Lippe-Bückeburg there ensued some Correspondence,

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high enough on his Serenity's side; but it soon languished on the Prince's side; and in private Poetry, within a two years of this Brunswick scene, we find Lippe used proverbially for a type-specimen of Fools.[1] A windy fantastic individual;—overwhelmed in finance-difficulties too! Lippe continued writing; but 'only Secretaries now answered him' from Berlin. A son of his, son and successor, something of a Quixote too, but notable in Artillery-practice and otherwise, will turn-up at a future stage.

Nor is Bielfeld with his Book a thing of much moment to Friedrich or to us. Bielfeld too has a light airy vein of talk; loves Voltaire and the Philosophies in a light way;—knows the arts of Society, especially the art of flattering; and would fain make himself agreeable to the Crown-Prince, being anxious to rise in the world. His Father is a Hamburg Merchant, Hamburg 'Sealing-wax Manufacturer,' not ill-off for money: Son has been at schools, high schools, under tutors, posture-masters; swashes about on those terms, with French *esprit* in his mouth, and lace-ruffles at his wrists; still under thirty; showy enough, sharp enough; considerably a coxcomb, as is still evident. He did transiently get about Friedrich, as we shall see; and hoped to have sold his heart to good purpose there;—was, by and by, employed in slight functions; not found fit for grave ones. In the course of some years, he got a title of Baron; and sold his heart more advantageously, to some rich Widow or Fräulein; with whom he retired to Saxony, and there lived on an estate he had purchased, a stranger to Prussia thenceforth.

His Book (*Lettres Familières et Autres*, all turning on Friedrich), which came out in 1763, at the height of Friedrich's fame, and was much read, is still freely cited by Historians as an Authority. But the reading of a few pages sufficiently intimates that these 'Letters' never can have gone

[1] 'Taciturne, Caton, avec mes bons parents,
Aussi fou que la Lippe avec les jeunes gens.'
Œuvres, xi. 80 (*Discours sur la Fausseté*, written 1740).

through a terrestrial Post-office; that they are an after-thought, composed from vague memory and imagination, in that fine Saxon retreat;—a sorrowful ghost-like '*Travels of Anacharsis*,' instead of living words by an eye-witness! Not to be cited 'freely' at all, but sparingly and under conditions. They abound in small errors, in misdates, mistakes; small fictions even, and impossible pretensions:—foolish mortal, to write down his bit of knowledge in that form! For the man, in spite of his lace-ruffles and gesticulations, has brisk eyesight of a superficial kind: he *could* have done us this little service (apparently his one mission in the world, for which Nature gave him bed and board here); and he, the lace-ruffles having gone into his soul, has been tempted into misdoing it!—Bielfeld and Bielfeld's Book, such as they are, appear to be the one conquest Friedrich got of Freemasonry; no other result now traceable to us of that adventure in Korn's Hôtel, crowning event of the Journey to Loo.

Seckendorf gets lodged in Grätz

Feldmarschall Seckendorf, after unheard-of wrestlings with the Turk War, and the Vienna War-Office (*Hofkriegsrath*), is sitting, for the last three weeks,—where, thinks the reader?—in the Fortress of Grätz among the Hills of Styria; a State-Prisoner, not likely to get out soon! Seckendorf led forth, in 1737, 'such an Army, for number, spirit and equipment,' say the Vienna people, 'as never marched against the Turk before;' and it must be owned, his ill success has been unparalleled. The blame was not altogether his; not chiefly his, except for his rash undertaking of the thing, on such terms as there were. But the truth is, that first scene we saw of him,—an Army all gone out trumpeting and drumming into the woods to *find* its Commander-in-Chief,—was an emblem of the Campaign in general. Excellent Army; but commanded by nobody in particular; commanded by a *Hofkriegsrath* at Vienna, by a Franz Duke of Tuscany, by

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Feldmarschall Seckendorf, and by subordinates who were disobedient to him: which accordingly, almost without help of the Turk and his disorderly ferocity, rubbed itself to pieces before long. Roamed about, now hither now thither, with plans laid and then with plans suddenly altered, Captain being Chaos mainly; in swampy countries, by overflowing rivers, in hunger, hot weather, forced marches; till it was marched gradually off its feet; and the clouds of chaotic Turks, who did finally show face, had a cheap pennyworth of it. Never was such a campaign seen as this of Seckendorf in 1737, said mankind. Except indeed that the present one, Campaign of 1738, in those parts, under a different hand, is still worse; and the Campaign of 1739, under still a different, will be worst of all!—Kaiser Karl and his Austrians do not prosper in this Turk War, as the Russians do,—who indeed have got a General equal to his task: Münnich, a famed master in the art of handling Turks and War-Ministries: real father of Russian Soldiering, say the Russians still.[1]

Campaign 1737, with clouds of chaotic Turks now sabering on the skirts of it, had not yet ended, when Seckendorf was called out of it; on polite pretexts, home to Vienna; and the command given to another. At the gates of Vienna, in the last days of October 1737, an Official Person, waiting for the Feldmarschall, was sorry to inform him, That he, Feldmarschall Seckendorf, was under arrest; arrest in his own house, in the *Kohlmarkt* (Cabbage-market so-called), a captain and twelve musketeers to watch over him with fixed bayonets there; strictly private, till the *Hofkriegsrath* had satisfied themselves in a point or two. 'Hmph!' snuffled he; with brow blushing slate-colour, I should think, and gray eyes much alight. And ever since, for ten months or so, Seckendorf, sealed-up in the Cabbage-market, has been fencing for

[1] See *Manstein* for Münnich's plans with the Turk (methods and devices of steady Discipline in small numbers *versus* impetuous Ferocity in great); and Berenhorst (*Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, Leipzig, 1796), a first-rate Authority, for examples and eulogies of them.

life with the *Hofkriegsrath*; who want satisfaction upon 'eighty-six' different 'points'; and make no end of chicaning to one's clear answers. And the Jesuits preach, too: 'A Heretic, born enemy of Christ and his Kaiser; what is the use of questioning!' And the Heathen rage, and all men gnash their teeth, in this uncomfortable manner.

Answering done, there comes no verdict, much less any acquittal; the captain and twelve musketeers, three of them with fixed bayonets in one's very bedroom, continue. One evening, 21st July 1738, glorious news from the seat of War,—not *till* evening, as the Imperial Majesty was out hunting,—enters Vienna; blowing trumpets; shaking flags: 'Grand Victory over the Turks!' so we call some poor skirmish there has been; and Vienna bursting all into three-times-three, the populace get very high. Populace rush to the Kohlmarkt: break the Seckendorf windows; intent to massacre the Seckendorf, had not fresh military come, who were obliged to fire and kill one or two. 'The house captain and his twelve musketeers, of themselves, did wonders; Seckendorf and all his domestics were in arms:' '*Jarni-bleu*' for the last time!—This is while the Crown-Prince is at Wesel; sound asleep, most likely; Loo, and the Masonic adventure, perhaps twinkling prophetically in his dreams.

At two next morning, an Official Gentleman informs Seckendorf, That he, for his part, must awaken, and go to Grätz. And in one hour more (3 A.M.), the Official Gentleman rolls off with him; drives all day; and delivers his Prisoner at Grätz:—'Not so much as a room ready there; Prisoner had to wait an hour in the carriage,' till some summary preparations were made. Wall-neighbours of the poor Feldmarschall, in his fortress here, were 'a *Gold-Cook* (swindling Alchemist), who had gone crazy; and an Irish Lieutenant, confined thirty-two years for some love-adventure, likewise pretty crazy; their noises in the night-time much disturbed the Feldmarschall.'[1] One human thing there still

[1] *Seckendorf's Leben*, ii. 170-277. See *Schmettau*, pp. 27-59.

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is in his lot, the Feldmarschall's old Gräfinn. True old Dame, she, both in the Kohlmarkt and at Grätz, stands by him, 'imprisoned along with him' if it must be so; ministering, comforting, as only a true Wife can;—and hope has not quite taken wing.

Rough old Feldmarschall; now turned of sixty: never made such a Campaign before, as this of '37 followed by '38! There sits he; and will not trouble us any more during the present Kaiser's lifetime. Friedrich Wilhelm is amazed at these sudden cantings of Fortune's wheel, and grieves honestly as for an old friend: even the Crown-Prince finds Seckendorf punished unjustly; and is almost sorry for him, after all that has come and gone.

The Ear of Jenkins reëmerges

We must add the following, distilled from the English Newspapers, though it is now almost four months after date:

'*London*, 1*st April* 1738. In the English House of Commons, much more in the English Public, there has been furious debating for a fortnight past: Committee of the whole House, examining witnesses, hearing counsel; subject, the Termagant of Spain, and her West-Indian procedures;—she, by her procedures somewhere, is always cutting-out work for mankind! How English and other strangers, fallen-in with in those seas, are treated by the Spaniards, readers have heard, nay, have chanced to see; and it is a fact painfully known to all nations. Fact which England, for one nation, can no longer put-up with. Walpole and the Official Persons would fain smooth the matter; but the West-India Interest, the City, all Mercantile and Navigation Interests are in dead earnest: Committee of the whole House, "Presided by Alderman Perry," has not ears enough to hear the immensities of evidence offered; slow Public is gradually kindling to some sense of it. This had gone on for two weeks, when—what shall we say?—the *Ear of Jenkins* reëmerged for the second time; and produced important effects!

'Where Jenkins had been all this while,—steadfastly navigating to and fro, steadfastly eating tough junk with a wetting of rum; not thinking too much of past labours, yet privately "always keeping his lost Ear in cotton" (with a kind of ursine piety, or other dumb feeling),—no mortal now knows. But to all mortals it is evident he was home in

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London at this time; no doubt a noted member of Wapping society, the much-enduring Jenkins. And witnesses, probably not one but many, had mentioned him to this Committee, as a case eminently in point. Committee, as can still be read in its Rhadamanthine Journals, orders: "*Die Jovis*, 16° *Martii* 1737-8, That Captain Robert Jenkins do attend this House immediately;" and then more specially, "17° *Martii*,"—captious objections having risen in Official quarters, as we guess,—"That Captain Robert Jenkins do attend upon Tuesday morning next."[1] Tuesday next is 21st March,—1st of April 1738 by our modern Calendar;—and on that day, not a doubt, Jenkins does attend; narrates that tremendous passage we already heard of, seven years ago, in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida; and produces his Ear wrapt in cotton:—setting all on flame (except the Official persons) at sight of it.'

Official persons, as their wont is in the pressure of debate, endeavoured to deny, to insinuate in their vile Newspapers, That Jenkins lost his Ear nearer home and not for nothing; as one still reads in the History Books.[2] Sheer calumnies, we now find. Jenkins's account was doubtless abundantly emphatic; but there is no ground to question the substantial truth of him and it. And so, after seven years of unnoticeable burning upon the thick skin of the English Public, the case of Jenkins accidentally burns through, and sets England bellowing; such a smart is there of it,—not to be soothed by Official wet-cloths; but getting worse and worse, for the nineteen months ensuing. And in short—But we will not anticipate!

CHAPTER VI

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; JOURNEY TO PREUSSEN

THE Idyllium of Reinsberg,—of which, except in the way of sketchy suggestion, there can no history be given,—lasted less than four years; and is now coming to an end, unexpectedly soon. A pleasant Arcadian Summer in one's life;—

[1] *Commons Journals*, xxiii. (in diebus).
[2] Tindal, (xx. 372), Coxe, etc.

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though it has not wanted its occasional discords, flaws of ill weather in the general sunshine. Papa, always in uncertain health of late, is getting heavier of foot and of heart under his heavy burdens; and sometimes falls abstruse enough, liable to bewilderments from bad people and events: not much worth noticing here.[1] But the Crown-Prince has learned to deal with all this; all this is of transient nature; and a bright long future seems to lie ahead at Reinsberg;—brightened especially by the Literary Element; which, in this year of 1739, is brisker than it had ever been. Distinguished Visitors, of a literary turn, look in at Reinsberg; the Voltaire Correspondence is very lively; on Friedrich's part there is copious production, various enterprise, in the form of prose and verse; thoughts even of going to press with some of it: in short, the Literary Interest rises very prominent at Reinsberg in 1739. Biography is apt to forget the Literature there (having her reasons); but must at last take some notice of it, among the phenomena of the year.

To the young Prince himself, 'courting tranquillity,' as his door-lintel intimated,[2] and forbidden to be active except within limits, this of Literature was all along the great light of existence at Reinsberg; the supplement to all other employments or wants of employment there. To Friedrich himself, in those old days, a great and supreme interest; while again, to the modern Biographer of him, it has become dark and vacant; a thing to be shunned, not sought. So that the fact as it stood with Friedrich differs far from any description that can be given of the fact. Alas, we have said already, and the constant truth is, Friedrich's literatures, his distinguished literary visitors and enterprises, which were once brand-new and brilliant, have grown old as a garment, and are a sorrow rather than otherwise to existing mankind! Conscientious readers, who would represent to themselves the

[1] See Pöllnitz, ii. 509-515; Friedrich's Letter to Wilhelmina ('Berlin, 20th Jan. 1739': in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, pp. 60-61); etc. etc.

[2] '*Frederico tranquillitatem colenti*' (Infrà, p. 255).

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vanished scene at Reinsberg, in this point more especially, must make an effort.

As biographical documents, these Poetries and Proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him; but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, That here is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind; which again, on the speculative, especially on the poetical side, will never be considerable, nor has even tried to be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental. Here is no introspection, morbid or other, no pathos or complaint, no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you labour under: here, in rapid prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious;—here, in short, is a swift-handed, valiant, *steel*-bright kind of soul; very likely for a King's, if other things answer, and not likely for a Poet's. No doubt he could have made something of literature too; could have written Books, and left some stamp of a veracious, more or less victorious intellect, in that strange province too. But then he must have applied himself to it, as he did to reigning: done in the cursory style, we see what it has come to.

It is certain, Friedrich's reputation suffers, at this day, from his writing. From his *not* having written nothing, he stands lower with the world. Which seems hard measure;—though perhaps it is the law of the case, after all. 'Nobody in these days,' says my poor Friend, 'has the least notion of the sinful waste there is in talk, whether by pen or tongue. Better probably that King Friedrich had written no Verses; nay, I know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship any good!' Which may be truer than it seems. Fine aspirations, generous convictions, purposes,—they are thought very fine: but it is good, on various accounts, to keep them rather silent; strictly unvocal, except on call of real business;

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so dangerous are they for becoming conscious of themselves! Most things do not ripen at all except underground. And it is a sad but sure truth, that every time you *speak* of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of bystanders, there is the *less* chance of your ever making a fact of it in your poor life.—If Reinsberg, and its vacancy of great employment, was the cause of Friedrich's verse-writing, we will not praise Reinsberg on that head! But the truth is, Friedrich's verses came from him with uncommon fluency; and were not a deep matter, but a shallow one, in any sense. Not much more to him than speaking with a will; than fantasying on the flute in an animated strain. Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was found a certain leakage of verses, which he was prompt to utter;—and the case at Reinsberg, or afterwards, is not so serious as we might imagine.

Pine's Horace; and the Anti-Macchiavel

In late months Friedrich had conceived one notable project; which demands a word in this place. Did modern readers ever hear of 'John Pine, the celebrated English Engraver'? John Pine, a man of good scholarship, good skill with his burin, did 'Tapestries of the House of Lords,' and other things of a celebrated nature, famous at home and abroad: but his peculiar feat, which had commended him at Reinsberg, was an Edition of *Horace*: exquisite old *Flaccus* brought to perfection, as it were; all done with vignettes, classical borderings, symbolic marginal ornaments, in fine taste and accuracy, the Text itself engraved; all by the exquisite burin of Pine.[1] This Edition had come out last year, famous over the world; and was by and by, as rumour bore, to be followed by a *Virgil* done in the like exquisite manner.

The Pine *Horace*, part of the Pine *Virgil* too, still exist in the libraries of the curious; and are doubtless known to

[1] 'London, 1737' (*Biographie Universelle*, xxxiv. 465).

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the proper parties, though much forgotten by others of us. To Friedrich, scanning the Pine phenomenon with interest then brand-new, it seemed an admirable tribute to classical genius; and the idea occurred to him, 'Is not there, by Heaven's blessing, a living genius, classical like those antique Romans, and worthy of a like tribute?' Friedrich's idea was, That Voltaire being clearly the supreme of Poets, the *Henriade*, his supreme of Poems, ought to be engraved like *Flaccus*; text and all, with vignettes, tail-pieces, classical borderings beautifully symbolic and exact; by the exquisite burin of Pine. Which idea the young hero-worshipper, in spite of his finance-difficulties, had resolved to realise; and was even now busy with it, since his return from Loo. 'Such beautiful enthusiasm,' say some readers; 'and in behalf of that particular demigod!' Alas, yes; to Friedrich he was the best demigod then going; and Friedrich never had any doubt about him.

For the rest, this heroic idea could not realise itself; and we are happy to have nothing more to do with Pine or the *Henriade*. Correspondences were entered into with Pine, and some pains taken: Pine's high prices were as nothing; but Pine was busy with his *Virgil*; probably, in fact, had little stomach for the *Henriade*; 'could not for seven years to come enter upon it:' so that the matter had to die away; and nothing came of it but a small *Dissertation*, or Introductory Essay, which the Prince had got ready,—which is still to be found printed in Voltaire's Works[1] and in Friedrich's if any body now cared much to read it. Preuss says it was finished, 'the 10th August 1739'; and that minute fact in Chronology, with the above tale of Hero-worship hanging to it, will suffice my readers and me.

But there is another literary project on hand, which did take effect;—much worthy of mention, this year; the whole world having risen into such a Chorus of *Te Deum* at sight

[1] *Œuvres*, xiii. 393-402.

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of it next year. In this year falls, what at any rate was a great event to Friedrich, as literary man, the printing of his first Book,—assiduous writing of it with an eye to print. The Book is that 'celebrated *Anti-Macchiavel*,' ever-praiseworthy Refutation of Macchiavel's *Prince*; concerning which there are such immensities of Voltaire Correspondence, now become, like the Book itself, inane to all readers. This was the chosen soul's employment of Friedrich, the flower of life to him, at Reinsberg, through the year 1739. It did not actually get to press till Spring 1740; nor actually come out till Autumn,—by which time a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and circumstances: but we may as well say here what little is to be said of it for modern readers.

'The Crown-Prince, reading this bad Book of Macchiavel's years ago, had been struck, as all honest souls, especially governors or apprentices to governing, must be, if they thought of reading such a thing, with its badness, its falsity, detestability; and came by degrees, obliquely fishing-out Voltaire's opinion as he went along, on the notion of refuting Macchiavel; and did refute him, the best he could. Set down, namely, his own earnest contradiction to such ungrounded noxious doctrines; elaborating the same more and more into clear logical utterance, till it swelled into a little Volume; which, so excellent was it, so important to mankind, Voltaire and friends were clear for publishing. Published accordingly it was; goes through the press next Summer (1740), under Voltaire's anxious superintendence;[1] for the Prince has at length consented; and Voltaire hands the Manuscript, with mystery yet with hints, to a Dutch Bookseller, one Van Duren at the Hague, who is eager enough to print such an article. Voltaire himself,—such his magnanimous friendship, especially if one have Dutch Lawsuits, or business of one's own, in those parts,—takes charge of correcting: lodges himself in the "Old Court" (Prussian Mansion, called *Vieille Cour*, at the

[1] Here, gathered from Friedrich's Letters to Voltaire, is the Chronology of the little Enterprise:

1738, *March* 21, *June* 17, 'Macchiavel a baneful man,' thinks Friedrich. 'Ought to be refuted by somebody?' thinks he (date not known).

1739, *March* 22, Friedrich thinks of doing it himself. Has done it, *December* 4;—'a Book which ought to be printed,' say Voltaire and the literary visitors.

1740, *April* 26, Book given up to Voltaire for printing. Printing finished; Book appears, 'end of *September*,' when a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and position.

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Hague, where "Luiscius," figuratively speaking, may "get an alms" from us); and therefrom corrects, alters; corresponds with the Prince and Van Duren, at a great rate. Keeps correcting, altering, till Van Duren thinks he is spoiling it for sale;—and privately determines to preserve the original Manuscript, and have an edition of that, with only such corrections as seem good to Van Duren. A treasonous step on this mule of a Bookseller's part, thinks Voltaire; but mulishly persisted in by the man. Endless correspondence, to right and left, ensues; intolerably wearisome to every reader. And, in fine, there came out, in Autumn next,'—the Crown-Prince no longer a Crown-Prince by that time, but shining conspicuous under Higher Title,—'not one *Anti-Macchiavel* only, but a couple or a trio of *Anti-Macchiavels*; as printed "at the Hague"; as reprinted "at London" or elsewhere; the confused Bibliography of which has now fallen very insignificant. First there was the Voltaire text, Authorised Edition, "end of September 1740"; then came, in few weeks, the Van Duren one; then, probably, a third, combining the two, the variations given as foot-notes:—In short, I know not how many editions, translations, printings and reprintings; all the world being much taken up with such a message from the upper regions, and eager to read it in any form.

'As to Friedrich himself, who of course says nothing of the *Anti-Macchiavel* in public, he privately, to Voltaire, disowns all these editions; and intends to give a new one of his own, which shall be the right article; but never did it, having far other work cut-out for him in the months that came. But how zealous the world's humour was in that matter, no modern reader can conceive to himself. In the frightful Compilation called *Helden-Geschichte*, which we sometimes cite, there are, excerpted from the then "Bibliothèques" (*Nouvelle Bibliothèque* and another; shining Periodicals of the time, now gone quite dead), two "reviews" of the *Anti-Macchiavel*, which fill modern readers with amazement: such a *Domine dimittas* chanted over such an article!—These details, in any other than the Biographical point of view, are now infinitely unimportant.'

Truly, yes! The Crown-Prince's *Anti-Macchiavel*, final correct edition (in two forms, Voltaire's as corrected, and the Prince's own as written), stands now in clear type;[1] and, after all that jumble of printing and counter-printing, we can any of us read it in a few hours; but, alas, almost none of us with the least interest, or, as it were, with any profit whatever. So different is present tense from past, in all things,

[1] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, viii. 61-163.

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especially in things like these! It is sixscore years since the *Anti-Macchiavel* appeared. The spectacle of one who was himself a King (for the mysterious fact was well known to Van Duren and everybody) stepping forth to say with conviction, That Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite Other patronage; and that, in fact, a King was the 'born servant of his People' (*domestique* Friedrich once calls it), rather than otherwise: this, naturally enough, rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a new day; and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come and gone! Alas, in these sixscore years, it has been found so easy to profess and speak, even with sincerity! The actual Hero-Kings were long used to be silent; and the Sham-Hero kind grow only the more desperate for us, the more they speak and profess!—This *Anti-Macchiavel* of Friedrich's is a clear distinct Treatise; confutes, or at least heartily contradicts, paragraph by paragraph, the incredible sophistries of Macchiavel. Nay, it leaves us, if we sufficiently force our attention, with the comfortable sense that his Royal Highness is speaking with conviction, and honestly from the heart, in the affair: but that is all the conquest we get of it, in these days. Treatise fallen more extinct to existing mankind it would not be easy to name.

Perhaps indeed mankind is getting weary of the question altogether. Macchiavel himself one now reads only by compulsion. 'What is the use of arguing with anybody that can believe in Macchiavel?' asks mankind, or might well ask; and, except for Editorial purposes, eschews any *Anti-Macchiavel*; impatient to be rid of bane and antidote both. Truly the world has had a pother with this little Nicolò Macchiavelli and his perverse little Book:—pity almost that a Friedrich Wilhelm, taking his rounds at that point of time, had not had the 'refuting' of him; Friedrich Wilhelm's method would have been briefer than Friedrich's! But let

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us hope the thing is now, practically, about completed. And as to the other question, 'Was the Signor Nicolò serious in this perverse little Book; or did he only do it ironically, with a serious inverse purpose?' we will leave that to be decided, any time convenient, by people who are much at leisure in the world!—

The printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel* was not intrinsically momentous in Friedrich's history; yet it might as well have been dispensed with. He had here drawn a fine program, and needlessly placarded it for the street populations: and afterwards there rose, as could not fail on their part, comparison between program and performance; scornful cry, chiefly from men of weak judgment, 'Is this King an *Anti*-Macchiavel, then? Pfui!' Of which,—though Voltaire's voice, too, was heard in it, in angry moments,—we shall say nothing: the reader, looking for himself, will judge by and by. And herewith enough of the *Anti-Macchiavel*. Composition of *Anti-Macchiavel* and speculation of the Pine *Henriade* lasted, both of them, all through this Year 1739, and farther: from these two items, not to mention any other, readers can figure sufficiently how literary a year it was.

Friedrich in Preussen again; at the Stud of Trakehnen. A tragically great Event coming on

In July this year the Crown-Prince went with Papa on the Prussian Review-journey.[1] Such attendance on Review-journeys, a mark of his being well with Papa, is now becoming usual; they are agreeable excursions, and cannot but be instructive as well. On this occasion, things went beautifully with him. Out in those grassy Countries, in the bright Summer, once more he had an unusually fine time;—and two very special pleasures befell him. First was, a sight of the Emigrants, our Salzburgers and other, in their flourishing condition, over in Lithuania yonder. Delightful to see how

[1] 'Set out, 7th July' (*Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, 67*n.*).

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the waste is blossoming up again; busy men, with their industries, their steady pious husbandries, making all things green and fruitful: horse-droves, cattle-herds, waving corn-fields;—a very '*Schmalzgrube* (Butter-pit)' of those Northern parts, as it is since called.[1] The Crown-Prince's own words on this matter we will give; they are in a Letter of his to Voltaire, perhaps already known to some readers;—and we can observe he writes rather copiously from those localities at present, and in a cheerful humour with everybody.

'*Insterburg, 27th July* 1739 (Crown-Prince to Voltaire). * * Prussian Lithuania is a Country a hundred and twenty miles long, by from sixty to forty broad;[2] it was ravaged by Pestilence at the beginning of this Century; and they say Three-hundred Thousand People died of disease and famine.' Ravaged by Pestilence and the neglect of King Friedrich I.; till my Father, once his hands were free, made personal survey of it, and took it up, in earnest.

'Since that time,' say twenty years ago, 'there is no expense that the King has been afraid of, in order to succeed in his salutary views. He made, in the first place, regulations full of wisdom; he rebuilt wherever the Pestilence had desolated: thousands of families, from the ends of Europe,' Seventeen Thousand Salzburgers for the last item, 'were conducted hither; the Country repeopled itself; trade began to flourish again;—and now, in these fertile regions, abundance reigns more than it ever did.

'There are above half a million of inhabitants in Lithuania; there are more towns than there ever were, more flocks than formerly, more wealth and more productiveness than in any other part of Germany. And all this that I tell you of is due to the King alone; who not only gave the orders, but superintended the execution of them; it was he that devised the plans, and himself got them carried to fulfilment; and spared neither care nor pains, nor immense expenditures, nor promises nor recompenses, to secure happiness and life to this half million of thinking beings, who owe to him alone that they have possessions and felicity in the world.

'I hope this detail does not weary you. I depend on your humanity extending itself to your Lithuanian brethren, as well as to your French, English, German, or other,—all the more as, to my great astonishment, I passed through villages where you hear nothing spoken but French.—

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, ii. 1049.

[2] 'Miles *English*,' we always mean, *unless* etc.

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I have found something so heroic, in the generous and laborious way in which the King addressed himself to making this desert flourish with inhabitants and happy industries and fruits, that it seemed to me you would feel the same sentiments in learning the circumstances of such a rëestablishment.

'I daily expect news of you from Enghien' (in those Dutch-Lawsuit Countries). * * 'The divine Emilie; * * the Duke' (D'Aremberg, Austrian Soldier, of convivial turn,—remote Welsh-Uncle to a certain little Prince de Ligne, now spinning tops in those parts;[1] not otherwise interesting), 'whom Apollo contends for against Bacchus. * * Adieu. *Ne m'oubliez pas, mon cher ami.*'[2]

This is one pleasant scene, to the Crown-Prince and us, in those grassy localities. And now we have to mention that, about a fortnight later, at Königsberg one day, in reference to a certain Royal Stud or Horse-breeding Establishment in those same Lithuanian regions, there had a still livelier satisfaction happened him; satisfaction of a personal and filial nature. The name of this Royal Stud, inestimable on such ground, is Trakehnen,—lies south of Tilsit, in an upper valley of the Pregel river;—very extensive Horse-Establishment, 'with seven farms under it,' say the Books, and all 'in the most perfect order,' they need hardly add, Friedrich Wilhelm being master of it. Well, the Royal Party was at Königsberg, so far on the road homewards again from those outlying parts, when Friedrich Wilhelm said one day to his Son, quite in a cursory manner, 'I give thee that Stud of Trakehnen; thou must go back and look to it;'—which struck Fritz quite dumb at the moment.

For it is worth near upon 2,000*l.* a year (12,000 thalers); a welcome new item in our impoverished budget; and it is an undeniable sign of Papa's good humour with us, which is more precious still. Fritz made his acknowledgments, eloquent with looks, eloquent with voice, on coming to himself; and is, in fact, very proud of his gift, and celebrates it to his

[1] Born 23d May 1735, this latter little Prince; lasted till 13th Dec. 1814 ('*danse, mais il ne marche pas*').

[2] *Œuvres*, xxi. 304, 305.

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Wilhelmina, to Camas and others who have a right to know such a thing. Grand useful gift; and handed over by Papa grandly, in three business words, as if it had been a brace of game: 'I give it thee, Fritz!' A thing not to be forgotten. 'At bottom Friedrich Wilhelm was not avaricious' (not a miser, only a man grandly abhorring waste, as the poor vulgar cannot do), 'not avaricious,' says Pöllnitz once; 'he made munificent gifts, and never thought of them more.' This of Trakehnen,—perhaps there might be a whiff of coming Fate concerned in it withal: 'I shall soon be dead, not able to give thee anything, poor Fritz!' To the Prince and us it is very beautiful; a fine effulgence of the inner man of Friedrich Wilhelm. The Prince returned to Trakehnen, on this glad errand; settled the business details there; and, after a few days, went home by a route of his own;—well satisfied with this Prussian-Review journey, as we may imagine.

One sad thing there was, though Friedrich did not yet know how sad, in this Review journey: the new fit of illness that overtook his Majesty. From Pöllnitz, who was of the party, we have details on that head. In his Majesty's last bad illness, five years ago, when all seemed hopeless, it appears the surgeons had relieved him,—in fact recovered him, bringing off the bad humours in quantity,—by an incision in the foot or leg. In the course of the present fatigues, this old wound broke out again; which of course stood much in the way of his Majesty; and could not be neglected, as probably the causes of it were. A regimental surgeon, Pöllnitz says, was called in; who, in two days, healed the wound,—and declared all to be right again; though in fact, as we may judge, it was dangerously worse than before. 'All well here,' writes Friedrich; 'the king has been out of order, but is now entirely recovered (*tout à fait remis*).'[1]

Much reviewing and heavy business followed at Königsberg;

[1] 'Königsberg, 30th July 1739,' to his Wife (*Œuvres*, xxvi. 6).

—gift of Trakehnen, and departure of the Crown-Prince for Trakehnen winding it up. Directly on the heel of which, his Majesty turned homewards, the Crown-Prince not to meet him till once at Berlin again. Majesty's first stage was at Pillau, where we have been. At Pillau, or next day at Dantzig, Pöllnitz observed a change in his Majesty's humour, which had been quite sunshiny all this journey hitherto. At Dantzig Pöllnitz first noticed it; but at every new stage it grew worse, evil accidents occurring to worsen it; and at Berlin it was worst of all;—and, alas, his poor Majesty never recovered his sunshine in this world again! Here is Pöllnitz's account of the journey homewards:

'Till now,' till Pillau and Dantzig, 'his Majesty had been in especially good humour; but in Dantzig his cheerfulness forsook him;—and it never came back. He arrived about ten at night in that City' (Wednesday 12th August or thereby); 'slept there; and was off again next morning at five. He drove only thirty miles this day; stopped in Lupow' (coast road through Pommern), 'with Herr von Grumkow' (the late Grumkow's Brother), 'Kammer President in this Pommern Province. From Lupow he went to a poor Village near Belgard, eighty miles farther;'—last village on the great road, Belgard lying to left a little, on a side road;—'and stayed there overnight.

'At Belgard, next morning, he reviewed the Dragoon Regiment von Platen; and was very ill-content with it. And nobody, with the least understanding of that business, but must own that never did Prussian Regiment manœuvre worse. Conscious themselves how bad it was, they lost head, and got into open confusion. The King did all that was possible to help them into order again. He withdrew thrice over, to give the Officers time to recover themselves; but it was all in vain. The King, contrary to wont, restrained himself amazingly, and would not show his displeasure in public. He got into his carriage, and drove away with the Fürst of Anhalt,' Old Dessauer, 'and Von Winterfeld,' Captain in the Giant Regiment, 'who is now Major-General Von Winterfeld;'[1] not staying to dine with General von Platen, as was always his custom with Commandants whom he had reviewed. 'He bade Prince Wilhelm and the rest of us stay and dine; he himself drove away,'—towards the great road again, and some uncertain lodging there.

'We stayed accordingly; and did full justice to the good cheer,'—

[1] Major-General since 1743, of high fame; fell in fight, 7th Sept. 1757.

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though poor Platen would certainly look flustered, one may fancy. 'But as the Prince was anxious to come up with his Majesty again, and knew not where he would meet him, we had to be very swift with the business.

'We found the King with Anhalt and Winterfeld, by and by; sitting in a village, in front of a barn, and eating a cold pie there, which the Fürst of Anhalt had chanced to have with him; his Majesty, owing to what he had seen on the parade-ground, was in the utmost ill-humour (*höchst übler Laune*). Next day, Saturday, he went a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles; and arrived in Berlin at ten at night. Not expected there till the morrow; so that his rooms were locked,—her Majesty being over in Monbijou, giving her children a Ball;'[1]—and we can fancy what a frame of mind there was!

Nobody, not at first even the Doctors, much heeded this new fit of illness; which went and came: 'changed temper,' deeper or less deep gloom of 'bad humour,' being the main phenomenon to bystanders. But the sad truth was, his Majesty never did recover his sunshine; from Pillau onwards he was slowly entering into the shadows of the total Last Eclipse; and his journeyings and reviewings in this world were all done. Ten months hence, Pöllnitz and others knew better what it had been!—

CHAPTER VII

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG: TRANSIT OF BALTIMORE AND OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS

FRIEDRICH had not been long home again from Trakehnen and Preussen, when the routine of things at Reinsberg was illuminated by Visitors, of brilliant and learned quality; some of whom, a certain Signor Algarotti for one, require passing mention here. Algarotti, who became a permanent friend or satellite, very luminous to the Prince, and was much about him in coming years, first shone out upon the scene at this

[1] Pöllnitz, ii. 534-537.

time,—coming unexpectedly, and from the Eastward as it chanced.

On his own score, Algarotti has become a wearisome literary man to modern readers: one of those half-remembered men; whose books seem to claim a reading, and do not repay it you when given. Treatises, of a serious nature, *On the Opera*; setting forth, in earnest, the potential 'moral uses' of the Opera, and dedicated to Chatham; *Neutonianismo per le Donne* (Astronomy for Ladies): the mere Titles of such things are fatally sufficient to us; and we cannot, without effort, nor with it, recall the brilliancy of Algarotti and them to his contemporary world.

Algarotti was a rich Venetian Merchant's Son, precisely about the Crown-Prince's age; shone greatly in his studies at Bologna and elsewhere; had written Poesies (*Rime*); written especially that *Newtonianism for the Dames* (equal to Fontenelle, said Fame, and orthodox Newtonian withal, not heterodox or Cartesian);—and had shone, respected, at Paris, on the strength of it, for three or four years past: friend of Voltaire in consequence, of Voltaire and his divine Emilie, and a welcome guest at Cirey; friend of the cultivated world generally, which was then labouring, divine Emilie in the van of it, to understand Newton and be orthodox in this department of things. Algarotti did fine Poesies, too, once and again; did Classical Scholarships, and much else: everywhere a clear-headed, methodically distinct, concise kind of man. A high style of breeding about him, too; had powers of pleasing, and used them: a man beautifully lucent in society, gentle yet impregnable there; keeping himself unspotted from the world and its discrepancies,—really with considerable prudence, first and last.

He is somewhat of the Bielfeld type; a Merchant's Son, we observe, like Bielfeld; but a Venetian Merchant's, not a Hamburg's; and also of better natural stuff than Bielfeld. Concentrated himself upon his task with more seriousness, and made a higher thing of it than Bielfeld; though, after

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all, it was the same task the two had. Alas, our 'Swan of Padua' (so they sometimes called him) only sailed, paddling grandly, nowhither,—as the Swan-Goose of the Elbe did, in a less stately manner! One cannot well bear to read his Books. There is no light upon Friedrich to tempt us; better light than Bielfeld's there could have been, and much of it: but he prudently, as well as proudly, forbore such topics. He approaches very near fertility and geniality in his writings, but never reaches it. Dilettantism become serious and strenuous, in those departments—Well, it was beautiful to young Friedrich and the world at that time, though it is not to us!—Young Algarotti, Twenty-seven this year, has been touring about as a celebrity these four years past, on the strength of his fine manners and *Newtonianism for the Dames*.

It was under escort of Baltimore, 'an English Milord,' recommended from Potsdam itself, that Algarotti came to Reinsberg: the Signor had much to do with English people now and after. Where Baltimore first picked him up, I know not: but they have been to Russia together; Baltimore by twelve years the elder of the two: and now, getting home towards England again, they call at Reinsberg in the fine Autumn weather;—and considerably captivate the Crown-Prince, Baltimore playing chief, in that as in other points. The visit lasted five days:[1] there was copious speech on many things;—discussion about Printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel*; Algarotti to get it printed in England, Algarotti to get Pine and his Engraved *Henriade* put under way; neither of which projects took effect;—readers can conceive what a charming five days these were. Here, in the Crown-Prince's own words, are some brief glimmerings which will suffice us:

Reinsberg, 25th September 1739 (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * that 'nothing new has occurred in the Regiment, and we have few sick. Here has the English Milord, who was at Potsdam, passed through' (stayed five days, though we call it passing, and suppress the Algarotti, Baltimore being indeed chief). 'He is gone towards Hamburg, to take

[1] 20th-25th September 1739 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. p. xiv.).

ship for England there. As I heard that my Most All-gracious Father wished I should show him courtesy, I have done for him what I could. The Prince of Mirow has also been here,'—our old Strelitz friend. Of Baltimore nothing more to Papa. But to another Correspondent, to the good Suhm (who is now at Petersburg, and much in our intimacy, ready to transact loans for us, translate Wolf, or do what is wanted), there is this passage next day:

Reinsberg, 26th September 1739 (To Suhm). 'We have had Milord Baltimore here, and the young Algarotti; both of them men who, by their accomplishments, cannot but conciliate the esteem and consideration of all who see them. We talked much of you' (Suhm), 'of Philosophy, of Science, Art; in short, of all that can be included in the taste of cultivated people (*honnêtes gens*).'[1] And again to another, about two weeks hence:

Reinsberg, 10th October 1739 (To Voltaire). 'We have had Milord Baltimore and Algarotti here, who are going back to England. This Milord is a very sensible man (*homme très-sensé*); who possesses a great deal of knowledge, and thinks, like us, that sciences can be no disparagement to nobility, nor degrade an illustrious rank. I admired the genius of this *Anglais*, as one does a fine face through a crape veil. He speaks French very ill, yet one likes to hear him speak it; and as for his English, he pronounces it so quick, there is no possibility of following him. He calls a Russian "a mechanical animal." He says "Petersburg is the eye of Russia, with which it keeps civilised countries in sight; if you took this eye from it, Russia would fall again into barbarism, out of which it is just struggling."[2] * * Young Algarotti, whom you know, pleased me beyond measure. He promised that he'—But Baltimore, promise or not, is the chief figure at present.

Evidently an original kind of figure to us, *cet Anglais*. And indeed there is already finished a rhymed *Epistle* to Baltimore; *Epître sur la Liberté* (copy goes in that same *Letter*, for Voltaire's behoof), which dates itself likewise October 10th; beginning,

'*L'esprit libre, Milord, qui règne en Angleterre,*'—

which, though it is full of fine sincere sentiments, about human dignity, papal superstition, Newton, Locke, and aspirations for progress of culture in Prussia, no reader could stand at this epoch.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 378. [2] *Ibid.*, xxi. 326, 327.

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What Baltimore said in answer to the *Epître*, we do not know; probably not much: it does not appear he ever saw or spoke to Friedrich a second time. Three weeks after, Friedrich writing to Algarotti, has these words: 'I pray you make my friendships to Milord Baltimore, whose character and manner of thinking I truly esteem. I hope he has, by this time, got my *Epître* on the English Liberty of Thought.'[1] And so Baltimore passes on, silent in History henceforth,—though Friedrich seems to have remembered him to late times, as a kind of type-figure when England came into his head. For the sake of this small transit over the sun's disk, I have made some inquiry about Baltimore; but found very little;—perhaps enough:

'He was Charles, Sixth Lord Baltimore, it appears; Sixth, and last but one. First of the Baltimores, we know, was Secretary Calvert (1618-1624), who colonised Maryland; last of them (1774) was the Son of this Charles; something of a fool, to judge by the face of him in Portraits, and by some of his doings in the world. He, that Seventh Baltimore, printed one or two little Volumes ("now of extreme rarity," —cannot be too rare); and winded-up by standing an ugly Trial at Kingston Assizes (plaintiff an unfortunate-female). After which he retired to Naples, and there ended, 1774, the last of these Milords.[2]

'He of the Kingston Assizes, we say, was not this Charles; but his Son, whom let the reader forget. Charles, age forty at this time, had travelled about the Continent a good deal: once, long ago, we imagined we had got a glimpse of him (but it was a guess merely) lounging about Lunéville and Lorraine, along with Lyttelton, in the Congress-of-Soissons time? Not long after that, it is certain enough, he got appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince Fred; who was a friend of speculative talkers and cultivated people. In which situation Charles Sixth Baron Baltimore continued all his days after; and might have risen by means of Fred, as he was anxious enough to do, had both of them lived; but they both died; Baltimore first, in 1751, a year before Fred. Bubb Doddington, diligent labourer in the same Fred vineyard, was much infested by this Baltimore,—who, drunk or sober (for he occasionally gets into liquor), is always putting out Bubb, and stands

[1] 29th October 1739, To Algarotti in London (*Œuvres*, xviii. 5).

[2] Walpole (by Park), *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (London, 1806), v. 278.

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too well with our Royal Master, one secretly fears! Baltimore's finances, I can guess, were not in too good order; mostly an Absentee; Irish Estates not managed in the first style, while one is busy in the Fred vineyard! "The best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge," Walpole calls him once: "but not capable of conducting a party."[1] Oh no;—and died, at any rate, Spring 1751:[2] and we will not mention him farther.

Bielfeld, what he saw at Reinsberg and around

Directly on the rear of these fine visitors, came, by invitation, a pair of the Korn's-Hôtel people; Masonic friends; one of whom was Bielfeld, whose dainty Installation Speech and ways of procedure had been of promise to the Prince on that occasion. 'Baron von Oberg' was the other:—Hanoverian Baron: the same who went into the Wars, and was a 'General von Oberg' twenty years hence? The same or an another, it does not much concern us. Nor does the visit much, or at all; except that Bielfeld, being of writing nature, professes to give ocular account of it. Honest transcript of what a human creature actually saw at Reinsberg, and in the Berlin environment at that date, would have had a value to mankind: but Bielfeld has adopted the fictitious form; and pretty much ruined for us any transcript there is. Exaggeration, gesticulation, fantastic uncertainty afflict the reader; and prevent comfortable belief, except where there is other evidence than Bielfeld's.

At Berlin the beautiful straight streets, Linden Avenues (perhaps a better sample than those of our day), were notable to Bielfeld; bridges, statues very fine; grand esplanades, and such military drilling and parading as was never seen. He had dinner-invitations, too, in quantity; likes this one and that (all in prudent asterisks),—likes Truchsess von Waldburg very much, and his strange mode of bachelor housekeeping, and the way he dines and talks among his fellow-creatures, or

[1] Walpole's *Letters to Mann* (London, 1843), ii. 175; 27th January 1747. See *ibid.* i. 82.

[2] *Peerage of Ireland* (London, 1768), ii. 172-174.

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sits studious among his Military Books and Paper-litters. But all is loose far-off sketching, in the style of *Anacharsis the Younger*; and makes no solid impression.

Getting to Reinsberg, to the Town, to the Schloss, he crosses the esplanade, the moat; sees what we know, beautiful square Mansion among its woods and waters;—and almost nothing that we do not know, except the way the moat-bridge is lighted: 'Bridge furnished,' he says, 'with seven Statues representing the seven Planets, each holding in her hand a glass lamp in the form of a globe;' which is a pretty object in the night-time. The House is now finished; Knobelsdorf rejoicing in his success; Pesne and others giving the last touch to some ceilings of a sublime nature. On the lintel of the gate is inscribed *Frederico Tranquillitatem Colenti* (To Friedrich courting Tranquillity). The gardens, walks, hermitages, grottoes, are very spacious, fine: not yet completed,—perhaps will never be. A Temple of Bacchus is just now on hand, somewhere in those labyrinthic woods: 'twelve gigantic Satyrs as caryatides, crowned by an inverted Punch-bowl for dome;' that is the ingenious Knobelsdorf's idea, pleasant to the mind. Knobelsdorf is of austere aspect; austere, yet benevolent and full of honest sagacity; the very picture of sound sense, thinks Bielfeld. M. Jordan is handsome, though of small stature; agreeable expression of face; eye extremely vivid; brown complexion, 'bushy eyebrows as well as beard are black.'[1]

Or did the reader ever hear of 'M. Fredersdorf,' Head Valet at this time? Fredersdorf will become, as it were, Privy-Purse, House-friend, and domestic Factotum, and play a great part in coming years. 'A tall handsome man;' much 'silent sense, civility, dexterity;' something 'magnificently clever in him,' thinks Bielfeld (now, or else twenty years afterwards); whom we can believe.[2] He was a gift from General Schwerin, this Fredersdorf; once a Private in Schwerin's regiment, at Frankfurt-on-Oder,—excellent on the

[1] Bielfeld (abridged), i. 45.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 49.

flute, for one quality. Schwerin, who had an eye for men, sent him to Friedrich, in the Cüstrin time; hoping he might suit in fluting and otherwise. Which he conspicuously did. Bielfeld's account, we must candidly say, appears to be an afterthought; but readers can make their profit of it, all the same.

As to the Crown-Prince and Princess, words fail to express their gracious perfections, their affabilities, polite ingenuities: —Bielfeld's words do give us some pleasant shadowy conceivability of the Crown-Princess:

'Tall, and perfect in shape; bust such as a sculptor might copy; complexion of the finest; features ditto; nose, I confess, smallish and pointed, but excellent of that kind; hair of the supremest flaxen, "shining" like a flood of sunbeams, when the powder is off it. A humane ingenuous Princess; little negligences in toilet or the like, if such occur, even these set her off, so ingenuous are they. Speaks little; but always to the purpose, in a simple, cheerful and wise way. Dances beautifully; heart (her soubrette assures me) is heavenly;—and "perhaps no Princess living has a finer set of diamonds."'

Of the Crown-Princess there is some pleasant shadow traced as on cobweb, to this effect. But of the Crown-Prince there is no forming the least conception from what he says:—this is mere cobweb with Nothing elaborately painted on it. Nor do the portraits of the others attract by their verisimilitude. Here is Colonel Keyserling, for instance; the witty Courlander, famous enough in the Friedrich circle; who went on embassy to Cirey, and much else: he 'whirls in with uproar (*fracas*) like Boreas in the Ballet'; fowling-piece on shoulder, and in his 'dressing-gown' withal, which is still stranger; snatches off Bielfeld, unknown till that moment, to sit by him while dressing; and there, with much capering, pirouetting, and indeed almost ground-and-lofty tumbling, for accompaniment, 'talks of Horses, Mathematics, Painting, Architecture, Literature, and the Art of War,' while he dresses. This gentleman was once Colonel in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army; is now fairly turned of forty, and has been in troubles: we hope he is not *like* in the Bielfeld Portrait;—otherwise, how happy that we never had the honour of knowing him! Indeed, the Crown-Prince's Household generally, as Bielfeld paints it in flourishes of panegyric, is but unattractive; barren to the modern onlooker; partly the Painter's blame, we doubt not. He gives details about their mode of dining, taking coffee, doing concert;—and describes once an incidental drinking-bout got-up aforethought by the Prince; which is probably in good part fiction, though not ill done.

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These fantastic sketchings, rigorously winnowed into the credible and actual, leave no great residue in that kind; but what little they do leave is of favourable and pleasant nature.

Bielfeld made a visit privately to Potsdam, too: saw the Giants drill; made acquaintance with important Captains of theirs (all in *asterisks*) at Potsdam; with whom he dined, not in a too credible manner, and even danced. Among the asterisks, we easily pick-out Captain Wartensleben (of the Korn's-Hôtel operation), and Winterfeld, a still more important Captain, whom we saw dining on cold pie with his Majesty, at a barn-door in Pommern, not long since. Of the Giants, or their life at Potsdam, Bielfeld's word is not worth hearing,—worth suppressing rather;—his knowledge being so small, and hung forth in so fantastic a way. This transient sight he had of his Majesty in person; this, which is worth something to us,—fact being evidently lodged in it. 'After church-parade,' Autumn Sunday afternoon (day uncertain, Bielfeld's date being fictitious, and even impossible), Majesty drove out to Wusterhausen, 'where the quantities of game surpass all belief;' and Bielfeld had one glimpse of him:

'I saw his Majesty only, as it were, in passing. If I may judge by his Portraits, he must have been of a perfect beauty in his young time; but it must be confessed there is nothing left of it now. His eyes truly are fine; but the glance of them is terrible: his complexion is composed of the strongest tints of red, blue, yellow, green,'—not a lovely complexion at all; 'big head; the thick neck sunk between the shoulders; figure short and heavy (*courte et ramassée*).'[1]

'Going out to Wusterhausen,' then, that afternoon, 'October 1739.' How his Majesty is crushed down; quite bulged out of shape in that sad way, by the weight of time and its pressures: his thoughts, too, most likely, of a heavy-laden and abstruse nature! The old Pfalz Controversy has misgone with him; Pfalz, and so much else in the world;—the world in whole, probably enough, near ending to him; the final shadows, sombre, grand and mournful, closing-in upon him!—

Turk War ends; Spanish War begins. A Wedding in Petersburg

Last news come to Potsdam in these days is, The Kaiser has ended his disastrous Turk War; been obliged to end it;

[1] Bielfeld, p. 35.

sudden downbreak, and as it were panic terror, having at last come upon his unfortunate Generals in those parts. Duke Franz was passionate to be out of such a thing; Franz, General Neipperg and others; and now, '2d September 1739,' like lodgers leaping from a burning house, they are out of it. The Turk gets Belgrad itself, not to mention wide territories farther east,—Belgrad without shot fired;—nay, the Turk was hardly to be kept from hanging the Imperial Messenger (a General Neipperg, Duke Franz's old Tutor, and chief Confidant, whom we shall hear more of elsewhere), whose passport was not quite right on this occasion! —Never was a more disgraceful Peace. But also never had been worse fighting; planless, changeful, powerless, melting into futility at every step:—not to be mended by imprisonments in Grätz, and still harsher treatment of individuals. 'Has all success forsaken me, then, since Eugene died?' said the Kaiser; and snatched at this Turk Peace; glad to have it, by mediation of France, and on any terms.

Has not this Kaiser lost his outlying properties at a fearful rate? Naples is gone; Spanish Bourbon sits in our Naples; comparatively little left for us in Italy. And now the very Turk has beaten us small; insolently fillips the Imperial nose of us,—threatening to hang our Neipperg, and the like. Were it not for Anne of Russia, whose big horsewhip falls heavy on this Turk, he might almost get to Vienna again, for anything we could do! A Kaiser worthy to be pitied;—whom Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, does honestly pity. A Kaiser much beggared, much disgraced, in late years; who has played a huge life-game so long, diplomatising, warring; and, except the Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, has nothing to retire upon.

The Russians protested, with astonishment, against such Turk Peace on the Kaiser's part. But there was no help for it. One ally is gone, the Kaiser has let-go this Western skirt of the Turk; and 'Thamas Kouli Khan' (called also Nadir Shah, famed Oriental slasher and slayer of that time) no

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longer stands upon the Eastern skirt, but 'has entered India,' it appears: the Russians,—their cash, too, running low,—do themselves make peace, 'about a month after'; restoring Azoph and nearly all their conquests; putting off the ruin of the Turk till a better time.

War is over in the East, then; but another in the West, England against Spain (Spain and France to help), is about beginning. Readers remember how Jenkins's Ear reëmerged, Spring gone a year, in a blazing condition? Here, through *Sylvanus Urban* himself, are two direct glimpses, a twelvemonth nearer hand, which show us how the matter has been proceeding since:

'*London, 19th February* 1739. The City Authorities,'—laying or going to lay 'the foundation of the Mansion-House' (Edifice now very black in our time), and doing other things of little moment to us, 'had a Masquerade at the Guildhall this night. There was a very splendid appearance at the Masquerade; but among the many humorous and whimsical characters, what seemed most to engage attention was a Spaniard, who called himself "Knight of the Ear"; as Badge of which Order he wore on his breast the form of a Star, with its points tinged in blood; and on the body of it an Ear painted, and in capital letters the word JENKINS encircling it. Across his shoulder there hung, instead of ribbon, a large Halter; which he held-up to several persons dressed as English Sailors, who seemed in great terror of him, and falling on their knees suffered him to rummage their pockets; which done, he would insolently dismiss them with strokes of his halter. Several of the Sailors had a bloody Ear hanging down from their heads; and on their hats were these words, *Ear for Ear*; on others, *No Search or no Trade*; with the like sentences.'[1] The conflagration evidently going on; not likely to be damped-down again, by ministerial art!—

'*London, 19th March* 1739.' Grand Debate in Parliament, on the late "Spanish Convention," pretended Bargain of redress lately got from Spain: Approve the Convention, or Not approve? 'A hundred Members were in the House of Commons before seven, this morning; and four hundred had taken their seat by ten; which is an unheard-of thing. Prince of Wales,' Fred in person, 'was in the gallery till twelve at night,

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739, p. 103;—our *dates*, as always, are N.S.

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and had his dinner sent to him. Sir Robert Walpole rose: "Sir, the great pains that have been taken to influence all ranks and degrees of men in this Nation— * * But give me leave to"'—apply a wet cloth to Honourable Gentlemen. Which he does, really with skill and sense. France and the others are so strong, he urges; England so unprepared; Kaiser at such a pass; "War like to be, about the Palatinate Dispute" (our friend Friedrich Wilhelm's): 'Where is England to get allies?'—and hours long of the like sort. A judicious wet cloth; which proved unavailing.

For 'William Pitt*s*' (so they spell the great Chatham that is to be) was eloquent on the other side: 'Despairing Merchants,' 'Voice of England,' and so on. And the world was all in an inflamed state. And Mr. Pulteney exclaimed: Palatinate? Allies? 'We need no allies; the case of Mr. Jenkins will raise us volunteers everywhere!' And in short, —after eight months more of haggling, and applying wet cloths,—Walpole, in the name of England, has to declare War against Spain;[1] the public humour proving unquenchable on that matter. War; and no Peace to be, 'till our undoubted right,' to roadway on the oceans of this Planet, become permanently manifest to the Spanish Majesty.

Such the effect of a small Ear, kept about one in cotton, from ursine piety or other feelings. Has not Jenkins's Ear reëmerged, with a vengeance? It has kindled a War; dangerous for kindling other Wars, and setting the whole world on fire,—as will be too evident in the sequel! The *Ear of Jenkins* is a singular thing. Might have mounted to be a Constellation, like *Berenice's Hair*, and other small facts become mythical, had the English People been of poetic turn! Enough of *it*, for the time being.—

This Summer, Anton Ulrich, at Petersburg, did wed his Serene Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias: 'July 14th, 1739,'—three months before that Drive to Wusterhausen, which we saw lately. Little Anton Ulrich, Cadet of Brunswick; our Friedrich's Brother-in-Law;—a noticeably small man in comparison to such bulk of

[1] '3d November (23d October) 1739.'

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destiny, thinks Friedrich, though the case is not without example![1]

'Anton Ulrich is now five-and-twenty,' says one of my Notebooks; a young gentleman of small stature, shining courage in battle, but somewhat shy and bashful; who has had his troubles in Petersburg society, till the trial came,—and will have. Here are the stages of Anton Ulrich's felicity:

'*Winter* 1732-3. He was sent-for to Petersburg (his serene Aunt the German Kaiserinn, and Kaiser Karl's diplomatists, suggesting it there), with the view of his paying court to the young Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias, of whom we have often heard. February 1733, he arrived on his errand;—not approved of at all by the Mecklenburg Princess, by Czarina Anne or anybody there: what can be done with such an uncomfortable little creature? They gave him a Colonelcy of Cuirassiers: "Drill there, and endure."

'*Spring* 1737. Much-enduring, diligently drilling, for four years past, he went this year to the Turk War under Münnich;—much pleased Münnich, at Oczakow and elsewhere; who reports in the War-Office high things of him. And on the whole,—the serene Vienna people now again bestirring themselves, with whom we are in copartnery in this Turk business,—little Anton Ulrich is encouraged to proceed. Proceeds; formally demands his Mecklenburg Princess; and,

'*July 14th*, 1739, weds her; the happiest little man in all the Russias, and with the biggest destiny, if it prosper. Next year, too, there came a son and heir; whom they called Iwan, in honour of his Russian Great-grandfather. Shall we add the subsequent felicities of Anton Ulrich here; or wait till another opportunity?'

Better wait. This is all, and more than all, his Prussian Majesty, rolling out of Wusterhausen that afternoon, ever knew of them, or needed to know!—

CHAPTER VIII

DEATH OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM

At Wusterhausen, this Autumn, there is game as usual, but little or no hunting for the King. He has to sit drearily

[1] A Letter of his to Suhm; touching on Franz of Lorraine and this Anton Ulrich.

within doors for most part; listening to the rustle of falling leaves, to dim Winter coming with its rains and winds. Field-sports are a rumour from without: for him now no joyous sow-baiting, deer-chasing;—that, like other things, is past.

In the beginning of November, he came to Berlin; was worse there, and again was better;—strove to do the Carnival, as had been customary; but in a languid, lamed manner. One night he looked in upon an evening-party which General Schulenburg was giving: he returned home, chilled, shivering; could not, all night, be brought to heat again. It was the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.[1] Lieutenant-General Schulenburg: the same who doomed young Friedrich to death, as President of the Court-Martial; and then wrote the Three Letters about him which we once looked into: illuminates himself in this manner in Berlin society,—Carnival season 1740, weather fiercely cold. Maypole Schulenburg the lean Aunt, Ex-Mistress of George I., over in London,—I think she must now be dead? Or if not dead, why not! Memory, for the tenth time, fails me, of the humanly unmemorable, whom perhaps even flunkies should forget; and I will try it no more. The stalwart Lieutenant-General will reappear on us once, twice at the utmost, and never again. He gave the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm is in truth very ill; tosses about all day, in and out of bed,—bed and wheeled-chair drearily alternating; suffers much;—and again, in Diplomatic circles, the rumours are rife and sinister. Ever from this chill at Schulenburg's the medicines did him no good, says Pöllnitz: if he rallied, it was the effect of Nature, and only temporary. He does daily, with punctuality, his Official business; perhaps the best two hours he has of the four-and-twenty, for the time hangs heavy on him. His old Generals sit round his bed, talking, smoking, as it was five years ago; his Feekin and his

[1] Pöllnitz (ii. 538); who gives no date.

Children much about him, out and in: the heavy-laden, weary hours roll round as they can. In general there is a kind of constant Tabaks-Collegium, old Flans, Camas, Hacke, Pöllnitz, Derschau, and the rest by turns always there; the royal Patient cannot be left alone, without faces he likes: other Generals, estimable in their way, have a physiognomy displeasing to the sick man; and will smart for it if they enter,—'At sight of *him* every pain grows painfuler!'—the poor King being of poetic temperament, as we often say. Friends are encouraged to smoke, especially to keep-up a stream of talk; if at any time he fall into a doze and they cease talking, the silence will awaken him.

He is worst-off in the night; sleep very bad: and among his sore bodily pains, ennui falls very heavy to a mind so restless. He can paint, he can whittle, chisel: at last they even mount him a table, in his bed, with joiner's tools, mallets, gluepots, where he makes small carpentry,—the talk to go on the while;—often at night is the sound of his mallet audible in the Palace Esplanade; and Berlin townsfolk pause to listen, with many thoughts of a sympathetic or at least inarticulate character: '*Hm, Weh, Ihro Majestät: ach Gott*, pale Death knocks with impartial foot at the huts of poor men and the Palaces of Kings!'[1] Reverend Herr Roloff, whom they call Provost (*Probst*, Chief Clergyman) Roloff, a pious honest man and preacher, he, I could guess, has already been giving spiritual counsel now and then; later interviews with Roloff are expressly on record: for it is the King's private thought, ever and anon borne in upon him, that death itself is in this business.

Queen and Children, mostly hoping hitherto, though fearing too, live in much anxiety and agitation. The Crown-Prince is often over from Reinsberg; must not come too often, nor even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind! It is certain he is in no haste to be King; to quit the haunts of the Muses,

[1] Pöllnitz, ii. 539.

and embark on Kingship. Certain, too, he loves his Father; shudders at the thought of losing *him*. And yet again there will gleams intrude of a contrary thought; which the filial heart disowns, with a kind of horror, 'Down, thou impious thought!'—We perceive he manages in general to push the crisis away from him; to believe that real danger is still distant. His demeanour, so far as we can gather from his Letters or other evidence, is amiable, prudent, natural; altogether that of a human Son in those difficult circumstances. Poor Papa is heavy-laden: let us help to bear his burdens;—let us hope the crisis is still far off!—

Once, on a favourable evening, probably about the beginning of April, when he felt as if improving, Friedrich Wilhelm resolved to dress, and hold Tobacco-Parliament again in a formal manner. Let us look in there, through the eyes of Pöllnitz, who was of it, upon the last Tobacco-Parliament:

'A numerous party; Schwerin, Hacke, Derschau, all the chiefs and commandants of the Berlin Garrison are there; the old circle full; social human speech once more, and pipes alight; pleasant to the King. He does not himself smoke on this occasion; but he is unusually lively in talk; much enjoys the returning glimpse of old days; and the Tobacco circle was proceeding through its phases, successful beyond common. All at once the Crown-Prince steps in; direct from Reinsberg;[1] an unexpected pleasure. At sight of whom the Tobacco circle, taken on the sudden, simultaneously started up, and made him a bow. Rule is, in Tobacco-Parliament you do not rise for anybody; and they have risen. Which struck the sick heart in a strange painful way. "Hm, the Rising Sun?" thinks he; "Rules broken through, for the Rising Sun. But I am not dead yet, as you shall know!" ringing for his servants in great wrath; and had himself rolled out, regardless of protestations and excuses. "Hither, you Hacke!" said he.

'Hacke followed; but it was only to return on the instant, with the King's order, "That you instantly quit the Palace, all of you, and don't come back!" Solemn respectful message to his Majesty was of no effect, or of less; they had to go, on those terms; and Pöllnitz, making for his Majesty's apartment next morning as usual, was

[1] 12th April 1740? (*Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 29); Pöllnitz is dateless.

twitched by a Gensdarme, "No admittance!" And it was days before the matter would come round again, under earnest protestations from the one side, and truculent rebukes from the other.'[1] Figure the Crown-Prince, figure the poor sick Majesty; and what a time in those localities!

With the bright spring weather he seemed to revive; towards the end of April he resolved for Potsdam, everybody thinking him much better, and the outer Public reckoning the crisis of the illness over. He himself knew other. It was on the 27th of the month that he went; he said, 'Fare thee well, then, Berlin; I am to die in Potsdam, then (*ich werde in Potsdam sterben*)!' The May-flowers came late; the weather was changeful, ungenial for the sick man: this winter of 1740 had been the coldest on record; it extended itself into the very summer; and brought great distress of every kind;—of which some oral rumour still survives in all countries. Friedrich Wilhelm heard complaints of scarcity among the people; admonitions to open his Corn-granaries (such as he always has in store against that kind of accident); but he still hesitated and refused; unable to look into it himself, and fearing deceptions.

For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanour at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world,—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel-off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as

[1] Pöllnitz (abridged), ii. 540.

the King had hoped. Surely this King 'never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honoured the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?' To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. 'Did I behave ill, then; did I ever do injustice?' Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. 'He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was sent to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!' Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savouring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

'Well,—is there anything more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!'—Much oppression, forcing men to build in Berlin.—'Oppression? was it not their benefit, as well as Berlin's and their Country's? I had no interest in it other. Derschau, you who managed it?' and his Majesty turned to Derschau. For all the smoking generals and company are still here; nor will his Majesty consent to dismiss them from the presence and be alone with Roloff: 'What is there to conceal? They are people of honour, and my friends.' Derschau, whose feats in the building way are not unknown even to us, answers with a hard face, It was all right and orderly; nothing out of square in his building operations. To which Roloff shakes his head: 'A thing of public notoriety, Herr General.'—'I will prove everything before a Court,' answers the Herr General with still harder face; Roloff still austerely shaking his head. Hm!—And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? 'Well, I will, I do; you Feekin, write to your Brother (unforgiveablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave

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him, died in peace with him.'—Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff.—'No, after I am dead,' persists the Son of Nature,—that will be safer![1] An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity: such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, 'You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man.'[2]

Roloff, I perceive, had several Dialogues with the King; and stayed in Potsdam some days for that object. The above bit of jotting is from the Seckendorf Papers (probably picked up by Seckendorf Junior), and is dated only 'May.' Of the two Potsdam Preachers, one of whom is 'Oesfeld, Chaplain of the Giant Grenadiers,' and the other is 'Cochius, Calvinist Hofprediger,' each published on his own score some Notes of dialogue and circumstance;[3] which are to the same effect, so far as they concern us; and exhibit the same rugged Son of Nature, looking with all his eyesight into the near Eternity, and sinking in a human and not inhuman manner amid the floods of Time. 'Wa, wa, what great God is this, that pulls down the strength of the strongest Kings!'—

The poor King's state is very restless, fluctuates from day to day; he is impatient of bed; sleeps very ill; is up when-

[1] Wrote accordingly, 'not able to finish without many tears': honest sensible Letter (though indifferently spelt), 'Berlin, 1st June 1740';—lies now in State-Paper Office: '*Royal Letters*, vol. xciv., Prussia, 1689-1777.'

[2] *Notata ex ore Roloffi* ('found among the Seckendorf Papers,' no date but 'May 1740'), in Förster, ii. 154, 155; in a fragmentary state: completed in Pöllnitz, ii. 545-549.

[3] Cochius, the *Hofpredigers* (Calvinist Court-Chaplain's) *Account* of his Interviews (first of them 'Friday 27th May 1740, about 9 P.M.'); followed by ditto from Oesfeld (Chaplain of the Giants), who usually accompanied Cochius,—are in Seyfarth, *Geschichte Friedrich des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1783-1788), i. (Beylage) 24-40. Seyfarth was 'Regiments-Auditor' in Halle: his Work, solid though stupid, consists nearly altogether of multifarious *Beylagen* (Appendices) and *Notes*; which are creditably accurate, and often curious; and, as usual, have no Index for an unfortunate reader.

ever possible; rolls about in his wheeled chair, and even gets into the air: at one time looking strong, as if there were still months in him, and anon sunk in fainting weakness, as if he had few minutes to live. Friedrich at Reinsberg corresponds very secretly with Dr. Eller; has other friends at Potsdam whose secret news he very anxiously reads. To the last he cannot bring himself to think it serious.[1]

On Thursday 26th of May, an express from Eller, or the Potsdam friends, arrives at Reinsberg: He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive! The step may have danger, too; but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied; the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance: it is his Father in his *rollwagen* (wheeled-chair),—not dying; but out of doors, giving orders about founding a House, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman he has; whose tongue is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a Groom, of English and other Horses, are without parallel in those parts. Without parallel, and deserve a House before we die. Let us see it set agoing, this blessed May-day! Of Philips, who survived deep into Friedrich's time, and uttered rough sayings (in mixed intelligible dialect) when put upon in his grooming, or otherwise disturbed, I could obtain no farther account: the man did not care to be put in History (a very small service to a man); cared to have a house with trim fittings, and to do his grooming well, the fortunate Philips.

At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! It was a scene to make all bystanders and even Philips weep.—

[1] Letter to Eller, 25th May 1740 (*Œuvres*, xvi. 184).

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Probably the emotion hurt the old King; he had to be taken in again straightway, his show of strength suddenly gone, and bed the only place for him. This same Friday he dictated to one of his Ministers (Boden, who was in close attendance) the Instruction for his Funeral; a rude characteristic Piece, which perhaps the English reader knows. Too long and rude for reprinting here.[1]

He is to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers his escort; with military decorum, three volleys fired (and take care they be well fired, '*nicht plackeren*'), so many cannon salvos;—and no fuss or flaunting ceremony: simplicity and decency is what the tenant of that oak coffin wants, as he always did when owner of wider dominions. The coffin, which he has ready and beside him in the Palace this good while, is a stout piece of carpentry, with leather straps and other improvements; he views it from time to time; solaces his truculent imagination with the look of it: 'I shall sleep right well *there*,' he would say. The image he has of his Burial, we perceive, is of perfect visuality, equal to what a Defoe could do in imagining. All is seen, settled to the last minuteness: the coffin is to be borne out by so and so, at such and such a door; this detachment is to fall-in here, that there, in the attitude of 'cover arms' (musket inverted under left arm); and the band is to play, with all its blackamoors, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O Head, all bleeding wounded); a Dirge his Majesty had liked, who knew music, and had a love for it, after his sort. Good Son of Nature: a dumb Poet, as I say always; most dumb, but real; the value of him great, and unknown in these babbling times. It was on this same Friday night that Cochius was first sent for; Cochius, and Oesfeld with him, 'about nine o'clock.'

For the next three days (Saturday to Monday) when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instruct-

[1] Copy of it in Seyfarth (ubi suprà), i. 19-24. Translated in Mauvillon (ii. 432-437); in etc. etc.

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ing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while: 'Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!' And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent; endeavoured to talk a little, could at least smoke, and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his Successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, 'Pray for me; *Betet, betet.*' And more than once, in deep tone: 'Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!' The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words, 'Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go,'—'No,' said he, 'always with vivacity,' at this passage; 'not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on:' Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. 'The late Graf Alexander von Wartenberg,'—Captain Wartenberg, whom we know, and whose opportunities,—'was wont to relate this.'[1]

Tuesday 31st May, 'about one in the morning,' Cochius was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain

[1] Büsching (in 1786), *Beyträge*, iv. 100.

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to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. 'I can remember nothing,' said the King; 'I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers.'—'Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart,' said Cochius; and soothed the heavy-laden man as he could. 'Fare you well,' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; 'most likely we shall not meet again in this world.' Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well: 'Poor little Ferdinand, adieu, then, my little child!' This is the Father of that fine Louis Ferdinand, who was killed at Jena; concerning whom Berlin, in certain emancipated circles of it, still speaks with regret. He, the Louis Ferdinand, had fine qualities; but went far a-roving, into radicalism, into romantic love, into champagne; and was cut-down on the threshold of Jena, desperately fighting,—perhaps happily for him.

From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. 'Feekin, O my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!' The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling-on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: '"It is over (*Das ist vollbracht*)," said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his nightcap, and a blue mantle thrown round him.' He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you, old Fürst of Anhalt Dessau my oldest friend, you, Colonel Hacke

faithfulest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb-show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: 'You have chosen the very worst,' said Friedrich Wilhelm: 'Take that other, I will warrant him a good one!' The grim Old Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. 'Nay, nay, my friend,' Friedrich Wilhelm said, 'this is a debt we have all to pay.'

The Official people, Queen, Friedrich, Minister Boden, Minister Podewils, and even Pöllnitz, being now all present, Friedrich Wilhelm makes his Declaration, at considerable length; old General Bredow repeating it aloud,[1] sentence by sentence, the King's own voice being too weak; so that all may hear: 'That he abdicates, gives up wholly, in favour of his good Son Friedrich; that foreign Ambassadors are to be informed; that you are all to be true and loyal to my Son as you were to me'—and what else is needful. To which the judicious Podewils makes answer, 'That there must first be a written Deed of this high Transaction executed, which shall be straightway set about; the Deed once executed, signed and sealed,—the high Royal will, in all points, takes effect.' Alas, before Podewils has done speaking, the King is like falling into a faint; does faint, and is carried to bed: too unlikely any Deed of Abdication will be needed.

Ups and downs there still were; sore fluctuating labour, as the poor King struggles to his final rest, this morning. He was at the window again, when the *Wacht-parade* (Grenadiers on Guard) turned out; he saw them make their evolutions for the last time.[2] After which, new relapse, new fluctuation. It was about eleven o'clock, when Cochius was again sent for. The King lay speechless, seemingly still conscious, in bed. Cochius prays with fervour, in a loud tone, that the dying King may hear and join. 'Not so loud!' says the King, rallying a little. He had remembered that it was the season

[1] Pöllnitz, ii. 561. [2] Pauli, viii. 280.

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when his servants got their new liveries; they had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: 'O vanity! O vanity!' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at sight of the ornamented plush. 'Pray for me, pray for me; my trust is in the Saviour!' he often said. His pains, his weakness are great; the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time, he called for a mirror: that is certain: —rugged wild man, son of Nature to the last. The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: 'Not so worn out as I thought,' is Pöllnitz's account, and the likeliest;—though perhaps he said several things, 'ugly face,' 'as good as dead already'; and continued the inspection for some moments.[1] A grim, strange thing.

'Feel my pulse, Pitsch,' said he, noticing the Surgeon of his Giants: 'tell me how long this will last.'—'Alas, not long,' answered Pitsch.—'Say not, alas; but how do you (He) know?'—'The pulse is gone!'—'Impossible,' said he, lifting his arm: 'how could I move my fingers so, if the pulse were gone?' Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. 'Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*).' These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the Crown-Prince to take the Queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room, when the faint had deepened into death; and Friedrich Wilhelm, at rest from all his labours, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff;—I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's-Digester, Truculent-Charlatan and other species of 'Kings,' alone attainable for the sunk flunky populations of an Era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich

[1] Pöllnitz, ii. 564; Wilhelmina, ii. 321.

Wilhelm, to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? 'Would give,' I have written; but alas, it ought to have been '*should* give.' What *they* 'would' give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballotboxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downwards and upwards! —Tuesday 31st May 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died; age fifty-two, coming 15th August next. Same day, Friedrich his Son was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet and the like, doing what is customary on such occasions.

On Saturday 4th June, the King's body is laid out in state; all Potsdam at liberty to come and see. He lies there, in his regimentals, in his oaken coffin, on a raised place in the middle of the room; decent mortuary draperies, lamps, garlands, banderols furnishing the room and him: at his feet, on a black-velvet *tabouret* (stool), are the chivalry emblems, helmet, gauntlets, spurs; and on similar stools, at the right hand and the left, lie his military insignia, hat and sash, sword, guidon, and what else is fit. Around, in silence, sit nine veteran military dignitaries; Buddenbrock, Waldau, Derschau, Einsiedel, and five others whom we omit to name. Silent they sit. A grim earnest sight in the shine of the lamplight, as you pass out of the June sun. Many went, all day; looked once again on the face that was to vanish. Precisely at ten at night, the coffin-lid is screwed down: Twelve Potsdam Captains take the coffin on their shoulders; Four-and-twenty Corporals with wax torches, Four-and-twenty Sergeants with inverted halberts lowered; certain Generals on order, and very many following as volunteers; these perform the actual burial, —carry the body to the Garrison Church, where are clergy waiting, which is but a small step off; see it lodged, oak coffin and all, in a marble coffin in the side vault there, which is known to Tourists.[1] It is the end of the week,

[1] Pauli, viii. 281.

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and the actual burial is done,—hastened forward for reasons we can guess.

Filial piety by no means intends to defraud a loved Father of the Spartan ceremonial contemplated as obsequies by him: very far from it. Filial piety will conform to that with rigour; only adding what musical and other splendours are possible, to testify his love still more. And so, almost three weeks hence, on the 23d of the month, with the aid of Dresden Artists, of Latin Cantatas, and other pomps (not inexcusable, though somewhat out of keeping), the due Funeral is done, no Corpse but a wax Effigy present in it;—and in all points, that of the Potsdam Grenadiers not forgotten, there was rigorous conformity to the Instruction left. In all points, even to the extensive funeral dinner, and drinking of the appointed cask of wine, 'the best cask in my cellar.' Adieu, O King.

The Potsdam Grenadiers fired their three volleys (not '*plackering*,' as I have reason to believe, but well); got their allowance, dinner-liquor, and appointed coin of money: it was the last service required of them in this world. That same night they were dissolved, the whole Four Thousand of them, at a stroke; and ceased to exist as Potsdam Grenadiers. Colonels, Captains, all the Officers known to be of merit, were advanced, at least transferred. Of the common men, a minority, of not inhuman height and of worth otherwise, were formed into a new Regiment on the common terms: the stupid splay-footed eight-feet mass were allowed to stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions; Irish Kirkman, and a few others neither knock-kneed nor without head, were appointed *heyducs*, that is, porters to the King's or other Palaces; and did that duty in what was considered an ornamental manner.

Here are still two things capable of being fished-up from the sea of nugatory matter; and meditated on by readers, till the following Books open.

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The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears; looking back through the gulfs of the Past, upon such a Father now rapt away for ever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory,—the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong!—This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with a loyal admiration throughout: 'We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince: readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a Father.'[1] All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

In a little while the Old Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer; 'embraces his knees'; offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation;—hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, 'will have the same authority as in the late reign.' Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash-out tearless, strangely Olympian. 'In your posts I have no thought of making change: in your posts, yes;—and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides in the King that is sovereign!' Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping. Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, 'half-dressed, with

[1] *Œuvres*, i. 174 (*Mém. de Brandebourg*: finished about 1747).

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dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself.' 'These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!' said the new King. —'*He* was in great suffering,' suggested Pöllnitz; 'he is now at rest.' 'True, he suffered; but he was here with us: and now—!'[1]

[1] Ranke (ii. 46, 47), from certain Fragments, still in manuscript, of Pöllnitz's *Memoiren*.

BOOK XI

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE REINS IN HAND

JUNE—DECEMBER 1740

CHAPTER I

PHENOMENA OF FRIEDRICH'S ACCESSION

IN Berlin, from Tuesday 31st May 1740, day of the late King's death, till the Thursday following, the post was stopped and the gates closed; no estafette can be despatched, though Dickens and all the Ambassadors are busy writing. On the Thursday, Regiments, Officers, principal Officials having sworn, and the new King being fairly in the saddle, estafettes and postboys shoot forth at the top of their speed; and Rumour, towards every point of the compass, apprises mankind what immense news there is.[1]

A King's Accession is always a hopeful phenomenon to the public; more especially a young King's, who has been talked of for his talents and aspirings,—for his sufferings, were it nothing more,—and whose *Anti-Macchiavel* is understood to be in the press. Vaguely everywhere there has a notion gone abroad that this young King will prove considerable. Here at last has a Lover of Philosophy got upon the throne, and great philanthropies and magnanimities are to be expected, think rash editors and idle mankind. Rash editors in England and elsewhere, we observe, are ready to believe that Friedrich has not only disbanded the Potsdam Giants; but means to

[1] Dickens (in State-Paper Office), 4th June 1740.

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'reduce the Prussian Army one half' or so, for ease, (temporary ease, which we hope will be lasting) of parties concerned; and to go much upon emancipation, political rose-water, and friendship to humanity, as we now call it.

At his first meeting of Council, they say, he put this question, 'Could not the Prussian Army be reduced to 45,000?' The excellent young man. To which the Council had answered, 'Hardly, your Majesty! The Jülich-and-Berg affair is so ominous hitherto!' These may be secrets, and dubious to people out of doors, thinks a wise editor; but one thing patent to the day was this, surely symbolical enough: On one of his Majesty's first drives to Potsdam or from it, a thousand children,—in round numbers a thousand of them, all with the *red string* round their necks, and liable to be taken for soldiers, if needed in the regiment of their Canton,—a thousand children met this young King at a turn of his road; and with shrill unison of wail, sang out, 'Oh, deliver us from slavery,'—from the red threads, your Majesty. Why should poor we be liable to suffer hardship for our Country or otherwise, your Majesty! Can no one else be got to do it? sang out the thousand children. And his Majesty assented on the spot, thinks the rash editor.[1] 'Goose, Madam?' exclaimed a philanthropist projector once, whose scheme of sweeping chimneys by pulling a live goose down through them was objected to: 'Goose, Madam? You can take two ducks, then, if you are so sorry for the goose!'—Rash editors think there is to be a reign of Astræa Redux in Prussia, by means of this young King; and forget to ask themselves, as the young King must by no means do, How far Astræa may be possible, for Prussia and him?

At home, too, there is prophesying enough, vague hope enough, which for most part goes wide of the mark. This young King, we know, did prove considerable; but not in the way shaped out for him by the public;—it was in far other ways! For no public in the least knows, in such cases: nor

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1740), x. 318; Newspapers, etc.

does the man himself know, except gradually and if he strive to learn. As to the public,—'Doubtless,' says a friend of mine, 'doubtless it was the Atlantic Ocean that carried Columbus to America; lucky for the Atlantic, and for Columbus and us: but the Atlantic did not quite vote that way from the first; nay, *its* votes, I believe, were very various at different stages of the matter!' This is a truth which kings and men, not intending to be drift-logs or waste brine obedient to the Moon, are much called to have in mind withal, from perhaps an early stage of their voyage.

Friedrich's actual demeanour in these his first weeks, which is still decipherable if one study well, has in truth a good deal of the brilliant, of the popular-magnanimous; but manifests strong solid quality withal, and a head steadier than might have been expected. For the Berlin world is all in a rather Auroral condition; and Friedrich too is,—the chains suddenly cut loose, and such hopes opened for the young man. He has great things ahead; feels in himself great things, and doubtless exults in the thought of realising them. Magnanimous enough, popular, hopeful enough, with Voltaire and the highest of the world looking on:—but yet he is wise, too; creditably aware that there are limits, that this is a bargain, and the terms of it inexorable. We discern with pleasure the old veracity of character shining through this giddy new element; that all these fine procedures are at least unaffected, to a singular degree true, and the product of nature, on his part; and that, in short, the complete respect for Fact, which used to be a quality of his, and which is among the highest and also rarest in man, has on no side deserted him at present.

A trace of airy exuberance, of natural exultancy, not quite repressible, on the sudden change to freedom and supreme power from what had gone before: perhaps that also might be legible, if in those opaque beadrolls which are called Histories of Friedrich anything human could with certainty be read! He flies much about from place to place; now at Potsdam, now at Berlin, at Charlottenburg, Reinsberg;

nothing loath to run whither business calls him, and appear in public: the gazetteer world, as we noticed, which has been hitherto a most mute world, breaks out here and there into a kind of husky jubilation over the great things he is daily doing, and rejoices in the prospect of having a Philosopher King; which function the young man, only twenty-eight gone, — cannot but wish to fulfil for the gazetteers and the world. He is a busy man; and walks boldly into his grand enterprise of 'making men happy,' to the admiration of Voltaire and an enlightened public far and near.

Bielfield speaks of immense concourses of people crowding about Charlottenburg, to congratulate, to solicit, to etc.; tells us how he himself had to lodge almost in outhouses, in that royal village of hope. His emotions at Reinsberg, and everybody's, while Friedrich Wilhelm lay dying, and all stood like greyhounds on the slip; and with what arrow-swiftness they shot away when the great news came: all this he has already described at wearisome length, in his fantastic semi-fabulous way.[1] Friedrich himself seemed moderately glad to see Bielfeld; received his high-flown congratulations with a benevolent yet somewhat composed air; and gave him afterwards, in the course of weeks, an unexpectedly small appointment: To go to Hanover, under Truchsess von Waldburg, and announce our Accession. Which is but a simple, mostly formal service; yet perhaps what Bielfeld is best equal to.

The Britannic Majesty, or at least his Hanover people have been beforehand with this civility; Baron Münchhausen, no doubt by orders given for such contingency, had appeared at Berlin with the due compliment and condolence almost on the first day of the New Reign; first messenger of all on that errand; Britannic Majesty evidently in a conciliatory humour, —having his dangerous Spanish War on hand. Britannic Majesty in person, shortly after, gets across to Hanover; and Friedrich despatches Truchsess, with Bielfeld adjoined, to return the courtesy.

[1] Bielfeld, i. 68-77; *ibid.* 81.

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Friedrich does not neglect these points of good manners; along with which something of substantial may be privately conjoined. For example, if he had in secret his eye on Jülich and Berg, could anything be fitter than to ascertain what the French will think of such an enterprise? What the French; and next to them what the English, that is to say, Hanoverians, who meddle much in affairs of the Reich. For these reasons and others he likewise, probably with more study than in the Bielfeld case, despatches Colonel Camas to make his compliment at the French Court, and in an expert way take soundings there. Camas, a fat sedate military gentleman, of advanced years, full of observation, experience and sound sense,—'with one arm, which he makes do the work of two, and nobody can notice that the other arm resting in his coat-breast is of cork, so expert is he,'—will do in this matter what is feasible; probably not much for the present. He is to call on Voltaire, as he passes, who is in Holland again, at the Hague for some months back; and deliver him 'a little cask of Hungary Wine,' which probably his Majesty had thought exquisite. Of which, and the other insignificant passages between them, we hear more than enough in the writings and correspondences of Voltaire about this time.

In such way Friedrich disposes of his Bielfelds; who are rather numerous about him now and henceforth. Adventurers from all quarters, especially of the literary type, in hopes of being employed, much hovered round Friedrich through his whole reign. But they met a rather strict judge on arriving; it cannot be said they found it such a Goschen as they expected.

Favour, friendly intimacy, it is visible from the first, avails nothing with this young King; beyond and before all things he will have his work done, and looks out exclusively for the man ablest to do it. Hence Bielfeld goes to Hanover, to grin-out euphuisms, and make graceful court-bows to our sublime little Uncle there. On the other hand, Friedrich institutes a new Knighthood, *Order of Merit* so-called; which

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indeed is but a small feat, testifying mere hope and exuberance as yet; and may even be made worse than nothing, according to the Knights he shall manage to have. Happily it proved a successful new Order in this last all-essential particular; and, to the end of Friedrich's life, continued to be a great and coveted distinction among the Prussians.

Beyond doubt this is a radiant enough young Majesty; entitled to hope, and to be the cause of hope. Handsome, to begin with; decidedly well-looking, all say, and of graceful presence, though hardly five feet seven, and perhaps stouter of limb than the strict Belvedere standard.[1] Has a fine free expressive face; nothing of austerity in it; not a proud face, or not too proud, yet rapidly flashing on you all manner of high meanings.[2] Such a man, in the bloom of his years; with such a possibility ahead, and Voltaire and mankind waiting applausive!—Let us try to select, and extricate into coherence and visibility out of those Historical dustheaps, a few of the symptomatic phenomena, or physiognomic procedures of Friedrich in his first weeks of Kingship, by way of contribution to some Portraiture of his then inner-man.

Friedrich will make Men happy: Corn-Magazines

On the day after his Accession, Officers and chief Ministers taking the Oath, Friedrich, to his Officers, 'on whom he counts for the same zeal now which he had witnessed as their comrade,' recommends mildness of demeanour from the higher to the lower, and that the common soldier be not treated with harshness when not deserved: and to his Ministers he is still

[1] Height, it appears, was five feet five inches (Rhenish), which in English measure is five feet seven or a hairsbreadth less. Preuss, twice over, by a mistake unusual with him, gives 'five feet two inches three lines' as the correct cipher (which it is of *Napoleon's* measure in *French* feet); then settles on the above dimensions from unexceptionable authority (Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 18; Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse*, i. 39 and 419).

[2] Wille's Engraving after Pesne (excellent, both Picture and Engraving) is reckoned the best Likeness in that form.

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more emphatic, in the like or a higher strain. Officially announcing to them, by Letter, that a new Reign has commenced, he uses these words, legible soon after to a glad Berlin public: 'Our grand care will be, To further the Country's wellbeing, and to make every one of our subjects (*einen jeden unserer Unterthanen*) contented and happy. Our will is, not that you strive to enrich Us by vexation of Our subjects; but rather that you aim steadily as well towards the advantage of the Country as Our particular interest, forasmuch as We make no difference between these two objects,' but consider them one and the same. This is written, and gets into print within the month; and his Majesty, that same day (Wednesday 2d June), when it came to personal reception, and actual taking of the Oath, was pleased to add in words, which also were printed shortly, this comfortable corollary: 'My will henceforth is, If it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my Countries should seem to go against each other,—in that case, my will is, That the latter always be preferred.'[1]

This is a fine dialect for incipient Royalty; and it is brand-new at that time. It excites an admiration in the then populations, which to us, so long used to it and to what commonly comes of it, is not conceivable at once. There can be no doubt the young King does faithfully intend to develop himself in the way of making men happy; but here, as elsewhere, are limits which he will recognise ahead, some of them perhaps nearer than was expected.

Meanwhile his first acts, in this direction, correspond to these fine words. The year 1740, still grim with cold into the heart of summer, bids fair to have a late poor harvest, and famine threatens to add itself to other hardships there have been. Recognising the actualities of the case, what his poor Father could not, he opens the Public Granaries,—a wise

[1] Dickens, Despatch, 4th June 1740: Preuss, *Friedrichs Jugend und Thronbesteigung* (Berlin, 1840), p. 325;—quoting from the Berlin Newspapers of 28th June and 2d July 1740.

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resource they have in Prussian countries against the year of scarcity;—orders grain to be sold out, at reasonable rates, to the suffering poor; and takes the due pains, considerable in some cases, that this be rendered feasible everywhere in his dominions. 'Berlin, 2d June,' is the first date of this important order; fine program to his Ministers, which, we read, is no sooner uttered, than some performance follows. An evident piece of wisdom and humanity; for which doubtless blessings of a very sincere kind rise to him from several millions of his fellow-mortals.

Nay, furthermore, as can be dimly gathered, this scarcity continuing, some continuous mode of management was set on foot for the Poor; and there is nominated, with salary, with outline of plan and other requisites, as 'Inspector of the Poor,' to his own and our surprise, M. Jordan, late Reader to the Crown-Prince, and still much the intimate of his royal Friend. Inspector who seems to do his work very well. And in the November coming this is what we see: 'One thousand poor old women, the destitute of Berlin, set to spin,' at his Majesty's charges; vacant houses, hired for them in certain streets and suburbs, have been new-planked, partitioned, warmed; and spinning is there for any diligent female soul. There a thousand of them sit, under proper officers, proper wages, treatment;—and the hum of their poor spindles, and of their poor inarticulate old hearts, is a comfort, if one chance to think of it.—Of 'distressed needlewomen' who cannot sew, nor be taught to do it; who, in private truth, are mutinous maid-servants come at last to the net upshot of their anarchies; of these, or of the like incurable phenomena, I hear nothing in Berlin; and can believe that, under this King, Indigence itself may still have something of a human aspect, not a brutal or diabolic as is commoner in some places. —This is one of Friedrich's first acts, this opening of the Corn-magazines, and arrangements for the Destitute;[1] and of

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 367. Rödenbeck, *Tagebuch aus Friedrichs des Grossen Regentenleben* (Berlin, 1840), i. 2, 26 (2d June, October, 1740): a meritorious,

this there can be no criticism. The sound of hungry pots set boiling, on judicious principles; the hum of those old women's spindles in the warm rooms: gods and men are well pleased to hear such sounds; and accept the same as part, real though infinitesimally small, of the sphere-harmonies of this Universe!

Abolition of Legal Torture

Friedrich makes haste, next, to strike into Law-improvements. It is but the morrow after this of the Corn-magazines, by *Kabinets-Ordre* (Act of Parliament such as they can have in that Country, where the Three Estates sit all under one Three-cornered Hat, and the debates are kept silent, and only the upshot of them, more or less faithfully, is made public), —by Cabinet Order, 3d June 1740, he abolishes the use of Torture in Criminal Trials.[1] Legal Torture, 'Question,' as they mildly call it, is at an end from this date. Not in any Prussian Court shall a 'question' try for answer again by that savage method. The use of Torture had, I believe, fallen rather obsolete in Prussia; but now the very threat of it shall vanish,—the threat of it, as we may remember, had reached Friedrich himself, at one time. Three or four years ago, it is farther said, a dark murder happened in Berlin: Man killed one night in the open streets; murderer discoverable by no method,—unless he were a certain *Candidatus* of Divinity to whom some trace of evidence pointed, but who sorrowfully persisted in absolute and total denial. This poor Candidatus had been threatened with the rack; and would most likely have at length got it, had not the real murderer been discovered,—much to the discredit of the rack in Berlin. This Candidatus was only threatened; nor do I know when

laborious, though essentially chaotic Book, unexpectedly futile of result to the reader; settles for each Day of Friedrich's Reign, so far as possible, where Friedrich was and what doing; fatally wants all index, etc., as usual.

[1] Preuss, *Friedrichs Jugend und Thronbesteigung* (Berlin, 1840,—a minor Book of Preuss's), p. 340. Rödenbeck, i. 14 ('3d June').

the last actual instance in Prussia was; but in enlightened France, and most other countries, there was as yet no scruple upon it. Barbier, the Diarist at Paris, some time after this, tells us of a gang of thieves there, who were regularly put to the torture; and 'they blabbed too, *ils ont jasé*,' says Barbier with official jocosity.[1]

Friedrich's Cabinet Order, we need not say, was greeted everywhere, at home and abroad, by three rounds of applause; —in which surely all of us still join; though the *per-contra* also is becoming visible to some of us, and our enthusiasm grows less complete than formerly. This was Friedrich's first step in Law-Reform, done on his fourth day of Kingship. A long career in that kind lies ahead of him; in reform of Law, civil as well as criminal, his efforts ended with life only. For his love of Justice was really great; and the mendacities and wiggeries, attached to such a necessary of life as Law, found no favour from him at any time.

Will have Philosophers about him, and a real Academy of Sciences

To neglect the Philosophies, Fine Arts, interests of Human Culture, he is least of all likely. The idea of building up the Academy of Sciences to its pristine height, or far higher, is evidently one of those that have long lain in the Crown-Prince's mind, eager to realise themselves. Immortal Wolf, exiled but safe at Marburg, and refusing to return in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, had lately dedicated a Book to the Crown-Prince; indicating that perhaps, under a new Reign, he might be more persuadable. Friedrich makes haste to persuade; instructs the proper person, Reverend Herr Reinbeck, Head of the Consistorium at Berlin, to write and negotiate. 'All reasonable conditions shall be granted' the immortal Wolf,—and Friedrich adds with his own hand as

[1] Barbier, *Journal Historique du Règne de Louis XV.* (Paris, 1849), ii. 338 (date 'Dec. 1742').

Postscript: 'I request you (*Ihn*) to use all diligence about Wolf. A man that seeks truth, and loves it, must be reckoned precious in any human society; and I think you will make a conquest in the realm of truth if you persuade Wolf hither again.'[1] This is of date June 6th; not yet a week since Friedrich came to be King. The Reinbeck-Wolf negotiation which ensued can be read in Büsching by the curious.[2] It represents to us a croaky, thrifty, long-headed old Herr Professor, in no haste to quit Marburg except for something better: 'obliged to wear woollen shoes and leggings;' 'bad at mounting stairs;' and otherwise needing soft treatment. Willing, though with caution, to work at an Academy of Sciences;—but dubious if the French are so admirable as they seem to themselves in such operations. Veteran Wolf, one dimly begins to learn, could himself build a German Academy of Sciences, to some purpose, if encouraged! This latter was probably the stone of stumbling in that direction. Veteran Wolf did not get to be President in the new Academy of Sciences; but was brought back, 'streets all in triumph,' to his old place at Halle; and there with little other work that was heard of, but we hope in warm shoes and without much mounting of stairs, lived peaceably victorious the rest of his days.

Friedrich's thoughts are not of a German home-built Academy, but of a French one: and for this he already knows a builder; has silently had him in his eye, these two years past,—Voltaire giving hint, in the *Letter* we once heard of at Loo. Builder shall be that sublime Maupertuis; scientific lion of Paris, ever since his feat in the Polar regions, and the charming Narrative he gave of it. 'What a feat, what a book!' exclaimed the Parisian cultivated circles, male and female, on that occasion; and Maupertuis, with plenty of bluster in him carefully suppressed, assents in a grandly modest way. His Portraits are in the Printshops

[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxvii. 11. 185), the Letter given.
[2] Büsching's *Beyträge* (§ Freyherr von Wolf), i. 63-137.

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ever since; one very singular Portrait, just coming out (at which there is some laughing): a coarse-featured, blusterous, rather triumphant-looking man, blusterous, though finely complacent for the nonce; in copious dressing-gown and fur cap; comfortably *squeezing* the Earth and her meridians flat (as if *he* had done it), with his left hand; and with the other, and its outstretched finger, asking mankind, 'Are not you aware, then?'—'Are not we!' answers Voltaire by and by, with endless waggeries upon him, though at present so reverent. Friedrich, in these same days, writes this Autograph; which who of men or lions could resist?

To Monsieur de Maupertuis, at Paris

(No date;—dateable, June 1740.)

'My heart and my inclination excited in me, from the moment I mounted the throne, the desire of having you here, that you might put our Berlin Academy into the shape you alone are capable of giving it. Come, then, come and insert into this wild crabtree the graft of the Sciences, that it may bear fruit. You have shown the Figure of the Earth to mankind; show also to a King how sweet it is to possess such a man as you. Monsieur de Maupertuis,—*Votre très affectionné*

'FÉDÉRIC' (*sic*).[1]

This Letter,—how could Maupertuis prevent some accident in such a case?—got into the Newspapers; glorious for Friedrich, glorious for Maupertuis; and raised matters to a still higher pitch. Maupertuis is on the road, and we shall see him before long.

And Every One shall get to Heaven in his own Way

Here is another little fact which had immense renown at home and abroad, in those summer months and long afterwards.

[1] *Œuvres*, xvii. 1. 335. The fantastic 'Fédéric,' instead of 'Frédéric,' is, by this time, the common signature to French Letters.

June 22d, 1740, the *Geistliche Departement* (Board of Religion, we may term it) reports that the Roman-Catholic Schools, which have been in use these eight years past, for children of soldiers belonging to that persuasion, 'are, especially in Berlin, perverted, directly in the teeth of Royal Ordnance, 1732, to seducing Protestants into Catholicism;' annexed, or ready for annexing, 'is the specific Report of Fiscal-General to this effect:'—upon which, what would it please his Majesty to direct us to do?

His Majesty writes on the margin these words, rough and ready, which we give with all their grammatical blotches on them; indicating a mind made-up on one subject, which was much more dubious then, to most other minds, than it now is:

'*Die Religionen Müssen* (müssen) *alle Tollerirt* (tolerirt) *werden, und Mus* (muss) *der Fiscal nuhr* (nur) *das Auge darauf haben, das* (dass) *keine der andern abrug Tuhe* (Abbruch thue), *den* (denn) *hier mus* (muss) *ein jeder nach seiner Fasson Selich* (Façon selig) *werden.*'[1]

Which in English might run as follows:

'All Religions must be tolerated (*Tollerated*), and the Fiscal must have an eye that none of them make unjust encroachment on the other; for in this Country every man must get to Heaven in his own way.'

Wonderful words; precious to the then leading spirits, and which (the spelling and grammar being mended) flew abroad over all the world; the enlightened Public everywhere answering his Majesty, once more, with its loudest 'Bravissimo!' on this occasion. With what enthusiasm of admiring wonder, it is now difficult to fancy, after the lapse of sixscore years! And indeed, in regard to all these worthy acts of Human Improvement which we are now concerned with, account should be held (were it possible) on Friedrich's behalf how extremely original, and bright with the splendour of new gold, they then were: and how extremely they are fallen dim, by general circulation, since that. Account should be held; and yet it is not possible, no human imagination is adequate to it, in the times we are now got into.

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 333; Rödenbeck, *in die.*

Free Press, and Newspapers the best Instructors

Toleration, in Friedrich's spiritual circumstances, was perhaps no great feat to Friedrich: but what the reader hardly expected of him was Freedom of the Press, or an attempt that way! From England, from Holland, Friedrich had heard of Free Press, of Newspapers the best Instructors: it is a fact that he hastens to plant a seed of that kind at Berlin; sets about it 'on the second day of his reign,' so eager is he. Berlin had already some meagre *Intelligenz-Blatt* (Weekly or Thrice-Weekly Advertiser), perhaps two; but it is a real Newspaper, frondent with genial leafy speculation, and food for the mind, that Friedrich is intent upon: a 'Literary-Political Newspaper,' or were it even two Newspapers, one French, one German; and he rapidly makes the arrangements for it; despatches Jordan, on the second day, to seek some fit Frenchman. Arrangements are soon made: a Bookselling Printer, Haude, Bookseller once to the Prince-Royal,—whom we saw once in a domestic flash-of-lightning long ago,[1]—is encouraged to proceed with the improved German article, *Mercury* or whatever they called it; vapid Formey, a facile pen, but not a forcible, is the Editor sought out by Jordan for the French one. And, in short, No. 1 of Formey shows itself in print within a month;[2] and Haude and he, Haude picking-up some grand Editor in Hamburg, do their best for the instruction of mankind.

In not many months, Formey, a facile and learned but rather vapid gentleman, demitted or was dismissed; and the Journals coalesced into one, or split into two again; and went I know not what road, or roads, in time coming,—none that led to results worth naming. Freedom of the Press, in the case of these Journals, was never violated, nor was any need

[1] Antè, Book vi. ch. 7.

[2] '2d July 1740'; Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 330; and Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 107, rectified by the exact Herr Preuss.

for violating it. General Freedom of the Press Friedrich did not grant, in any quite Official or steady way; but in practice, under him, it always had a kind of real existence, though a fluctuating, ambiguous one. And we have to note, through Friedrich's whole reign, a marked disinclination to concern himself with Censorship, or the shackling of men's poor tongues and pens; nothing but some officious report that there was offence to Foreign Courts, or the chance of offence, in a poor man's pamphlet, could induce Friedrich to interfere with him or it,—and indeed his interference was generally against his Ministers for having wrong informed him, and in favour of the poor Pamphleteer appealing at the fountain-head.[1] To the end of his life, disgusting Satires against him, *Vie Privée* by Voltaire, *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*, and still worse Lies and Nonsenses, were freely sold at Berlin, and even bore to be printed there, Friedrich saying nothing, caring nothing. He has been known to burn pamphlets publicly,—one Pamphlet we shall ourselves see on fire yet;—but it was without the least hatred to them, and for official reasons merely. To the last, he would answer his reporting Ministers, '*La presse est libre* (Free press, you must consider)!'—grandly reluctant to meddle with the press, or go down upon the dogs barking at his door. Those ill effects of Free Press (first stage of the ill effects) he endured in this manner; but the good effects seem to have fallen below his expectation. Friedrich's enthusiasm for freedom of the press, prompt enough, as we see, never rose to the extreme pitch, and it rather sank than increased as he continued his experiences of men and things. This of Formey and the two Newspapers was the only express attempt he made in that direction; and it proved a rather disappointing one. The two Newspapers went their way thenceforth, Friedrich sometimes making use

[1] Anonymous (Laveaux), *Vie de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse* (Strasbourg, 1787), iv. 82. A worthless, now nearly forgotten Book; but competent on this point, if on any; Laveaux (a handy fellow, fugitive Ex-Monk with fugitive Ex-Nun attached) having lived much at Berlin, always in the pamphleteering line.

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of them for small purposes, once or twice writing an article himself, of wildly quizzical nature, perhaps to be noticed by us when the time comes; but are otherwise, except for chronological purposes, of the last degree of insignificance to gods or men.

'Freedom of the Press,' says my melancholic Friend, 'is a noble thing; and in certain Nations, at certain epochs, produces glorious effects,—chiefly in the revolutionary line, where that has grown indispensable. Freedom of the Press is possible, where everybody disapproves the least abuse of it; where the 'Censorship' is, as it were, exercised by all the world. When the world (as, even in the freest countries, it almost irresistibly tends to become) is no longer in a case to exercise that salutary function, and cannot keep-down loud unwise speaking, loud unwise persuasion, and rebuke it into silence whenever printed, Freedom of the Press will not answer very long, among sane human creatures: and indeed, in Nations not in an exceptional case, it becomes impossible amazingly soon!'—

All these are phenomena of Friedrich's first week. Let these suffice as sample, in that first kind. Splendid indications surely; and shot-forth in swift enough succession, flash following flash, upon an attentive world. Betokening, shall we say, what internal sea of splendour, struggling to disclose itself, probably lies in this young King; and how high his hopes go for mankind and himself? Yes, surely;—and introducing, we remark withal, the 'New Era,' of Philanthropy, Enlightenment and so much else; with French Revolution, and a 'world well suicided' hanging in the rear! Clearly enough, to this young ardent Friedrich, foremost man of his Time, and capable of *doing* its inarticulate or dumb aspirings, belongs that questionable honour; and a very singular one it would have seemed to Friedrich, had he lived to see what it meant!

Friedrich's rapidity and activity, in the first months of his

reign, were wonderful to mankind; as indeed through life he continued to be a most rapid and active King. He flies about; mustering Troops, Ministerial Boards, passing Edicts, inspecting, accepting Homages of Provinces;—decides and does, every day that passes, an amazing number of things. Writes many Letters, too; finds moments even for some verses; and occasionally draws a snatch of melody from his flute.

His Letters are copiously preserved; but, as usual, they are in swift official tone, and tell us almost nothing. To his Sisters he writes assurances; to his friends, his Suhms, Duhans, Voltaires, eager invitations, general or particular, to come to him. 'My state has changed,' is his phrase to Voltaire and other dear intimates; a tone of pensiveness, at first even of sorrow and pathos traceable in it; 'Come to me,'—and the tone, in an old dialect, different from Friedrich's, might have meant, 'Pray for me.' An immense new scene is opened, full of possibilities of good and bad. His hopes being great, his anxieties, the shadow of them, are proportionate. Duhan (his good old Tutor) does arrive, Algarotti arrives, warmly welcomed, both: with Voltaire there are difficulties; but surely he too will, before long, manage to arrive. The good Suhm, who had been Saxon Minister at Petersburg to his sorrow this long while back, got in motion soon enough; but, alas, his lungs were ruined by the Russian climate, and he did not arrive. Something pathetic still in those final *Letters* of Suhm. Passionately speeding on, like a spent steed struggling homeward; he has to pause at Warsaw, and in a few days dies there,—in a way mournful to Friedrich and us! To Duhan, and Duhan's children afterwards, he was punctually, not too lavishly, attentive; in like manner to Suhm's Nephews, whom the dying man had recommended to him.—We will now glance shortly at a second and contemporaneous phasis of Friedrich's affairs.

Intends to be Practical withal, and every inch a King

Friedrich is far indeed from thinking to reduce his Army, as the Foreign Editor imagines. On the contrary, he is, with all industry, increasing it. He changed the Potsdam Giants into four regiments of the usual stature; he is busy bargaining with his Brother-in-law of Brunswick, and with other neighbours, for still new regiments;—makes up, within the next few months, Eight Regiments, an increase of, say, 16,000 men. It would appear he means to keep an eye on the practicalities withal; means to have a Fighting-Apparatus of the utmost potentiality, for one thing! Here are other indications.

We saw the Old Dessauer, in a sad hour lately, speaking beside the mark; and with what Olympian glance, suddenly tearless, the new King flashed out upon him, knowing nothing of 'authority' that could reside in any Dessauer. Nor was that a solitary experience; the like befell wherever needed. Heinrich of Schwedt, the Ill Margraf, advancing with jocose countenance in the way of old comradeship, in those first days, met unexpected rebuff, and was reduced to gravity on the sudden: '*Jetzt bin ich König*,—My Cousin, I am now King!' a fact which the Ill Margraf could never get forgotten again. Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, too, the didactic Schulenburg, presuming on old familiarity, and willing to wipe-out the misfortune of having once condemned us to death, which nobody is now upbraiding him with, rushes up from Landsberg, unbidden, to pay his congratulations and condolences, driven by irresistible exuberance of loyalty: to his astonishment, he is reminded (thing certain, manner of the thing not known), That an Officer cannot quit his post without order; that he, at this moment, ought to be in Landsberg![1] Schulenburg has a hard old military face; but here is a young face too, which has grown unexpectedly

[1] Stenzel, iv. 41; Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*; etc.

rigorous. Fancy the blank look of little Schulenburg; the light of him snuffed-out in this manner on a sudden. It is said he had thoughts of resigning, so indignant was he: no doubt he went home to Landsberg gloomily reflective, with the pipeclay of his mind in such a ruinous condition. But there was no serious anger, on Friedrich's part; and he consoled his little Schulenburg soon after, by expediting some promotion he had intended him. 'Terribly proud young Majesty this,' exclaim the sweet voices. And indeed, if they are to have a Saturnian Kingdom, by appearance it will be on conditions only!

Anticipations there had been, that old unkindnesses against the Crown-Prince, some of which were cruel enough, might be remembered now: and certain people had their just fears, considering what account stood against them; others, *vice versâ*, their hopes. But neither the fears nor the hopes realised themselves; especially the fears proved altogether groundless. Derschau, who had voted Death in that Cöpenick Court-Martial, upon the Crown-Prince, is continued in his functions, in the light of his King's countenance, as if nothing such had been. Derschau, and all others so concerned; not the least question was made of them, nor of what they had thought or had done or said, on an occasion once so tragically vital to a certain man.

Nor is reward much regulated by past services to the Crown-Prince, or even by sufferings endured for him. 'Shocking ingratitude!' exclaim the sweet voices here too,—being of weak judgment, many of them! Poor Katte's Father, a faithful old Soldier, not capable of being more, he does, rather conspicuously, make Feldmarschall, make Reichsgraf; happy, could these honours be a consolation to the old man. The Münchows of Cüstrin,—readers remember their kindness in that sad time; how the young boy went into petticoats again, and came to the Crown-Prince's cell with all manner of furnishings,—the Münchows, father and sons, this young gentleman of the petticoats among them, he took immediate

pains to reward by promotion: eldest son was advanced into the General Directorium; two younger sons, to Majorship, to Captaincy, in their respective Regiments; him of the petticoats 'he had already taken altogether to himself,'[1] and of him we shall see a glimpse at Wilhelmina's shortly, as a 'milkbeard (*jeune morveux*)' in personal attendance on his Majesty. This was a notable exception. And in effect there came good public service, eminent some of it, from these Münchows in their various departments. And it was at length perceived to have been, in the main, because they were of visible faculty for doing work that they had got work to do; and the exceptional case of the Münchows became confirmatory of the rule.

Lieutenant Keith, again, whom we once saw galloping from Wesel to save his life in that bad affair of the Crown-Prince's and his, was nothing like so fortunate. Lieutenant Keith, by speed on that Wesel occasion, and help of Chesterfield's Secretary, got across to England; got into the Portuguese service; and has there been soldiering, very silently, these ten years past,—skin and body safe, though his effigy was cut in four quarters and nailed to the gallows at Wesel;—waiting a time that would come. Time being come, Lieutenant Keith hastened home; appealed to his effigy on the gallows;—and was made a Lieutenant-Colonel merely, with some slight appendages, as that of *Stallmeister* (Curator of the Stables) and something else; income still straitened, though enough to live upon.[2] Small promotion, in comparison with hope, thought the poor Lieutenant; but had to rest satisfied with it; and struggle to understand that perhaps he was fit for nothing bigger, and that he must exert himself to do this small thing well. Hardness of heart in high places! Friedrich, one is glad to see, had not forgotten the poor fellow, could he have done better with him. Some ten years hence, quite incidentally, there came to Keith, one morning, a fine

[1] Preuss, i. 66.

[2] Preuss, *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 281.

purse of money from his Majesty, one pretty gift in Keith's experience;—much the topic in Berlin, while a certain solemn English gentleman happened to be passing that way (whom we mean to detain a little by and by), who reports it for us with all the circumstances.[1]

Lieutenant Spaen too had got into trouble for the Crown-Prince's sake, though we have forgotten him again; had 'admitted Katte to interviews,' or we forget what;—had sat his 'year in Spandau' in consequence; been dismissed the Prussian service, and had taken service with the Dutch. Lieutenant Spaen either did not return at all, or disliked the aspects when he did, and immediately withdrew to Holland again. Which probably was wise of him. At a late period, King Friedrich, then a great King, on one of his Cleve Journeys, fell in with Spaen; who had become a Dutch General of rank, and was of good manners and style of conversation: King Friedrich was charmed to see him; became his guest for the night; conversed delightfully with him, about old Prussian matters and about new; and in the colloquy never once alluded to that interesting passage in his young life and Spaen's.[2] Hard as polished steel! thinks Spaen perhaps; but, if candid, must ask himself withal, Are facts any softer, or the Laws of Kingship to a man that holds it?—Keith silently did his Lieutenant-Colonelcy with the appendages, while life lasted: of the Page Keith, his Brother, who indeed had blabbed upon the Prince, as we remember, and was not entitled to be clamorous, I never heard that there was any notice taken; and figure him to myself as walking with shouldered firelock, a private Fusileer, all his life afterwards, with many reflections on things bygone.[3]

[1] Sir Jonas Hanway, *Travels*, etc. (London, 1753), ii. 202. Date of the Gift is 1750.

[2] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 178.

[3] These and the other Prussian Keiths are all of Scotch extraction; the Prussians, in natural German fashion, pronounce their name *Kah-it* (English "*Kite*" with nothing of the *y* in it), as may be worth remembering in a more important instance.

Old friendship, it would seem, is without weight in public appointments here: old friends are somewhat astonished to find this friend of theirs a King every inch! To old comrades, if they were useless, much more if they were worse than useless, how disappointing! 'One wretched Herr' (name suppressed, but known at the time, and talked of, and whispered of), 'who had, like several others, hoping to rise that way, been industrious, in encouraging the Crown-Prince's vices as to women, was so shocked at the return he now met, that in despair he hanged himself in Löbejün' (Löbegun, Magdeburg Country): here is a case for the humane!—[1]

Friend Keyserling himself, 'Cæsarion' that used to be, can get nothing, though we love him much; being an idle topsy-turvy fellow with revenues of his own. Jordan, with his fine-drawn wit, French logics, *Literary Travels*, thin exactitude; what can be done for Jordan? Him also his new Majesty loves much; and knows that, without some official living, poor Jordan has no resource. Jordan, after some waiting and survey, is made 'Inspector of the Poor';—busy this Autumn looking out for vacant houses, and arrangements for the thousand spinning women;—continues to be employed in mixed literary services (hunting-up of Formey, for Editor, was one instance), and to be in much real intimacy. That also was perhaps about the real amount of amiable Jordan. To get Jordan a living by planting him in some office which he could not do; to warm Jordan by burning our royal bed for him: that had not entered into the mind of Jordan's royal friend. The Münchows he did promote; the Finks, sons of his tutor Finkenstein: to these and other old comrades, in whom he had discovered fitness, it is no doubt abundantly grateful to him to recognise and employ it. As he notably does, in these and in other instances. But before all things he has decided to remember that he is King; that he must accept the severe laws of that trust, and do *it*, or not have done anything.

An inverse sign, pointing in the same way, is the passionate

[1] Küster, *Charakterzüge des etc. von Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), p. 63.

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search he is making in Foreign Countries for such men as will suit him. In these same months, for example, he bethinks him of two Counts Schmettau, in the Austrian Service, with whom he had made acquaintance in the Rhine Campaign; of a Count von Rothenburg, whom he saw in the French Camp there; and is negotiating to have them if possible. The Schmettaus are Prussian by birth, though in Austrian Service; them he obtains under form of an Order home, with good conditions under it; they came, and proved useful men to him. Rothenburg, a shining kind of figure in Diplomacy as well as Soldiership, was Alsatian German, foreign to Prussia; but him too Friedrich obtained, and made much of, as will be notable by and by. And in fact the soul of all these noble tendencies in Friedrich, which surely are considerable, is even this, That he loves men of merit, and does not love men of none; that he has an endless appetite for men of merit, and feels, consciously and otherwise, that they are the one thing beautiful, the one thing needful to him.

This, which is the product of all fine tendencies, is likewise their centre or focus out of which they start again, with some chance of fulfilment;—and we may judge in how many directions Friedrich was willing to expand himself, by the multifarious kinds he was inviting, and negotiating for. Academicians,—and not Maupertuis only, but all manner of mathematical geniuses (Euler whom he got, 's Gravesande, Muschenbroek, whom he failed of); and Literary geniuses innumerable, first and last. Academicians, Musicians, Players, Dancers even; much more Soldiers and Civil-Service men: no man that carries any honest '*Can do*' about with him but may expect some welcome here. Which continued through Friedrich's reign; and involved him in much petty trouble, not always successful in the lower kinds of it. For his Court was the cynosure of ambitious creatures on the wing, or inclined for taking wing: like a lantern kindled in the darkness of the world;—and many owls impinged upon him; whom he had to dismiss with brevity.

Perhaps it had been better to stand by mere Prussian or German merit, native to the ground? Or rather, undoubtedly it had! In some departments, as in the military, the administrative, diplomatic, Friedrich was himself among the best of judges: but in various others he had mainly (mainly, by no means blindly or solely) to accept noise of reputation as evidence of merit; and in these, if we compute with rigour, his success was intrinsically not considerable. The more honour to him that he never wearied of trying. 'A man that does not care for merit,' says the adage, 'cannot himself have any.' But a King that does not care for merit, what shall we say of such a King!—

Behaviour to his Mother; to his Wife

One other fine feature, significant of many, let us notice: his affection for his Mother. When his Mother addressed him as 'Your Majesty,' he answered, as the Books are careful to tell us: 'Call me Son; that is the Title of all others most agreeable to me!' Words which, there can be no doubt, came from the heart. Fain would he shoot forth to greatness in filial piety, as otherwise; fain solace himself in doing something kind to his Mother. Generously, lovingly; though again with clear view of the limits. He decrees for her a Title higher than had been customary, as well as more accordant with his feelings; not 'Queen Dowager,' but 'Her Majesty the Queen Mother.' He decides to build her a new Palace; 'under the Lindens' it is to be, and of due magnificence: in a month or two, he had even got bits of the foundation dug, and the Houses to be pulled down bought or bargained for;[1]—which enterprise, however, was renounced, no doubt with consent, as the public aspects darkened. Nothing in the way of honour, in the way of real affection heartily felt and demonstrated, was wanting to Queen Sophie

[1] Rödenbeck, p. 15 (30th June—23d Aug. 1740); and correct Stenzil (iv. 44).

in her widowhood. But, on the other hand, of public influence no vestige was allowed, if any was ever claimed; and the good kind Mother lived in her Monbijou, the centre and summit of Berlin society; and restricted herself wisely to private matters. She has her domesticities, family affections, readings, speculations; gives evening parties at Monbijou. One glimpse of her in 1742 we get, that of a perfectly private royal Lady; which though it has little meaning, yet as it is authentic, coming from Büsching's hand, may serve as one little twinkle in that total darkness, and shall be left to the reader and his fancy:

A Count Henkel, a Thüringian gentleman, of high speculation, high pietistic ways, extremely devout, and given even to writing of religion, came to Berlin about some Silesian properties,—a man I should think of lofty melancholic aspect; and, in severe type, somewhat of a lion, on account of his Book called '*Deathbed Scenes*, in four Volumes.' Came to Berlin; and on the 15th August 1742, towards evening (as the ever-punctual Büsching looking into Henkel's Papers gives it), 'was presented to the Queen Mother; who retained him to supper; supper not beginning till about ten o'clock. The Queen Mother was extremely gracious to Henkel; but investigated him a good deal, and put a great many questions,' not quite easy to answer in that circle, 'as, Why he did not play? What he thought of comedies and operas? What Preachers he was acquainted with in Berlin? Whether he too was a Writer of Books?' (covertly alluding to the *Deathbed Scenes*, notes Büsching). 'And abundance of other questioning. She also recounted many fantastic anecdotes (*viel Abenteuerliches*) about Count von Zinzendorf' (Founder of *Herrnhuth*, far-shining spiritual Paladin of that day, whom her Majesty thinks rather a spiritual Quixote); 'and declared that they were strictly true.'[1] Upon which, *exit* Henkel, borne by Büsching, and our light is snuffed out.

This is one momentary glance I have met with of Queen Sophie in her Dowager state. The rest, though there were seventeen years of it in all, is silent to mankind and me; and only her death, and her Son's great grief about it, so great as to be surprising, is mentioned in the Books.

[1] Büsching's *Beyträge*, iv. 27.

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Actual painful sorrow about his Father, much more any new outburst of weeping and lamenting, is not on record, after that first morning. Time does its work; and in such a whirl of occupations, sooner than elsewhere: and the loved Dead lie silent in their mausoleum in our hearts,—serenely sad as Eternity, not in loud sorrow as of Time. Friedrich was pious as a Son, however he might be on other heads. To the last years of his life, as from the first days of his reign, it was evident in what honour he held Friedrich Wilhelm's memory; and the words 'my Father,' when they turned-up in discourse, had in that fine voice of his a tone which the observers noted. 'To his Mother he failed no day, when in Berlin, however busy, to make his visit; and he never spoke to her, except hat in hand.'

With his own Queen, Friedrich still consorts a good deal, in these first times; is with her at Charlottenburg, Berlin, Potsdam, Reinsberg, for a day or two, as occasion gives; sometimes at Reinsberg for weeks running, in the intervals of war and business: glad to be at rest amid his old pursuits, by the side of a kind innocent being familiar to him. So it lasts for a length of time. But these happy intervals, we can remark, grow rarer: whether the Lady's humour, as they became rarer, might not sink withal, and produce an acceleration in the rate of decline? She was thought to be capable of 'pouting (*faire la fachée*),' at one period! We are left to our guesses; there is not anywhere the smallest whisper to guide us. Deep silence reigns in all Prussian Books.—To feel or to suspect yourself neglected, and to become *more* amiable thereupon (in which course alone lies hope), is difficult for any Queen! Enough, we can observe these meetings, within two or three years, have become much rarer; and perhaps about the end of the third or fourth year, they altogether cease; and pass merely into the formal character. In which state they continued fixed, liable to no uncertainty; and were transacted, to the end of Friedrich's life, with inflexible regularity as the annual reviews were. This is a

curious section of his life; which there will be other opportunities of noticing. But there is yet no thought of it anywhere, nor for years to come; though fables to the contrary were once current in books.[1]

No Change in his Father's Methods or Ministries

In the old mode of Administration, in the Ministries, Government Boards, he made no change. These administrative methods of his wise Father's are admirable to Friedrich, who knows them well; and they continue to be so. These men of his Father's, them also Friedrich knows, and that they were well chosen. In methods or in men, he is inclined to make the minimum of alteration at present. One Finance Hofrath of a projecting turn, named Eckart, who had abused the last weak years of Friedrich Wilhelm, and much afflicted mankind by the favour he was in: this Eckart Friedrich appointed a commission to inquire into; found the public right in regard to Eckart, and dismissed him with ignominy, not with much other punishment. Minister Boden, on the contrary, high in the Finance Department, who had also been much grumbled at, Friedrich found to be a good man: and Friedrich not only retained Boden, but advanced him; and continued to make more and more use of him in time coming. His love of perfection in work done, his care of thrift, seemed almost greater than his late Father's had been,—to the disappointment of many. In the other Departments, Podewils, Thulmeyer and the rest went on as heretofore;—only in general with less to do, the young King doing more himself than had been usual. Valori, '*mon gros Valori* (my fat Valori),' French Minister here, whom we shall know better, writes home of the new King of Prussia: 'He begins his government, as by all appearance he will carry it on, in a highly satisfactory way: everywhere traits of benevolence, sympathy for his subjects, respect shown to the memory of

[1] Laveaux; etc.

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the Deceased,'[1]—no change made, where it evidently is not for the better.

Friedrich's 'Three principal Secretaries of State,' as we should designate them, are very remarkable. Three Clerks he found, or had known of, somewhere in the Public Offices; and now took, under some advanced title, to be specially his own Private Clerks: three vigorous long-headed young fellows, 'Eichel, Schuhmacher, Lautensack' the obscure names of them;[2] out of whom, now and all along henceforth, he got immensities of work in that kind. They lasted all his life; and, of course, grew ever more expert at their function. Close, silent; exact as machinery: ever ready, from the smallest clear hint, marginal pencilmark, almost from a glance of the eye, to clothe the Royal Will in official form, with the due rugged clearness and thrift of words. 'Came punctually at four in the morning in summer, five in winter;' did daily the day's work; and kept their mouths well shut. A very notable Trio of men; serving his Majesty and the Prussian Nation as Principal Secretaries of State, on those cheap terms;—nay, almost as Houses of Parliament with Standing Committees and appendages, so many *Acts* of Parliament admittedly rather wise, being passed daily by his Majesty's help and theirs!—Friedrich paid them rather well; they saw no society; lived wholly to their work, and to their own families. Eichel alone of the three was mentioned at all by mankind, and that obscurely; an 'abstruse, reserved, long-headed kind of man'; and 'made a great deal of money in the end,' insinuates Büsching,[3] no friend of Friedrich's or his.

In superficial respects, again, Friedrich finds that the Prussian King ought to have a King's establishment, and maintain a decent splendour among his neighbours,—as is

[1] *Mémoires des Négociations du Marquis de Valori* (à Paris, 1820), i. 20 ('June 13th, 1740'). A valuable Book, which we shall often have to quote: edited in a lamentably ignorant manner.

[2] Rödenbeck, 15th June 1740.

[3] *Beyträge*, v. 238, etc.

not quite the case at present. In this respect he does make changes. A certain quantity of new Pages, new Goldsticks; some considerable, not too considerable, new-furbishing of the Royal Household,—as it were, a fair coat of new paint, with gilding not profuse,—brought it to the right pitch for this King. About 'a hundred and fifty' new figures of the Page and Goldstick kind, is the reckoning given.[1] So many of these; and there is an increase of 16,000 to one's Army going on: that is the proportion noticeable. In the facts as his Father left them Friedrich persisted all his life; in the semblances or outer vestures he changed, to this extent for the present.—These are the Phenomena of Friedrich's Accession, noted by us.

Readers see there is radiance enough, perhaps slightly in excess, but of intrinsically good quality, in the Aurora of this new Reign. A brilliant valiant young King; much splendour of what we could call a *golden* or soft nature (visible in those 'New-Era' doings of his, in those strong affections to his Friends); and also, what we like almost better in him, something of a *steel-bright* or stellar splendour (meaning, clearness of eyesight, intrepidity, severe loyalty to fact),—which is a fine addition to the softer element, and will keep *it* and its philanthropies and magnanimities well under rule. Such a man is rare in this world; how extremely rare such a man born King! He is swift and he is persistent; sharply discerning, fearless to resolve and perform; carries his great endowments lightly, as if they were not heavy to him. He has known hard misery, been taught by stripes; a light stoicism sits gracefully on him.

'What he will grow to?' Probably to something considerable. Very certainly to something far short of his aspirations; far different from his own hopes; and the world's concerning him. It is not we, it is Father Time that does the controlling and fulfilling of our hopes; and strange work

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 353.

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he makes of them and us. For example, has not Friedrich's grand 'New Era,' inaugurated by him in a week, with the leading spirits all adoring, issued since in French Revolution and a 'world well suicided,'—the leading spirits much thrown-out in consequence! New Era has gone to great lengths since Friedrich's time; and the leading spirits do not now adore it, but yawn over it, or worse! Which changes to us the then aspect of Friedrich, and his epoch and his aspirations, a good deal.—On the whole, Friedrich will go his way, Time and the leading spirits going theirs; and, like the rest of us, will grow to what he can. His actual size is not great among the Kingdoms: his outward resources are rather to be called small. The Prussian Dominion at that date is, in extent, about Four-fifths of an England Proper, and perhaps not one-fifth so fertile: subject Population is well under Two Millions and a Half; Revenue not much above One Million Sterling,[1] —very small, were not thrift such a *vectigal*.

This young King is magnanimous; not much to be called ambitious, or not in the vulgar sense almost at all,—strange as it may sound to readers. His hopes at this time are many; —and among them, I perceive, there is not wanting secretly, in spite of his experiences, some hope that he himself may be a good deal 'happier' than formerly. Nor is there any ascetic humour, on his part, to forbid trial. He is much determined to try. Probably enough, as we guess and gather, his agreeablest anticipations, at this time, were of Reinsberg: How, in the intervals of work well done, he would live there wholly to the Muses; have his chosen spirits round him, his colloquies, his suppers of the gods. Why not? There might be a King of Intellects conceivable withal; protecting, cherishing, practically guiding the chosen Illuminative Souls of this world. A new Charlemagne, the smallest new Charlemagne

[1] The exact statistic cipher is, at Friedrich's Accession: *Prussian Territories*, 2,275 square miles German (56,875 English); *Population*, 2,240,000; *Annual Revenue*, 7,371,707 thalers 7 groschen (1,105,756*l.* without the pence). See Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 49; Stenzel, iii. 692; etc.

of spiritual type, with *his* Paladins round him; how glorious, how salutary in the dim generations now going!—These too were hopes which proved signally futile. Rigorous Time could not grant these at all;—granted, in his own hard way, other things instead. But, all along, the Life-element, the Epoch, though Friedrich took it kindly and never complained, was ungenial to such a man.

'Somewhat of a rotten Epoch, this into which Friedrich has been born, to shape himself and his activities royal and other!' exclaims Smelfungus once: 'In an older earnest Time, when the externally awful meanings of this Universe had not yet sunk into dubieties to any one, much less into levities or into mendacities, into huge hypocrisies carefully regulated,—so luminous, vivid and ingenuous a young creature had not wanted divine manna in his Pilgrimage through Life. Nor, in that case, had he come out of it in so lean a condition. But the highest man of us is born brother to his Contemporaries; struggle as he may, there is no escaping the family likeness. By spasmodic indignant contradiction of them, by stupid compliance with them,—you will inversely resemble, if you do not directly; like the starling, you can't get out!—Most surely, if there do fall manna from Heaven, in the given Generation, and nourish in us reverence and genial nobleness day by day, it is blessed and well. Failing that, in regard to our poor spiritual interests, there is sure to be one of two results: mockery, contempt, disbelief, what we may call *short-diet* to the length of very famine (which was Friedrich's case); or else slow-poison, carefully elaborated and provided by way of daily nourishment.

'Unhappy souls, these same! The slow-poison has gone deep into them. Instead of manna, this long while back, they have been living on mouldy corrupt meats sweetened by sugar-of-lead;—or perhaps, like Voltaire, a few individuals prefer hunger, as the cleaner alternative; and in contemptuous, barren, mocking humour, not yet got the length of geniality or indignation, snuff the east-wind by way of spiritual diet. Pilgriming along on such nourishment, the best human soul fails to become very ruddy!—Tidings about Heaven are fallen so uncertain, but the Earth and her joys are still interesting: "Take to the Earth and her joys;—let your soul go out, since it must; let your five senses and their appetites be well alive." That is a dreadful "Sham-Christian Dispensation" to be born under! You wonder at the want of heroism in the Eighteenth Century. Wonder rather at the degree of heroism it had; wonder how many souls there still are to be met with in it of some effective capability, though dieting in that way,—nothing else to be had in the shops about. Carterets, Belleisles, Friedrichs, Voltaires; Chathams,

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Franklins, Choiseuls: there is an effective stroke of work, a fine fire of heroic pride, in this man and the other; not yet extinguished by spiritual famine or slow-poison; so robust is Nature the mighty Mother!—

'But in general, that sad Gospel, "Souls extinct, Stomachs well alive!" is the credible one, not articulately preached, but practically believed by the abject generations, and acted on as it never was before. What immense sensualities there were, is known; and also (as some small offset, though that has not yet begun in 1740) what immense quantities of Physical Labour and contrivance were got out of mankind, in that Epoch and down to this day. As if, having lost its Heaven, it had struck desperately down into the Earth; as if it were a *beaver*-kind, and not a mankind any more. We had once a Barbarossa; and a world all grandly true. But from that to Karl VI., and *his* Holy Romish Reich in such a state of "Holiness"—!'—I here cut-short my abstruse Friend.

Readers are impatient to have done with these miscellaneous preludings, and to be once definitely under way, such a Journey lying ahead. Yes, readers; a Journey indeed! And, at this point, permit me to warn you that, where the ground, where Dryasdust and the Destinies, yield anything humanly illustrative of Friedrich and his Work, one will have to linger, and carefully gather it, even as here. Large tracts occur, bestrewn with mere pedantisms, diplomatic cobwebberies, learned marine-stores, and inhuman matter, over which we shall have to skip emptyhanded: this also was among the sad conditions of our Enterprise, that it has to go now too slow and again too fast; not in proportion to natural importance of objects, but to several inferior considerations withal. So busy has perverse Destiny been on it; perverse Destiny, edacious Chance;—and the Dryasdusts, too, and Nightmares, in Prussia as elsewhere, we know how strong they are!

Friedrich's character in old age has doubtless its curious affinities, its disguised identities, with these prognostic features and indications of his youth: and to our readers,—if we do ever get them to the goal, of seeing Friedrich a little with their own eyes and judgments,—there may be pleasant contrasts and comparisons of that kind in store, one day. But the far commoner experience (which also has been my own), —here is Smelfungus's stern account of that:

'My friend, you will be luckier than I, if, after ten years, not to say, in a sense, twenty years, thirty years, of reading and rummaging in those sad Prussian Books, ancient and new (which often are laudably authentic, too, and exact as to details), you can gather any character whatever of Friedrich, in any period of his life, or conceive him as a Human Entity at all! It is strange, after such thousandfold writing, but it is true, his History is considerably unintelligible to mankind at this hour; left chaotic, enigmatic, in a good many points,—the military part of it alone being brought to clearness, and rendered fairly conceivable and credible to those who will study. And as to the Man himself, or what his real Physiognomy can have been—! —Well, it must be owned few men were of such *rapidity* of face and aspect; so difficult to seize the features of. In his action, too, there was such rapidity, such secrecy, suddenness: a man that could not be read, even by the candid, except as in flashes of lightning. And then the anger of bystanders, uncandid, who got hurt by him; the hasty malevolences, the stupidities, the opacities: enough, in modern times, what is saying much, perhaps no man's motives, intentions, and procedure have been more belied, misunderstood, misrepresented, during his life. Nor, I think, since that, have many men fared worse, by the Limner or Biographic class, the favourable to him and the unfavourable; or been so smeared of and blotched of, and reduced to a mere blur and dazzlement of crosslights, incoherences, incredibilities, in which nothing, not so much as a human nose, is clearly discernible by way of feature!'—Courage, reader, nevertheless; on the above terms let us march according to promise.

CHAPTER II

THE HOMAGINGS

YOUNG Friedrich, as his Father had done, considers it unnecessary to be crowned. Old Friedrich, first of the name, and of the King series, we did see crowned, with a pinch of snuff tempering the solemnities. That Coronation once well done suffices all his descendants hitherto. Such an expense of money,—of diluted mendacity too! Such haranguing, gesturing, symbolic fugling, all grown half-false:—avoid lying, even with your eyes, or knees, or the coat upon your back, so far as you easily can!

Nothing of Coronation: but it is thought needful to have

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the *Huldigungen* (Homagings) done, the Fealties sworn; and the young Majesty in due course goes about, or gives directions, now here now there, in his various Provinces, getting that accomplished. But even in that, Friedrich is by no means strait-laced or punctilious; does it commonly by Deputy: only in three places, Königsberg, Berlin, Cleve, does he appear in person. Mainly by deputy; and always with the minimum of fuss, and no haranguing that could be avoided. Nowhere are the old *Stände* (Provincial Parliaments) assembled, now or afterwards: sufficient for this and for every occasion are the 'Permanent Committees of the *Stände*'; nor is much speaking, unessential for despatch of business, used to these.

'*Stände*,—of Ritterschaft mainly, of Gentry small and great,—existed once in all those Countries, as elsewhere,' says one Historian; 'and some of them, in Preussen, for example, used to be rather loud, and inclined to turbulence, till the curb, from a judicious bridle-hand, would admonish them. But, for a long while past,—especially since the Great Elector's time, who got an "Excise Law" passed, or the foundations of a good Excise Law laid;[1] and, what with Excise, what with Domain-Farms, had a fixed Annual Budget, which he reckoned fair to both parties,—they have been dying out for want of work; and, under Friedrich Wilhelm, may be said to have gone quite dead. What work was left for them? Prussian Budget is fixed, many things are fixed: why talk of them farther? The Prussian King, nothing of a fool like certain others,'—which indeed is the cardinal point, though my Author does not say so,—'is respectfully aware of the facts round him; and can listen to the rumours too, so far as he finds good. The King sees himself terribly interested to get into the right course in all things, and avoid the wrong one! Probably he does, in his way, seek "wise Advice concerning the arduous matters of the Kingdom"; nay, I believe he is diligent to have it of the wisest:—who knows if *Stände* would always give it wiser; especially *Stände* in the haranguing condition?'—Enough, they are not applied to. There is no Freedom in that Country. 'No Freedom to speak of,' continues he: 'but I do a little envy them their Fixed Budget, and some other things. What pleasure there can be in having your household arrangements tumbled into disorder every new Year, by a new-contrived scale of expenses for you, I never could ascertain!'—

[1] Preuss, iv. 432; and *Thronbesteigung*, pp. 379-383.

Friedrich is not the man to awaken Parliamentary sleeping-dogs well settled by his Ancestors. Once or twice, out of Preussen, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, there was heard some whimper, which sounded like the beginning of a bark. But Friedrich Wilhelm was on the alert for it: Are you coming in with your *Nie Poxwalam* (your *Liberum Veto*), then? None of your Polish vagaries here. '*Tout le pays sera ruiné* (the whole Country will be ruined),' say you? (Such had been the poor Marshal or Provincial *Speaker's* Remonstrance on one occasion): 'I don't believe a word of that. But I do believe the Government by *Junkers*' (Country Squires) 'and *Nie Poxwalam* will be ruined,'—as it is fully meant to be! 'I am establishing the King's Sovereignty like a rock of bronze (*Ich stabilire die Souverainetät wie einen Rocher von Bronze*),' some extremely strong kind of rock![1] This was one of Friedrich Wilhelm's marginalia in response to such a thing; and the mutinous whimper died out again. Parliamentary Assemblages are sometimes Collective Wisdoms, but by no means always so. In Magdeburg we remember what trouble Friedrich Wilhelm had with his unreasonable Ritters. Ritters there, in their assembled capacity, had the Reich behind them, and could not be dealt with like Preussen: but Friedrich Wilhelm, by wise slow methods, managed Magdeburg too, and reduced it to silence, or to words necessary for despatch of business.

In each Province, a Permanent Committee,—chosen, I suppose, by King and Knights assenting; chosen I know not how, but admitted to be wisely chosen,—represents the once Parliament or *Stände*; and has its potency for doing good service in regard to all Provincial matters, from roads and bridges upwards, and is impotent to do the least harm. Roads and bridges, Church matters, repartition of the Landdues, Army matters,—in fact they are an effective non-haranguing Parliament, to the King's Deputy in every such

[1] Förster, b. iii. (*Urkundenbuch*, i. 50); Preuss, iv. 420 *n*. '*Nie Poxwalam*' (the formula of *Liberum Veto*) signifies 'I Don't Permit!'

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Province; well calculated to illuminate and forward his subaltern *Amt*men and him. Nay, we observe it is oftenest in the way of gifts and solacements that the King articulately communicates with these Committees or their Ritterschafts. Projects for draining of Bogs, for improved Highways, for better Husbandry; loans granted them, Loan-Banks established for the Province's behoof:—no need of parliamentary eloquence on such occasions, but of something far different.

It is from this quiescent, or busy but noiseless kind of *Stände* and Populations that Friedrich has his *Huldigung* to take;—and the operation, whether done personally or by deputy, must be an abundantly simple one. He, for his part, is fortunate enough to find everywhere the Sovereignty *established*; 'rock of bronze' not the least shaken in his time. He will graciously undertake, by Written Act, which is read before the *Stände*, King or King's Deputy witnessing there, 'To maintain the privileges' of his *Stände* and Populations; the *Stände* answer, on oath, with lifted hand, and express invocation of Heaven, That they will obey him as true subjects: And so,—doubtless with something of dining superadded, but no whisper of it put on record,—the *Huldigung* will everywhere very quietly transact itself.

The *Huldigung* itself is nothing to us, even with Friedrich there,—as at Königsberg, Berlin, Cleve, the three exceptional places. To which, nevertheless, let us briefly attend him, for the sake of here and there some direct glimpse we may get of the then Friedrich's actual physiognomy and ways. Other direct view, or the chance of such, is not conceded us out of those sad Prussian Books; which are very full on this of the *Huldigung*, if silent on so many other points.[1]

Friedrich accepts the Homages, personally, in Three Places

To Königsberg is his first excursion on this errand. Preussen has perhaps, or may be suspected of having, some remnants

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 382.

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of sour humours left in it, and remembrances of *Stände* with haranguings and even mutinies: there, if anywhere, the King in person may do good on such an occasion. He left Berlin, July 7th, bound thitherward; here is Note of that first Royal Tour,—specimen of several hundreds such, which he had to do in the course of the next Forty-five years.

'Friend Algarotti, charming talker, attended him; who else, official and non-official, ask not. The Journey is to be circuitous; to combine various businesses, and also to have its amusements. They went by Cüstrin; glancing at old known Country, which is at its greenest in this season. By Cüstrin, across the Neumark, into Pommern; after that by an intricate winding route; reviewing regiments, inspecting garrisons, now here now there; doing all manner of inspections; talking I know not what; oftenest lodging with favoured Generals, if it suited. Distance to Königsberg, by the direct road, is about 500 miles; by this winding one, it must have been 800: Journey thither took nine days in all. Obliquely through Pommern, almost to the coast of the Baltic; their ultimatum there a place called Cöslin, where they reviewed with strictness,—omitting Colberg, a small Sea-Fortress not far rearward, time being short. Thence into West-Preussen, into Polish Territory, and swiftly across that; keeping Dantzig and its noises wide enough to the left: one night in Poland; and the next they are in Ost-Preussen, place called Liebstadt,—again on home-ground, and diligently reviewing there.

'The review at Liebstadt is remarkable in this, That the regiments, one regiment especially, not being what was fit, a certain Grenadier-Captain got cashiered on the spot; and the old Commandant himself was soon after pensioned, and more gently sent his ways. So strict is his Majesty. Contrariwise, he found Lieutenant-General von Katte's Garrison, at Angerburg, next day, in a very high perfection; and Colonel Posadowsky's regiment specially so; with which latter gentleman he lodged that night, and made him farther happy by the *Order of Merit*: Colonel Posadowsky, Garrison of Angerburg, far off in East-Preussen, Chevalier of the Order of Merit henceforth, if we ever meet him again. To the good old Lieutenant-General von Katte, who no doubt dined with them, his Majesty handed, on the same occasion, a Patent of Feldmarschall;—intends soon to make him Graf; and did it, as readers know. Both Colonel and General attended him thenceforth, still by a circuitous route, to Königsberg, to assist in the solemnities there. By Gumbinnen, by Trakehnen,—the Stud of Trakehnen: that also his Majesty saw, and made review of; not without emotion, we can fancy, as the sleek colts were trotted out on those new terms! At Trakehnen,

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Katte and the Colonel would be his Majesty's guests, for the night they stayed. This is their extreme point eastward; Königsberg now lies a good way west of them. But at Trakehnen they turn; and, Saturday 16th July 1740, after another hundred miles or so, along the pleasant valley of the Pregel, get to Königsberg: ready to begin business on Monday morning,—on Sunday if necessary.'[1]

On Sunday there did a kind of memorability occur: The *Huldigungs-Predigt* (Homage Sermon) by a Reverend Herr Quandt, chief Preacher there. Which would not be worth mentioning, except for this circumstance that his Majesty exceedingly admired Quandt, and thought him a most Demosthenic genius, and the best of all the Germans. Quandt's text was in these words: '*Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou Son of Jesse; Peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee.*'[2] Quandt began, in a sonorous voice, raising his face with respectful enthusiasm to the King, 'Thine are we, O Friedrich, and on thy side, thou Son of Friedrich Wilhelm;' and so went on: sermon brief, sonorous, compact, and sticking close to its text. Friedrich stood immovable, gazing on the eloquent Demosthenic Quandt, with admiration heightened by surprise;—wrote of Quandt to Voltaire; and, with sustained enthusiasm, to the Public long afterwards; and to the end of his days was wont to make Quandt an exception, if perhaps almost the only one, from German barbarism, and disharmony of mind and tongue. So that poor Quandt cannot ever since get entirely forgotten, but needs always to be raked up again, for this reason when others have ceased; an almost melancholy adventure for poor Quandt and Another!—

The *Huldigung* was rather grand; Harangue and Counter-Harangue permitted to the due length, and proper festivities following: but the *Stände* could not manage to get into vocal covenanting or deliberating at all; Friedrich before

[1] From Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, pp. 382, 385; Rödenbeck, p. 16, etc.

[2] 1 *Chronicles* xii. 18.

leaving Berlin had answered their hint or request that way, in these words: 'We are likewise graciously inclined to give to the said *Stände*, before their Homaging, the same assurance which they got from our Herr Father's Majesty, who is now with God,'—general assurance that their, and everybody's, 'Rights shall be maintained' (as we see they are),—'with which, it is hoped (*hoffentlich*), they will be content, and get to peace upon this matter (*sich dabei beruhigen werden*).'[1] It will be best for them!

Friedrich gave away much corn here; that is, opened his Corn-Granaries, on charitable terms, and took all manner of measures, here as in other places, for relief of the scarcity there was. Of the illuminations, never so grand, the reader shall hear nothing. A 'Torch-Procession of the Students' turned out a pretty thing:—Students marching with torches, with fine wind-music, regulated enthusiasm, fine succinct address to his Majesty; and all the world escorting, with its 'Live Forever!' Friedrich gave the Students 'a *Trink-Gelag* (Banquet of Liquors),' how arranged I do not know: and to the Speaker of the Address, a likely young gentleman with *Von* to his name, he offered an Ensigncy of Foot ('in Camas's Fusileer Regiment,'—Camas now gone to Paris, embassying), which was joyfully accepted. Joyfully accepted;—and it turned out well for all parties; the young gentleman having risen, where merit was the rule of rising, and become Graf and Lieutenant-General, in the course of the next fifty years.[2]

Huldigung and Torch-Procession over, the Royal Party dashed rapidly off, next morning (21st July), homewards by the shortest route; and, in three days more, by Frankfurt-on-Oder (where a glimpse of General Schwerin, a favourite General, was to be had), were safe in Berlin; received with acclamation, nay, with 'blessings and even tears' some say, after this pleasant Fortnight's Tour, General Schwerin, it is rumoured, will be made Feldmarschall straightway, the

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 380. [2] *Ibid.* p. 387.

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Münchows are getting so promoted as we said; edicts are coming out, much business speeding forward, and the tongues of men keep wagging.

Berlin *Huldigung*,—and indeed, by Deputy, that of nearly all the other Towns,—was on Tuesday August 2d. At Berlin his Majesty was present in the matter: but, except the gazing multitudes, and hussar regiments, ranked in the Schloss-Platz and streets adjoining, there was little of notable in it; the upholstery arrangements thrifty in the extreme. His Majesty is prone to thrift in this of the Huldigung, as would appear; perhaps regarding the affair as scenic merely. Here, besides this of Berlin, is another instance just occurring. It appears, the Quedlinburg people, shut out from the light of the actual Royal Countenance, cannot do their Homaging by Deputy, without at least a Portrait of the King and of the Queen: How manage? asks the Official Person. 'Have a couple of Daubs done in Berlin, three guineas apiece; send them these,' answers the King![1]

Here in the Berlin Schloss, scene the Large Hall within doors, there is a 'platform raised three steps; and on this, by way of a kind of throne, an arm-chair covered with old black velvet;' the whole surmounted by a canopy also of old black velvet: not a sublime piece of upholstery; but reckoned adequate. Friedrich mounted the three steps; stood before the old chair, his Princes standing promiscuously behind it; his Ritters in quantity, in front and to right and left, on the floor. Some Minister of the Interior explains suitably, not at too great length, what they are met for; some junior Official, junior but of quality, responded briefly, for himself and his order, to the effect, 'Yea, truly:' the *Huldigungs-Urkunde* (Deed of Homage) was then read by the proper Clerk, and the Ritters all swore; audibly, with lifted hands. This is the Ritter Huldigung.

[1] '*On doit faire barbouiller de mauvaises copies à Berlin, la pièce à 20 écus.*—FR.' Preuss, ii. (*Urkundenbuch*, s. 222).

His Majesty then steps out to the Balcony, for Oath and Homage of the general Population. General population gave its oath, and 'three great shouts over and above.' '*Es lebe der König!*' thrice, with all their throats. Upon which a shower of Medals, 'Homage-Medals,' gold and silver (quantity not mentioned) rained down upon them in due succession; and were scrambled for, in the usual way. 'His Majesty,' they write, and this is perhaps the one point worth notice, 'his Majesty, contrary to custom and to etiquette, remained on the Balcony, some time after the ceremony, perhaps a full half-hour;'—silent there, 'with his look fixed attentively on the immeasurable multitude before the Schloss; and seemed sunk in deep reflection (*Betrachtung*):'—an almost awfully eloquent though inarticulate phenomenon to his Majesty, that of those multitudes scrambling and huzzahing there![1]

These, with the Cleve one, are all the Homagings Friedrich was personally present at; the others he did by Deputy, all in one day (2d August); and without fuss. Scenic matters these; in which, except where he can, as in the Königsberg case, combine inspections and grave businesses with them, he takes no interest. However, he is now, for the sake chiefly of inspections and other real objects, bent on a Journey to Cleve;—the fellow of that to Königsberg: Königsberg, Preussen, the easternmost outlying wing of his long straggling Dominions; and then Cleve-Jülich, its counterpart on the south-western side,—there also, with such contingencies hanging over Cleve-Jülich, it were proper to make some mustering of the Frontier garrisons and affairs.[2] His Majesty so purposes: and we purpose again to accompany,—not for inspection and mustering, but for an unexpected

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 389.

[2] In regard to the Day of *Huldigung* at Cleve, which happily is not of the least moment to us, Preuss (*Thronbesteigung*, p. 390) and *Helden-Geschichte* (i. 423) seem to be in flat contradiction.

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reason. The grave Journey to Cleve has an appendage, or comic side-piece, hanging to it; more than one appendage; which the reader must not miss!—Before setting out, read these two Fractions, snatched from the Diplomatist Waste-bag; looking well, we gain there some momentary view of Friedrich on the business side. Of Friedrich, and also of Another:

Sunday 14th August 1740, Dickens, who has been reporting hitherto in a favourable, though in a languid exoteric manner, not being in any height of favour, England or he,—had express Audience of his Majesty; being summoned out to Potsdam for that end: 'Sunday evening, about 7 P.M.,'—Majesty intending to be off on the Cleve Journey tomorrow. Let us accompany Dickens. Readers may remember, George II. has been at Hanover for some weeks past; Bielfeld diligently grinning euphemisms and courtly graciosities to him; Truchsess hinting, on opportunity, that there are perhaps weighty businesses in the rear; which, however, on the Britannic side, seem loath to start. Britannic Majesty is much at a loss about his Spanish War, so dangerous for kindling France and the whole world upon him. In regard to which Prussia might be so important, for or against.—This, in compressed form, is what Dickens witnesses at Potsdam that Sunday evening from 7 P.M.:

'Audience lasted above an hour: King turned directly upon business; wishes to have "Categorical Answers" as to Three Points already submitted to his Britannic Majesty's consideration. Clear footing indispensable between us. What you want of me? say it, and be plain. What I want of you is, These three things:

'1°. Guarantee for Jülich and Berg. All the world knows *whose* these Duchies are. Will his Britannic Majesty guarantee me there? And if so, How, and to what lengths, will he proceed about it?

'2°. Settlement about Ost-Friesland. Expectancy of Ost-Friesland, soon to fall heirless, which was granted *me* long since, though Hanover makes hagglings, counter-claimings: I must have some Settlement about that.

'3°. The like about those perplexities in Mecklenburg. No difficulty there if we try heartily, nor is there such pressing haste about it.

'These are my three claims on England; and I will try to serve England as far in return, if it will tell me how. "Ah, beware of throwing yourself into the arms of France!" modestly suggests Dickens.—"Well, if France will guarantee me those Duchies, and you will not do anything?" answers his Majesty with a fine laugh: "England I consider my most natural friend and ally; but I must know what there is to

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depend on there. Princes are ruled by their interest; cannot follow their feelings. Let me have an explicit answer; say, at Wesel, where I am to be on the 24th," '—ten days hence. Britannic Majesty is at Hanover, and can answer within that time. 'This he twice told me, "Wesel, 24th," in the course of our interview. Permit me to recommend the matter to your Lordship,'—my Lord Harrington, now attending the Britannic Majesty.

'During the whole audience,' adds Dickens, 'the King was in extreme good humour; and not only heard with attention all the considerations I offered, but was not the least offended at any objections I made to what he said. It is undoubtedly the best way to behave with frankness to him.' These last are Dickens's own words; let them modestly be a memorandum to your Lordship. This King goes himself direct to the point; and straightforwardness, as a primary condition, will profit your Lordship with him.[1]

Most true advice, this;—and would perhaps be followed, were it quite easy! But things are very complicated. And the Britannic Majesty, much plagued with Spanish War and Parliamentary noises in that unquiet Island, is doubtless glad to get away to Hanover for a little; and would fain be on holiday in these fine rural months. Which is not well possible either. Jenkins's Ear, rising at last like a fiery portent, has kindled the London Fog over yonder, in a strange way, and the murky stagnancy is all getting on fire; the English intent, as seldom any Nation was, to give the Spaniards an effectual beating. Which they hope they can,—though unexpected difficulties will occur. And, in the mean while, what a riddle of potentialities for his poor Majesty to read, and pick his way from!—

Bielfeld, in spite of all this, would fain be full of admiration for the Britannic Majesty. Confesses he is below the middle size, in fact a tiny little creature, but then his shape is perfect; leg much to be commended,—which his Majesty knows, standing always with one leg slightly advanced, and the Order of the Garter on it, that mankind may take notice. Here is Bielfeld's description faithfully abridged:

'Big blue eyes, perhaps rather of parboiled character, though proud enough; eyes flush with his face or more, rather *in relief* than on a level with it,'—*à fleur de tête*, after the manner of a fish, if one might say so, and betokening such an intellect behind them; 'Attitude constrained, leg advanced in that way; his courtiers call it majestic. Biggish mouth, strictly shut in the crescent or horseshoe form (*fermée en croissant*); curly wig (*à nœuds*, reminding you of lamb's-wool, colour not known); eyebrows, however, you can see are ashy-blond; general tint is fundamentally livid; but when in good case, the royal skin will take tolerably

[1] Dickens (in State-Paper Office), 17th August 1740.

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bright colours (*prend d'assez belles couleurs*). As to the royal mind and understanding, what shall Bielfeld say? That his Majesty sometimes makes ingenious and just remarks, and is laudably serious at all times, and can majestically hold his tongue, and stand with advanced leg, and eyes rather more than flush. Sense of his dignity is high, as it ought to be; on great occasions you see pride and a kind of joy mantling in the royal countenance. Has been known to make explosions, and to be very furious to Prince Fred and others, when pricked into:—but, my friend, what mortal is exempt from failings? Majesty reads the English Newspapers every morning in bed, which are often biting. Majesty has his Walmoden, a Hanoverian Improper-Female, Countess of Yarmouth so-called; quiet, autumnal, fair-complexioned, stupid; who is much a comfort to him. She keeps out of mischief, political or other; and gives Bielfeld a gracious nod now and then.'[1] Harrington is here too;—and Britannic Majesty and he are busy governing the English Nation on these terms.—We return now to the Prussian Majesty.

About six weeks after that of Dickens,—Cleve Journey and much else now ended,—Prätorius the Danish Envoy, whom we slightly knew at Reinsberg once, gives this testimony; writing home to an Excellency at Copenhagen, whose name we need not inquire into:

'To give your Excellency a just idea of the new Government here, I must observe that hitherto the King of Prussia does as it were everything himself; and that, excepting the Finance Minister von Boden, who preaches frugality, and finds for that doctrine uncommon acceptance, almost greater even than in the former reign, his Majesty allows no counselling from any Minister; so that Herr von Podewils, who is now the working hand in the department of Foreign Affairs, has nothing given him to do but to expedite the orders he receives from the Cabinet, his advice not being asked upon any matter; and so it is with the other Ministers. People thought the loss of Herr von Thulmeyer,' veteran Foreign Minister whom we have transiently heard of in the Double-Marriage time, and perhaps have even seen at London or elsewhere,[2] 'would be irreparable; so expert was he, and a living archive in that business: however, his post seems to have vanished with himself. His salary is divided between Herr von Podewils,' whom the reader will sometimes hear of again, 'Kriegsrath (Councillor of War) von Ilgen,' son of the old gentleman we used to know, 'and Hofrath Sellentin who is *Rendant of the Legations-Kasse*' (Ambassadors' Paymaster, we could

[1] Bielfeld, i. 158.

[2] Died 4th August (Rödenbeck, p. 20).

guess, Ambassador Body having specialty of cash assigned it, comparable with the specialty of value received from it, in this strict frugal Country), —neither of which two latter names shall the reader be troubled with farther. 'A good many resolutions, and responses by the King, I have seen: they combine laconic expression with an admirable business eye (*Geschäftsblick*). Unhappily,'—at least for us in the Diplomatic line, for your Excellency and me unhappily,—'there is nobody about the King who possesses his complete confidence, or whom we can make use of in regard to the necessary introductions and preliminary movements. Hereby it comes that,—as certain things can only be handled with cautious foresight and circumlocution, and in the way of beginning wide, —an Ambassador here is more thrown out of his course than in any other Court: and knows not, though his object were steadily in sight, what road to strike into for getting towards it.'[1]

CHAPTER III

FRIEDRICH MAKES AN EXCURSION, NOT OF DIRECT SORT, INTO THE CLEVE COUNTRIES

KING FRIEDRICH did not quite keep his day at Wesel; indeed this 24th was not the first day, but the last of several, he had appointed to himself for finis to that Journey in the Cleve Countries; Journey rather complex to arrange. He has several businesses ahead in those parts; and, as usual, will group them with good judgment, and thrift of time. Not inspections merely, but amusements, meetings with friends, especially French friends: the question is, how to group them with skill, so that the necessary elements may converge at the right moment, and one shot kill three or four birds. This is Friedrich's fine way, perceptible in all these Journeys. The French friends, flying each on his own track, with his own load of impediments, Voltaire with his Madame for instance, are a difficult element in such problem; and there has been, and is, much scheming and corresponding about it, within the last month especially.

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 377 (2d October 1740).

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Voltaire is now at Brussels with his Du Châtelet, prosecuting that endless 'lawsuit with the House of Honsbruck,' —which he, and we, are both desirous to have done with. He is at the Hague, too, now and then; printing, about to print, the *Anti-Macchiavel*; corresponding, to right and left, quarrelling with Van Duren the Printer; lives, while there, in the *Vieille Cour*, in the vast dusky rooms with faded gilding, and grand old Bookshelves 'with the biggest spider-webs in Europe.' Brussels is his place for Law-Consultations, general family residence; the Hague and that old spider-web Palace for correcting Proofsheets; doing one's own private studies, which we never quite neglect. Fain would Friedrich see him, fain he Friedrich; but there is a divine Emilie, there is a Maupertuis, there are—In short, never were such difficulties, in the cooking of an egg with water boiling; and much vain correspondence has already been on that subject, as on others equally extinct. Correspondence which is not pleasant reading at this time; the rather as no reader can, without endless searching, even understand it. Correspondence left to us, not in the cosmic, elucidated or legible state; left mainly as the Editorial rubbish-wagons chose to shoot it; like a tumbled quarry, like the ruins of a sacked city;—avoidable by readers who are not forced into it![1] Take the following select bricks as sample, which are of some use; the general Heading is,

King Friedrich to M. de Voltaire (at the Hague, or at Brussels)

'*Charlottenburg, 12th June* 1740.—* * My dear Voltaire, resist no longer the eagerness I have to see you. Do in my favour whatever your humanity allows. In the end of August I go to Wesel, and perhaps farther. Promise that you will come and join me; for I could not live

[1] Herr Preuss's edition (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, voll. xxi. xxii. xxiii.) has come out since the above was written: it is agreeably exceptional; being, for the first time, correctly printed, and the editor himself having mostly understood it,—though the reader still cannot, on the terms there allowed.

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happy, nor die tranquil, without having embraced you! Thousand compliments to the Marquise,' divine Emilie. 'I am busy with both hands' (Corn-Magasines, Free Press, Abolition of Torture, and much else); 'working at the Army with the one hand, at the People and the Fine Arts with the other.'

'*Berlin, 5th August* 1740.—* * I will write to Madame du Châtelet, in compliance with your wish:' mark it, reader. 'To speak to you frankly concerning her journey, it is Voltaire, it is you, it is my Friend that I desire to see; and the divine Emilie with all her divinity is only the Accessory of the Apollo Newtonised.

'I cannot yet say whether I shall travel' (incognito into foreign parts a little) 'or not travel;' there have been rumours, perhaps private wishes; but—* * 'Adieu, dear friend; sublime spirit, first-born of thinking beings. Love me always sincerely, and be persuaded that none can love and esteem you more than I. *Vale.* FÉDÉRIC.'

'*Berlin, 6th August*' (which is next day).—'You will have received a Letter from me dated yesterday; this is the second I write to you from Berlin; I refer you to what was in the other. If it must be (*faut*) that Emilie accompany Apollo, I consent; but if I could see you alone, that is what I would prefer. I should be too much dazzled; I could not stand so much splendour all at once; it would overpower me. I should need the veil of Moses to temper the united radiance of your two divinities.' * * In short, don't bring her, if you please.

'*Remusberg*' (poetic for *Reinsberg*), '*8th August* 1740.—* * My dear Voltaire, I do believe Van Duren costs you more trouble and pains than you had with *Henri Quatre*. In versifying the Life of a Hero, you wrote the history of your own thoughts; but in coercing a scoundrel you fence with an enemy who is not worthy of you.' To punish him, and cut-short his profits, '*print*, then, as you wish' (your own edition of the *Anti-Macchiavel*, to go along with his, and trip the feet from it). '*Faites rouler la presse*; erase, change, correct; do as you see best; your judgment about it shall be mine.'—'In eight days I leave for'—(where thinks the reader? '*Dantzig*' deliberately print all the Editors, careful Preuss among them; overturning the terrestrial azimuths for us, and making day night!)—'for Leipzig, and reckon on being at Frankfurt on the 22d. In case you could be there, I expect, on my passage, to give you lodging! At Cleve or in Holland, I depend for certain on embracing you.'[1]

Intrinsically the Friedrich correspondence at this time, with Voltaire especially, among many friends now on the wing

[1] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. pp. 5, 19-21; Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxii. 226, etc. (not worth citing, in comparison).

towards Berlin and sending letters, has,—if you are forced into struggling for some understanding of it, and do get to read parts of it with the eyes of Friedrich and Voltaire,—has a certain amiability; and is nothing like so waste and dreary as it looks in the chaotic or sacked-city condition. Friedrich writes with brevity, oftenest on practicalities (the *Anti-Macchiavel*, the coming Interview, and the like), evidently no time to spare; writes always with considerable sincerity; with friendliness, much admiration, and an ingenuous vivacity, to M. de Voltaire. Voltaire, at his leisure in Brussels or the Old-Palace and its spiderwebs, writes much more expansively; not with insincerity, he either;—with endless airy graciosities, and ingenious twirls, and touches of flattering unction, which latter, he is aware, must not be laid-on too thick. As thus:

In regard to the *Anti-Macchiavel*,—Sire, deign to give me your permissions as to the scoundrel of a Van Duren; well worth while, Sire,—'*it* is a monument for the latest posterity; the only Book worthy of a King for these Fifteen hundred years.'

This is a strongish trowelful, thrown on direct, with adroitness; and even this has a kind of sincerity. Safer, however, to do it in the oblique or reflex way,—by Ambassador *Camas*, for example:

'I will tell you boldly, Sir' (you M. de Camas), 'I put more value on this Book (*Anti-Macchiavel*) than on the Emperor Julian's *Cæsar*, or on the *Maxims* of Marcus Aurelius,'—I do indeed, having a kind of property in it withal![1]

In fact, Voltaire too is beautiful, in this part of the Correspondence; but much in a twitter,—the Queen of Sheba, not the sedate Solomon, in prospect of what is coming. He plumes himself a little, we perceive, to his d'Argentals and French Correspondents, on this sublime intercourse he has got into with a Crowned Head, the cynosure of mankind:—Perhaps even you, my best friend, did not quite know me, and what merits I had! Plumes himself a little; but studies to

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxii. 280 (To Camas, 18th October 1740).

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be modest withal; has not much of the peacock, and of the turkey has nothing, to his old friends. All which is very naïve and transparent; natural and even pretty, on the part of M. de Voltaire as the weaker vessel.—For the rest it is certain Maupertuis is getting under way at Paris towards the Cleve rendezvous. Brussels, too, is so near these Cleve Countries; within two-days good driving:—if only the times and routes would rightly intersect?

Friedrich's intention is by no means for a straight journey towards Cleve: he intends for Baireuth first, then back from Baireuth to Cleve,—making a huge southward *elbow* on the map, with Baireuth for apex or turning-point:—in this manner he will make the times suit, and have a convergence at Cleve. To Baireuth;—who knows if not farther? All summer there has gone fitfully a rumour, that he wished to see France; perhaps Paris itself incognito? The rumour, which was heard even at Petersburg,[1] is now sunk dead again; but privately, there is no doubt, a glimpse of the sublime French Nation would be welcome to Friedrich. He could never get to Travelling in his young time; missed his Grand Tour altogether, much as he wished it; and he is capable of pranks!—Enough, on Monday morning, 15th August 1740,[2] Friedrich and Suite leave Potsdam, early enough: go, by Leipzig, by the route already known to readers, through Coburg and the Voigtland regions; Wilhelmina has got warning, sits eagerly expecting her Brother in the Hermitage at Baireuth, gladdest of shrill sisters; and full of anxieties how her Brother would now be. The travelling party consisted, besides the King, of seven persons: Prince August Wilhelm, King's next Brother, Heir-apparent if there come no children, now a brisk youth of eighteen; Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, Old Dessauer's eldest, what

[1] Raumer's *Beiträge* (English Translation, London, 1837), p. 15 (Finch's Despatch, 24th June 1740).

[2] Rödenbeck, p. 15, slightly in error: see Dickens's Interview, suprà, p. 320.

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we may call the 'Young Dessauer'; Colonel von Borck, whom we shall hear of again; Colonel von Stille, already heard of (grave men of fifty, these two); milk-beard Münchow, an Adjutant, youngest of the promoted Münchows; Algarotti, indispensable for talk; and Fredersdorf, the House-Steward and domestic Factotum, once private in Schwerin's Regiment, whom Bielfeld so admired at Reinsberg, foreseeing what he would come to. One of Friedrich's late acts was to give Factotum Fredersdorf an Estate of Land (small enough, I fancy, but with country-house on it) for solace to the leisure of so useful a man,—studious of chemistry too, as I have heard. Seven in all, besides the King.[1] Direct towards Baireuth, incognito, and at the top of their speed. Wednesday 17th, they actually arrive. Poor Wilhelmina, she finds her Brother changed; become a King in fact, and sternly solitary; alone in soul, even as a King must be![2]—

'Algarotti, one of the first *beaux-esprits* of this age,' as Wilhelmina defines him,—Friend Algarotti, the young Venetian gentleman of elegance, in dusky skin, in very white linen and frills, with his fervid black eyes, 'does the expenses of the conversation.' He is full of elegant logic, has speculations on the great world and the little, on Nature, Art, Papistry, Anti-Papistry, and takes up the Opera in an earnest manner, as capable of being a school of virtue and the moral sublime. His respectable Books on the Opera and other topics are now all forgotten, and crave not to be mentioned. To me, he is not supremely beautiful, though much the gentleman in manners as in ruffles, and ingeniously logical:—rather yellow to me, in mind as in skin, and with a taint of obsolete Venetian Macassar. But to Friedrich he is thrice-dear; who loves the sharp facetted cut of the man, and does not object to his yellow or Extinct-Macassar qualities of mind. Thanks to that wandering Baltimore for picking-up such a jewel and carrying him Northward! Algarotti himself

[1] Rödenbeck, p. 19 (and for Chamberlain Fredersdorf's estate, p. 15).
[2] Wilhelmina, ii. 322, 323.

likes the North: here in our hardy climates,—especially at Berlin, and were his loved Friedrich *not* a King,—Algarotti could be very happy in the liberty allowed. At London, where there is no King, or none to speak of, and plenty of free Intelligences, Carterets, Lytteltons, young Pitts and the like, he is also well, were it not for the horrid smoke upon one's linen, and the little or no French of those proud Islanders.

Wilhelmina seems to like him here; is glad, at any rate, that he does the costs of conversation, better or worse. In the rest is no hope. Stille, Borck are accomplished military gentlemen; but of tacit nature, reflective, practical, rather than discursive, and do not waste themselves by incontinence of tongue. Stille, by his military Commentaries, which are still known to soldiers that read, maintains some lasting remembrance of himself: Borck we shall see engaged in a small bit of business before long. As to Münchow, the *jeune morveux* of an Adjutant, he, though his manners are well enough, and he wears military plumes in his hat, is still an unfledged young creature, 'bill still yellow,' so to speak;—and marks himself chiefly by a visible hankering after that troublesome creature Marwitz, who is always coquetting. Friedrich's conversation, especially to me Wilhelmina, seems '*guindé*, set on stilts,' likewise there are frequent cuts of banter in him; and it is painfully evident he distinguishes my Sister of Anspach and her foolish Husband, whom he has invited over hither in the most eager manner, beyond what a poor Wilhelmina with her old love can pretend to. Patience, my shrill Princess, Beauty of Baireuth and the world; let us hope all will come right again! My shrill Princess,—who has a melodious strength like that of war-fifes, too,—knows how to be patient; and veils many things, though of a highly unhypocritical nature.

These were Three great Days at Baireuth; Wilhelmina is to come soon, and return the visit at Berlin. To wait upon the King, known though incognito, 'the Bishop of Bamberg'

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came driving over:[1] Schönborn, Austrian Kanzler, or who? His old City we once saw (and plenty of hanged malefactors swinging round it, during that *Journey to the Reich*);—but the Bishop himself never to our knowledge, Bishop being absent then. I hope it is the same Bishop of Bamberg whom a Friend of Büsching's, touring there about that same time, saw dining in a very extraordinary manner, with mediæval trumpeters, 'with waiters in spurs and buff-belts':[2] if it is not, I have not the slightest shadow of acquaintance with him,—there have been so many Bishops of Bamberg with whom one wishes to have none! On the third day Friedrich and his company went away, towards Würzburg; and Wilhelmina was left alone with her reflections. 'I had had so much to say to him; I had got nothing said at all:' alas, it is ever so. 'The King was so changed, grown so much bigger (*grandi*), you could not have known him again;' stands finely erect and at full breadth, every inch a King; his very stature, you would say, increased.—Adieu, my Princess, pearl of Princesses; all readers will expect your return-visit at Berlin, which is to be soon.

Friedrich strikes off to the left, and has a View of Strasburg for Two Days

Through Würzburg, Frankfurt-on-Mayn, speeds Friedrich;—Wilhelmina and mankind understand that it is homewards and to Cleve; but at Frankfurt, in deepest privacy, there occurs a sudden whirl southward,—up the Rhine-Valley; direct towards Strasburg, for a sight of France in that quarter! So has Friedrich decided,—not quite suddenly, on new Letters here, or new computations about Cleve; but by forethought taken at Baireuth, as rather appears. From Frankfurt to Strasburg, say 150 miles; from Strasburg home, is not much

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 419.

[2] Büsching's *Beyträge*;—Schlosser (*History of the Eighteenth Century*) also quotes the scene.

farther than from Frankfurt home: it can be done, then; husht!—

The incognito is to be rigorous: Friedrich becomes *Comte Dufour*, a Prussian-French gentleman; Prince August Wilhelm is Graf von Schaffgotsch, Algarotti is Graf von Pfuhl, Germans these two; what Leopold, the Young Dessauer, called himself,—still less what the others, or whether the others were there at all, and not shoved on, direct towards Wesel, out of the way as is likelier,—can remain uncertain to readers and me. From Frankfurt, then, on Monday morning 22d August 1740, as I compute, through old known Philipsburg-Campaign country, and the lines of Ettlingen and Stollhofen; there the Royal Party speeds eagerly (weather very bad, as appears): and it is certain they are at Kehl on Tuesday evening; looking across the long Rhine Bridge, Strasburg and its steeples now close at hand.

This looks to be a romantic fine passage in the History of the young King;—though in truth it is not, and proves but a feeble story either to him or us. Concerning which, however, the reader, especially if he should hear that there exists precise Account of it, Two Accounts indeed, one from the King's own hand, will not fail of a certain craving to become acquainted with details. This craving, foolish rather than wise, we consider it thriftiest to satisfy at once; and shall give the King's *Narrative* entire, though it is a jingling lean scraggy Piece, partly rhyme, 'in the manner of Bachaumont and La Chapelle'; written at the gallop, a few days hence, and despatched to Voltaire:—'You,' dear Voltaire, 'wish to know what I have been about, since leaving Berlin; annexed you will find a description of it,' writes Friedrich.[1] Out of Voltaire's and other people's waste-baskets, it has at length been fished-up, patch by patch, and pasted together by victorious modern Editors; and here it is again entire. The other Narrative, which got into the Newspapers soon after, is likewise of authentic nature,—Fassmann, our poor old friend, confirming

[1] *Œuvres*, xxii. 25 (Wesel, 2d September 1740).

it, if that were needful,—and is happily in prose.[1] Holding these two Pieces well together, and giving the King's faithfully translated, in a complete state, it will be possible to satisfy foolish cravings, and make this Strasburg Adventure luminous enough.

King Friedrich to Voltaire (from Wesel, 2d September 1740), *chiefly in Doggerel, concerning the Run to Strasburg*[2]

'I have just finished a Journey, intermingled with singular adventures, sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse. You know I had set-out for Baireuth,'—*Bruxelles* the beautiful French Editor wrote, which makes Egyptian darkness of the Piece!—'to see a Sister whom I love no less than esteem. On the road' (thither or thence; or likeliest, *there*), 'Algarotti and I consulted the map, to settle our route for returning by Wesel. Frankfurt-on-Mayn comes always as a principal stage;—Strasburg was no great roundabout: we chose that route in preference. The *incognito* was decided, names pitched upon' (Comte Dufour, and the others); 'story we were to tell: in fine, all was arranged and concerted to a nicety as well as possible. We fancied we should get to Strasburg in three days,' from Baireuth.

'But Heaven, which disposes of all things,	*Mais le ciel, qui de tout dispose,*
Differently regulated this thing.	*Régla différemment la chose.*
With lank-sided coursers,	*Avec de coursiers efflanqués,*
Lineal descendants from Rosinante,	*En ligne droites issus de Rosinante,*
With ploughmen in the dress of postillions,	*Et des paysans en postillons masqués,*
Blockheads of impertinent nature;	*Butors de race impertinente,*
Our carriages sticking fast a hundred times in the road,	*Notre carrosse en cent lieux accroché,*
We went along with gravity at a leisurely pace,	*Nous allions gravement, d'une allure indolente,*
Knocking against the crags.	*Gravitant contre les rochers.*
The atmosphere in uproar with loud thunder,	*Les airs émus par le bruyant tonnerre,*

[1] Given in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 420-423;—see likewise Fassmann's *Merkwürdigster Regierungs-Antritt* (poor old Book on *Friedrich's Accession*); Preuss (*Thronbesteigung*, pp. 395-400); etc. etc.

[2] Part of it, incorrect, in Voltaire, *Œuvres* (scandalous Piece now called *Mémoires*, once *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*), ii. 24-26; finally, in Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 156-161, the real and complete affair, as fished-up by victorious Preuss and others.

The rain-torrents streaming over the Earth	*Les torrents d'eau répandus sur la terre,*
Threatened mankind with the Day of Judgment [*very bad weather*],	*Du dernier jour menaçaient les humains ;*
And in spite of our impatience	*Et malgré notre impatience,*
Four good days are, in penance,	*Quatre bons jours en pénitence*
Lost forever in these jumblings.	*Sont pour jamais perdus dans les charrains.*

'Had all our fatalities been limited to stoppages of speed on the journey, we should have taken patience; but, after frightful roads, we found lodgings still frightfuler.

'For greedy landlords	*Car des hôtes intéressés,*
Seeing us pressed by hunger	*De la faim nous voyant pressés,*
Did, in a more than frugal manner,	*D'une façon plus que frugale,*
In their infernal hovels,	*Dans une chaumière infernale,*
Poisoning instead of feeding,	*En nous empoisonnant, nous volaient nos doux.*
Steal from us our crowns.	
O age different' (in good cheer) 'from that of Lucullus!	*O siècle différent des temps de Lucullus!*

'Frightful roads; short of victual, short of drink: nor was that all. We had to undergo a variety of accidents; and certainly our equipage must have had a singular air, for in every new place we came to, they took us for something different.

'Some took us for Kings,	*Les uns nous prenaient pour des rois,*
Some for pickpockets well disguised;	*D'autres pour des filous courtois,*
Others for old acquaintances.	*D'autres pour gens de connaissance ;*
At times the people crowded out,	*Parfois le peuple s'attroupait,*
Looked us in the eyes,	*Entre les yeux nous regardait*
Like clowns impertinently curious.	*En badauds curieux, remplis d'impertinence.*
'Our lively Italian' (Algarotti) 'swore;	*Notre vif Italien jurait,*
For myself I took patience;	*Pour moi je prenais patience,*
The young Count' (my gay younger Brother, eighteen at present) 'quizzed and frolicked;	*Le jeune Comte folâtrait,*
The big Count' (Heir-apparent of Dessau) 'silently swung his head,	*Le grand Comte se dandinait,*
Wishing this fine Journey to France,	*Et ce beau voyage de France*
In the bottom of his heart, most christianly at the Devil.	*Dans le fond de son cœur chrétiennement damnait.*

'We failed not, however, to struggle gradually along; at last we arrived in that Stronghold, where' (as preface to the War of 1734, known to some of us)—

'Where the garrison, too supple,	*Où la garnison, troupe fasque,*
Surrendered so piteously	*Se rendit si piteusement*
After the first blurt of explosion	*Après la première bourasque*
From the cannon of the French.	*Du canon français foudroyant.*

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'You recognise Kehl in this description. It was in that fine Fortress,—where, by the way, the breaches are still lying unrepaired' (Reich being a slow corpus in regard to such things)—'that the Postmaster, a man of more foresight than we, asked If we had got passports?

'No, said I to him; of passports	*Non, lui dis-je, des passe-ports*
We never had the whim.	*Nous n'eûmes jamais la folie.*
Strong ones I believe it would need	*Il en faudrait, je crois, de forts*
To recall, to our side of the limit,	*Pour ressusciter à la vie*
Subjects of Pluto King of the Dead:	*De chez Pluton le roi des morts;*
But, from the Germanic Empire	*Mais de l'empire germanique*
Into the gallant and cynical abode	*Au séjour galant et cynique*
Of Messieurs your pretty French-men,—	*De Messieurs vos jolis Français,*
A jolly and beaming air,	*Un air rebondissant et frais,*
Rubicund faces, not ignorant of wine,	*Une face rouge et bachique,*
These are the passports which, legible if you look on us,	*Sont les passe-ports qu'en nos traits*
Our troop produces to you for that end.	*Vous produit ici notre clique.*

'No, Messieurs, said the provident Master of Passports; no salvation without passport. Seeing then that Necessity had got us in the dilemma of either manufacturing passports ourselves or not entering Strasburg, we took the former branch of the alternative and manufactured one;—in which feat the Prussian arms, which I had on my seal, were marvellously furthersome.'

This is a fact, as the old Newspapers and confirmatory Fassmann more directly apprise us. 'The Landlord' (or Postmaster) 'at Kehl, having signified that there was no crossing without Passport,' Friedrich, at first somewhat taken aback, bethought him of his watch-seal with the Royal Arms on it; and soon manufactured the necessary Passport, signeted in due form;—which, however, gave a suspicion to the Innkeeper as to the quality of his Guest. After which, Tuesday evening 23d August, 'they at once got across to Strasburg,' says my Newspaper Friend, 'and put-up at the *Sign of the Raven* there.' Or in Friedrich's own jingle:

'We arrived at Strasburg; and the Custom-house corsair, with his inspectors, seemed content with our evidences.

'These scoundrels spied us,	*Ces scélérats nous épiaient,*
With one eye reading our passport,	*D'un œil le passe-port lisaient,*
With the other ogling our purse.	*De l'autre lorgnaient notre bourse.*

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Gold, which was always a resource,	*L'or, qui toujours fut de ressource,*
Which brought Jove to the enjoyment	*Par lequel Jupin jouissait*
Of Danae whom he caressed;	*De Danaé, qu'il caressait;*
Gold, by which Cæsar governed	*L'or, par qui César gouvernait*
The world happy under his sway;	*Le monde heureux sous son empire;*
Gold, more a divinity than Mars or Love;	*L'or, plus dieu que Mars et l'Amour,*
Wonder-working Gold introduced us,	*Le même or sut nous introduire,*
That evening, within the walls of Strasburg.'[1]	*Le soir, dans les murs de Strasbourg.*

Sad doggerel; permissible perhaps as a sample of the Friedrich manufacture, surely not otherwise! There remains yet more than half of it; readers see what their foolish craving has brought upon them! Doggerel out of which no clear story, such story as there is, can be had; though, except the exaggeration and contortion, there is nothing of fiction in it. We fly to the Newspaper, happily at least a prose composition, which begins at this point; and shall use the Doggerel henceforth as illustration only or as repetition in the Friedrich-mirror, of a thing *otherwise* made clear to us:

Having got into Strasburg and the *Raven Hotel*; Friedrich now on French ground at last, or at least on Half-French, German-French, is intent to make the most of circumstances. The Landlord, with one of Friedrich's servants, is straightway despatched into the proper coffee-houses to raise a supper-party of Officers; politely asks any likely Officer, 'If he will not do a foreign Gentleman' (seemingly of some distinction, signifies Boniface) 'the honour to sup with him at The Raven?' 'No, by Jupiter!' answer the most, in their various dialects: 'who is he that we should sup with him?' Three, struck by the singularity of the thing, undertake; and with these we must be content. Friedrich,—or call him M. le Comte Dufour, with Pfuhl, Schaffgotsch and such escort as we see,—politely apologises on the entrance of these Officers: 'Many pardons, gentlemen, and many thanks. Knowing nobody; desirous of acquaintance:—since you are so good, how happy, by a little informality, to have brought brave Officers to keep me company, whom I value beyond other kinds of men!'

The Officers found their host a most engaging gentleman: his supper

[1] Given thus far, with several slight errors, in Voltaire, ii. 24-26;—the remainder, long unknown, had to be fished-up, patch by patch (Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 159-161).

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was superb, plenty of wine, 'and one red kind they had never tasted before, and liked extremely;'—of which he sent some bottles to their lodging next day. The conversation turned on military matters, and was enlivened with the due sallies. This foreign Count speaks French wonderfully; a brilliant man, whom the others rather fear: perhaps something more than a Count? The Officers, loath to go, remembered that their two battalions had to parade next morning, that it was time to be in bed: 'I will go to your review,' said the Stranger Count: the delighted Officers undertake to come and fetch him, they settle with him time and method; how happy!

On the morrow, accordingly, they call and fetch him; he looks at the review; review done, they ask him to supper for this evening: 'With pleasure!' and 'walks with them about the Esplanade, to see the guard march by.' Before parting, he takes their names, writes them in his tablets; says, with a smile, 'He is too much obliged ever to forget them.' This is Wednesday the 24th of August 1740; Field-Marshal Broglio is Commandant in Strasburg, and these obliging Officers are 'of the regiment Piedmont,'—their names on the King's tablets I never heard mentioned by anybody (or never till the King's Doggerel was fished-up again). Field-Marshal Broglio my readers have transiently seen afar off;—'galloping with only one boot,' some say 'almost in his shirt,' at the Ford of Secchia, in those Italian campaigns, five years ago, the Austrians having stolen across upon him:—he had a furious gallop, with no end of ridicule, on that occasion; is now Commandant here; and we shall have a great deal more to do with him within the next year or two.

'This same day, 24th, while I' (the Newspaper volunteer Reporter or Own Correspondent, seemingly a person of some standing, whose words carry credibility in the tone of them) 'was with Field-Marshal Broglio our Governor here, there came two gentlemen to be presented to him; "German Cavaliers" they were called; who, I now find, must have been the Prince of Prussia and Algarotti. The Field-Marshal,'—a rather high-stalking white-headed old military gentleman, bordering on seventy, of Piedmontese air and breed, apt to be sudden and make flounderings, but the soul of honour, 'was very polite to the two Cavaliers, and kept them to dinner. After dinner there came a so-styled "Silesian Nobleman," who likewise was presented to the Field-Marshal, and affected not to know the other two: him I now find to have been the Prince of Anhalt.'

Of his Majesty's supper with the Officers that Wednesday, we are left to think how brilliant it was: his Majesty, we hear farther, went to the Opera that night,—the Polichinello or whatever the 'Italian *Comödie*' was;—'and a little girl came to his box with two lottery-tickets fifteen pence each, begging the foreign Gentleman for the love of Heaven to buy

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them of her; which he did, tearing them up at once, and giving the poor creature four ducats,' equivalent to two guineas, or say in effect even five pounds of the present British currency. The fame of this foreign Count and his party at The Raven is becoming very loud over Strasburg, especially in military circles. Our volunteer Own Correspondent proceeds (whom we mean to contrast with the Royal Doggerel by and by):

'Next morning,' Thursday 25th August, 'as the Marshal with above two hundred Officers was out walking on the Esplanade, there came a soldier of the Regiment Luxemburg, who, after some stiff fugling motions, of the nature of salutation partly, and partly demand for privacy, intimated to the Marshal surprising news: That the Stranger in The Raven was the King of Prussia in person: he, the soldier, at present of the Regiment Luxemburg, had in other days, before he deserted, been of the Prussian Crown-Prince's regiment; had consequently seen him in Berlin, Potsdam and elsewhere a thousand times and more, and even stood sentry where he was: the fact is beyond dispute, your Excellency! said this soldier.'—Whew!

Whereupon a certain Colonel, Marquis de Loigle, with or without a hint from Broglio, makes off for The Raven; introduces himself, as was easy; contrives to get invited to stay dinner, which also was easy. During dinner the foreign Gentleman expressed some wish to see their fortress. Colonel Loigle sends word to Broglio; Broglio despatches straightway an Officer and fine carriage: "Will the foreign Gentleman do me the honour?" The foreign Gentleman, still struggling for incognito, declines the uppermost seat of honour in the carriage; the two Officers, Loigle and this new one, insist on taking the inferior place. Alas, the incognito is pretty much out. Calling at some coffeehouse or the like on the road, a certain female, 'Madame de Fienne,' named the foreign Gentleman "Sire,"—which so startled him that, though he utterly declined such title, the two Officers saw well how it was.

'After survey of the works, the two attendant Officers had returned to the Field-Marshal; and about 4 P.M. the high Stranger made appearance there. But the thing had now got wind, "King of Prussia here incognito!" The place was full of Officers, who came crowding about him: he escaped deftly into the Maréchal's own Cabinet; sat there, an hour, talking to the Maréchal' (little admiring the Maréchal's talk, as we shall find), 'still insisting on the incognito,'—to which Broglio, put-out in his high paces by this sudden thing, and apt to flounder, as I have heard, was not polite enough to conform altogether. "What shall I do, in this sudden case?" poor Broglio is thinking to himself: "must write to Court; perhaps try to detain—?" Friedrich's chief thought naturally is, One cannot be away out of this too soon. "Sha'n't we go to the

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Play, then, Monsieur le Maréchal? Play-hour is come!"—Own Correspondent of the Newspaper proceeds:

'The Maréchal then went to the Play, and all his Officers with him; thinking their royal prize was close at their heels. Maréchal and Officers fairly ahead, coast once clear, their royal prize hastened back to The Raven, paid his bill; hastily summoning Schaffgotsch and the others within hearing; shot-off like lightning; and was seen in Strasburg no more. Algarotti, who was in the box with Broglio, heard the news in the house; regretful rumour among the Officers, "He is gone!" In about a quarter of an hour Algarotti too slipt out; and vanished by extra post'—straight towards Wesel; but could not overtake the King (whose road, in the latter part of it, went zigzag, on business as is likely), nor see him again till they met in that Town.[1]

This is the Prose Truth of those Fifty or Eight-and-forty hours in Strasburg, which were so mythic and romantic at that time. Shall we now apply to the Royal Doggerel again, where we left off, and see the other side of the picture? Once settled in The Raven, within Strasburg's walls, the Doggerel continues:

'You fancy well that there was now something to exercise my curiosity; and what desire I had to know the French Nation in France itself.

'There I saw at length those French,	*Là je vis enfin ces Français,*
Of whom you have sung the glories;	*Dont vous avez chanté la gloire;*
A people despised by the English,	*Peuple méprisé des Anglais,*
Whom their sad rationality fills with black bile;	*Que leur triste raison remplit de bile noire;*
Those French, whom our Germans	*Ces Français, que nos Allemands*
Reckon all to be destitute of sense;	*Pensent tous privés de bon sens;*
Those French, whose History consists of Love-stories,	*Ces Français, dont l'amour pourrait dicter l'histoire,*
I mean the wandering kind of Love, not the constant;	*Je dis l'amour volage, et non l'amour constant;*
Foolish this People, headlong, high-going,	*Ce peuple fou, brusque et galant,*
Which sings beyond endurance;	*Chansonnier insupportable,*
Lofty in its good fortune, crawling in its bad;	*Superbe en sa fortune, en son malheur rampant,*
Of an unpitying extent of babble,	*D'un bavardage impitoyable,*
To hide the vacancy of its ignorant mind.	*Pour cacher le creux d'un esprit ignorant,*

[1] From *Helden-Geschichte* (i. 420-424), etc.

Of the Trifling it is a tender lover;	*Tendre amant de la bagatelle,*
The Trifling alone takes possession of its brain.	*Elle entre seule en sa cervelle;*
People flighty, indiscreet, imprudent,	*Léger, indiscret, imprudent,*
Turning like the weathercock to every wind.	*Comme une girouette il revire à tout vent.*
Of the ages of the Cæsars those of the Louises are the shadow;	*Des siècles des Césars ceux des Louis sont l'ombre;*
Paris is the ghost of Rome, take it how you will.	*Rome efface Paris en tout sens, en tout point.*
No, of those vile French you are not one:	*Non, des vils Français vous n'êtes pas du nombre;*
You think; they do not think at all.	*Vous pensez, ils ne pensent point.*

'Pardon, dear Voltaire, this definition of the French; at worst, it is only of those in Strasburg I speak. To scrape acquaintance, I had to invite some Officers on our arrival, whom of course I did not know.

'Three of them came at once,	*Trois d'eux s'en vinrent à la fois,*
Gayer, more content than Kings;	*Plus gais, plus contents que des rois,*
Singing with rusty voice,	*Chantant d'une voix enrouée,*
In verse, their amorous exploits,	*En vers, leurs amoureux exploits,*
Set to a hornpipe.	*Ajustés sur une bourrée.*

'M. de la Crochardière and M. Malosa' (two names from the tablets, third wanting) 'had just come from a dinner where the wine had not been spared.

'Of their hot friendship I saw the flame grow,	*De leur chaude amitié je vis croître le flamme,*
The Universe would have taken us for perfect friends:	*L'univers nous eût pris pour des amis parfaits;*
But the instant of goodnight blew-out the business;	*Mais l'instant des adieux en détruisit la trame,*
Friendship disappeared without regrets,	*L'amitié disparut, sans causer des regrets,*
With the games, the wine, the table and the viands.	*Avec le jeu, le vin, et la table, et les mets.*

'Next day, Monsieur the Gouverneur of the Town and Province, Maréchal of France, Chevalier of the Orders of the King, etc. etc., —Maréchal Duc de Broglio, in fact,' who was surprised at Secchia in the late War,—

'This General always surprised,	*Ce général toujours surpris,*
Whom with regret young Louis' (your King)	*Qu'à regret le jeune Louis*

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Saw without breeches in Italy [1]	*Vit sans culottes en Italie,*
Galloping to hide away his life	*Courir pour dérober sa vie*
From the Germans, unpolite fighters;—	*Aux Germains, guerriers impolis.*

this General wished to investigate your Comte Dufour,—foreign Count, who the instant he arrives sets about inviting people to supper that are perfect strangers. He took the poor Count for a sharper; and prudently advised M. de la Crochardière not to be duped by him. It was unluckily the good Maréchal that proved to be duped.

'He was born for surprise.	*Il était né pour la surprise.*
His white hair, his gray beard,	*Ses cheveux blancs, sa barbe grise,*
Formed a reverend exterior.	*Formaient un sage extérieur.*
Outsides are often deceptive:	*Le dehors est souvent trompeur;*
He that, by the binding, judges	*Qui juge par la reliure*
Of a Book and its Author	*D'un ouvrage et de son auteur*
May, after a page of reading,	*Dans une page de lecture*
Chance to recognise his mistake.	*Peut reconnaître son erreur.*

'That was my own experience; for of wisdom I could find nothing except in his gray hair and decrepit appearance. His first opening betrayed him; no great well of wit this Maréchal,

'Who, drunk with his own grandeur,	*Qui, de sa grandeur enivré,*
Informs you of his name and his titles,	*Déoline son nom et ses titres,*
And authority as good as unlimited.	*Et son pouvoir à rien borné.*
He cited to me all the records	*Il me cita tous les registres*
Where his name is registered,	*Où son nom est enregistré;*
Babbled about his immense power,	*Bavard de son pouvoir immense,*
About his valour, his talents	*De sa valeur, de ces talents*
So salutary to France;—	*Si salutaires à la France:*
He forgot that, three years ago [2]	*Il oubliait, passé trois ans,*
Men did not praise his prudence.	*Qu'on ne louait pas sa prudence.*

'Not satisfied with seeing the Maréchal, I saw guard mounted

'By these Frenchmen, burning with glory,	*A ces Français brûlants de gloire,*
Who, on four sous a day,	*Dotés de quatre sous par jour,*
Will make of Kings and of Heroes the memory flourish:	*Qui des rois, des héros font fleurir la mémoire,*
Slaves crowned by the hands of Victory,	*Esclaves couronnés des mains de la victoire,*
Unlucky herds whom the Court	*Troupeaux malheureux que la cour*
Tinkles hither and thither by the sound of fife and drum.	*Dirige au seul bruit du tambour.*

[1] 'With only one boot,' was the milder rumour; which we adopted (suprà, p. 104), but this sadder one, too, was current; and 'Broglio's breeches,' or the vain aspiration after them, like a vanished ghost of breeches, often enough turn-up in the old Pamphlets.

[2] Six to a nearness,—'15th September 1734,' if your Majesty will be exact.

'That was my fated term. A deserter from our troops got eye on me, recognised me and denounced me.

'This wretched gallows-bird got eye on me;	*Ce malheureux pendard me vit,*
Such is the lot of all earthly things;	*C'est le sort de toutes les choses;*
And so of our fine mystery	*Ainsi de notre pot aux roses*
The whole secret came to light.'	*Tout le secret se découvrit.*

Well; we must take this glimpse, such as it is, into the interior of the young man,—fine, buoyant, pungent German spirit, road-ways for it very bad, and universal rain-torrents falling, yet with coruscations from a higher quarter;—and you can forget, if need be, the 'Literature' of this young Majesty, as you would a staccato on the flute by him! In after months, on new occasion rising, 'there was no end to his gibings and bitter pleasantries on the ridiculous reception Broglio had given him at Strasburg,' says Valori,[1]—of which this Doggerel itself offers specimen.

'Probably the weakest Piece I ever translated?' exclaims one, who has translated several such. Nevertheless there is a straggle of pungent sense in it,—like the outskirts of lightning, seen in that dismally wet weather, which the Royal Party had. Its wit is very copious, but slashy, bantery, and proceeds mainly by exaggeration and turning topsy-turvy; a rather barren species of wit. Of humour, in the fine poetic sense, no vestige. But there is surprising veracity,—truthfulness unimpeachable, if you will read well. What promptitude, too;—what funds for conversation, when needed! This scraggy Piece, which is better than the things people often talk to one another, was evidently written as fast as the pen could go.—'It is done, if such a Hand could have *done* it, in the manner of Bachaumont and La Chapelle,' says Voltaire scornfully, in that scandalous *Vie Privée*;—of which phrase this is the commentary, if readers need one:

'Some seventy or eighty years before that date, a M. Bachaumont and a M. la Chapelle, his intimate, published, in Prose skipping-off into

[1] *Mémoires*, i. 83.

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dancings of Verse every now and then, 'a charming *Relation* of a certain *Voyage* or Home Tour' (whence or whither, or correctly when, this Editor forgets),[1] which they had made in partnership. '"*Relation*" capable still of being read, if one were tolerably idle;—it was found then to be charming, by all the world; and gave rise to a new fashion in writing; which Voltaire often adopts, and is supremely good at; and in which Friedrich, who is also fond of it, by no means succeeds so well.'

Enough, Friedrich got to Wesel, back to his business, in a day or two; and had done, as we forever have, with the Strasburg Escapade and its Doggerel.

Friedrich finds M. de Maupertuis; not yet M. de Voltaire

Friedrich got to Wesel on the 29th; found Maupertuis waiting there, according to appointment: an elaborately polite, somewhat sublime scientific gentleman; ready to 'engraft on the Berlin crabtree,' and produce real apples and Academics there, so soon as the King, the proprietor, may have leisure for such a thing. Algarotti has already the honour of some acquaintance with Maupertuis. Maupertuis has been at Brussels, on the road hither; saw Voltaire and even Madame,—which latter was rather a ticklish operation, owing to grudges and tiffs of quarrel that had risen, but it proved successful under the delicate guidance of Voltaire. Voltaire is up to oiling the wheels: 'There you are, Monsieur, like the'—(don't name What, though profane Voltaire does, writing to Maupertuis a month ago)—'Three Kings running after you!' A new Pension to you from France; Russia outbidding France to have you; and then that *Letter* of Friedrich's, which is in all the Newspapers: 'Three Kings,'—you plainly great man, Trismegistus of the Sciences called

[1] 'First printed in 1665,' say the Bibliographies; 'but known to La Fontaine some time before.' Good!—Bachaumont, practically an important and distinguished person, not literary by trade, or indeed otherwise than by ennui, was he that had given (some fifteen years before) the Nickname *Fronde* (Bickering of Schoolboys) to the wretched Historical Object which is still so designated in French annals.

Pure! Madame honours you, has always done: one word of apology to the high female mind, it will work wonders;—come now!—[1]

No reader guesses in our time what a shining celestial body the Maupertuis, who is now fallen so dim again, then was to mankind. In cultivated French society there is no such lion as M. Maupertuis since he returned from flattening the Earth in the Arctic regions. 'The Exact Sciences, what else is there to depend on?' thinks French cultivated society: 'and has not Monsieur done a feat in that line?' Monsieur, with fine ex-military manners, has a certain austere gravity, reticent loftiness and polite dogmatism, which confirms that opinion. A studious ex-military man,—was Captain of Dragoons once, but too fond of study,—who is conscious to himself, or who would fain be conscious, that he is, in all points, mathematical, moral and other, the man. A difficult man to live with in society. Comes really near the limit of what we call genius, of originality, poetic greatness in thinking;—but never once can get fairly over said limit, though always struggling dreadfully to do so. Think of it! A fatal kind of man; especially if you have made a lion of him at any time. Of his envies, deep-hidden splenetic discontents and rages, with Voltaire's return for them, there will be enough to say in the ulterior stages. He wears,—at least ten years hence he openly wears, though I hope it is not yet so flagrant,—'a red wig with yellow bottom (*crinière jaune*);' and as Flattener of the Earth, is, with his own flattish red countenance and impregnable stony eyes, a man formidable to look upon, though intent to be amiable if you do the proper homage. As to the quarrel with Madame take this Note; which may prove illustrative of some things by and by:

Maupertuis is well known at Cirey; such a lion could not fail there. All manner of Bernouillis, Clairauts, high mathematical people, are frequent guests at Cirey: reverenced by Madame,—who indeed has had her own

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxii. 217, 216, 230 (Hague, 21st July 1740, and Brussels, 9th Aug. etc.).

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private Professor of Mathematics; one König from Switzerland (recommended by those Bernouillis), diligently teaching her the Pure Sciences this good while back, not without effect; and has only just parted with him, when she left on this Brussels expedition. A *bon garçon*, Voltaire says; though otherwise, I think, a little noisy on occasion. There has been no end of Madame's kindness to him, nay, to his Brother and him,—sons of a Theological Professorial Syriac-Hebrew kind of man at Berne who has too many sons;—and I grieve to report that this heedless König has produced an explosion in Madame's feeling, such as little beseemed him. On the road to Paris, namely, as we drove hitherward to the Honsbruck Lawsuit by way of Paris, in Autumn last, there had fallen out some dispute, about the monads, the *vis viva*, the infinitely little, between Madame and König; dispute which rose *crescendo* in disharmonious duet, and 'ended,' testifies M. de Voltaire, 'in a scene *très-désagréable*.' Madame, with an effort, forgave the thoughtless fellow, who is still rather young, and is without malice. But thoughtless König, strong in his opinion about the infinitely little, appealed to Maupertuis: 'Am not I right, Monsieur?' '*He* is right beyond question!' wrote Maupertuis to Madame; 'somewhat drily,' thinks Voltaire: and the result is, there is considerable rage in one celestial mind ever since against another male one in red wig and yellow bottom; and they are not on speaking terms, for a good many months past. Voltaire has his heart sore (*'j'en ai le cœur percé'*) about it, needs to double-dose Maupertuis with flattery; and in fact has used the utmost diplomacy to effect some varnish of a reconcilement as Maupertuis passed on this occasion. As for König, who had studied in some Dutch university, he went by and by to be Librarian to the Prince of Orange; and we shall not fail to hear of him again,—once more upon the infinitely little.[1]

Voltaire too, in his way, is fond of these mathematical people; eager enough to fish for knowledge, here as in all elements, when he has the chance offered: this is much an interest of his at present. And he does attain sound ideas, outlines of ideas, in this province,—though privately defective in the due transcendency of admiration for it;—was wont to discuss cheerily with König, about *vis viva*, monads, gravitation and the infinitely little; above all, bows to the ground before the red-wigged Bashaw, Flattener of the Earth, whom for Madame's sake and his own he is anxious to be well with. 'Fall on your face nine times, ye esoteric of only Impure Science!'—intimates Maupertuis to mankind. 'By all means!' answers M. de Voltaire, doing it with alacrity; with a kind of loyalty, one can perceive, and also with a hypocrisy grounded on love

[1] From *Œuvres de Voltaire*, ii. 126, lxxii. (20, 216, 230), lxiii. (229-239), etc. etc.

of peace. If that is the nature of the Bashaw, and one's sole mode of fishing knowledge from him, why not? thinks M. de Voltaire. His patience with M. de Maupertuis, first and last, was very great. But we shall find it explode at length, a dozen years hence, in a conspicuous manner!—

'Maupertuis had come to us to Cirey, with Jean Bernouilli,' says Voltaire; 'and thenceforth Maupertuis, who was born the most jealous of men, took me for the object of this passion, which has always been very dear to him.'[1] Husht, Monsieur!—Here is a poor rheumatic kind of Letter, which illustrates the interim condition, after that varnish of reconcilement at Brussels:

Voltaire to M. de Maupertuis (at Wesel, waiting for the King, or with him rather)

'Brussels, 29th August (1740), *3d year since 'the world flattened.*

'How the Devil, great Philosopher, would you have had me write to you at Wesel? I fancied you gone from Wesel, to seek the King of Sages on his Journey somewhere. I had understood, too, they were so delighted to have you in that fortified lodge (*bouge fortifié*) that you must be taking pleasure there, for he that gives pleasure gets it.

'You have already seen the jolly Ambassador of the amiablest Monarch in the world,'—Camas, a fattish man, on his road to Versailles (who called at Brussels here, with fine compliments, and a keg of Hungary Wine, as *you* may have heard whispered). 'No doubt M. de Camas is with you. For my own share, I think it is after you that he is running at present. But in truth, at the hour while I say this, you are with the King;'—a lucky guess; King did return to Wesel this very day. 'The Philosopher and the Prince perceive already that they are made for each other. You and M. Algarotti will say, *Faciamus hic tria tabernacula*: as to me, I can only make *duo tabernacula*,'—profane Voltaire!

'Without doubt I would be with you if I were not at Brussels; but my heart is with you all the same; and is the subject, all the same, of a King who is formed to reign over every thinking and feeling being. I do not despair that Madame du Châtelet will find herself somewhere on your route: it will be a scene in a fairy tale;—she will arrive with a *sufficient reason*' (as your Leibnitz says) 'and with *monads*. She does not love you the less though she now believes the universe a *plenum*, and

[1] *Vie Privée.*

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has renounced the notion of *void*. Over her you have an ascendant which you will never lose. In fine, my dear Monsieur, I wish as ardently as she to embrace you the soonest possible. I recommend myself to your friendship in the Court, worthy of you, where you now are.'—*Tout à vous*, somewhat rheumatic![1]

Always an anxious almost tremulous desire to conciliate this big glaring geometrical bully in red wig. Through the sensitive transparent being of M. de Voltaire, you may see that feeling almost painfully busy in every Letter he writes to the Flattener of the Earth.

CHAPTER IV

VOLTAIRE'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH FRIEDRICH

At Wesel, in the rear of all this travelling and excitement, Friedrich falls unwell; breaks down there into an aguish feverish distemper, which, for several months after, impeded his movements, would he have yielded to it. He has much business on hand, too,—some of it of prickly nature just now;—but is intent as ever on seeing Voltaire, among the first things. Diligently reading in the Voltaire-Friedrich Correspondence (which is a sad jumble of misdates and opacities, in the common editions),[2] this of the aguish condition frequently turns up; 'Quartan ague,' it seems; occasionally very bad; but Friedrich struggles with it; will not be cheated of any of his purposes by it.

He had a busy fortnight here; busier than we yet imagine. Much employment there naturally is of the usual Inspection sort; which fails in no quarter of his Dominions, but which may be particularly important here, in these disputed Berg-

[1] Voltaire, lxxii. 243.

[2] Preuss (the recent latest Editor, and the only well-informed one, as we said) prints with accuracy; but cannot be *read* at all (in the sense of *understood*) without other light.

Jülich Countries, when the time of decision falls. How he does his Inspections we know;—and there are still weightier matters afoot here, in a silent way, of which we shall have to speak before long, and all the world will speak. Business enough, parts of it grave and silent, going on, and the much that is public, miscellaneous, small: done, all of it, in a rapid punctual precise manner;—and always, after the crowded day, some passages of Supper with the Sages, to wind-up with on melodious terms. A most alert and miscellaneously busy young King, in spite of the ague.

It was in these Cleve Countries, and now as probably as afterwards, that the light scene recorded in Laveaux's poor *History*, and in all the Anecdote-Books, transacted itself one day. Substance of the story is true; though the details of it go all at random,—somewhat to this effect:

'Inspecting his Finance Affairs, and questioning the parties interested, Friedrich notices a certain Convent in Cleve, which appears to have, payable from the Forest-dues, considerable revenues bequeathed by the old Dukes, "for masses to be said on their behalf." He goes to look at the place; questions the Monks on this point, who are all drawn-out in two rows, and have broken into *Te-Deum* at sight of him: "Husht! You still say those Masses, then?" "Certainly, your Majesty!"—"And what good does anybody get of them?" "Your Majesty, those old Sovereigns are to obtain Heavenly mercy by them, to be delivered out of Purgatory by them."—"Purgatory? It is a sore thing for the Forests, all this while! And they are not yet out, those poor souls, after so many hundred years of praying?" Monks have a fatal apprehension, No. "When will they be out, and the thing complete?" Monks cannot say. "Send me a courier whenever it *is* complete!" sneers the King, and leaves them to their *Te-Deum*.'[1]

Mournful state of the Catholic Religion so-called! How

[1] C. Hildebrandt's Modern Edition of the (mostly dubious) *Anekdoten und Charakterzüge aus dem Leben Friedrichs des Grossen* (and a very ignorant and careless Edition it is; 6 voll. 12mo, Halberstadt, 1829), ii. 160; Laveaux (whom we already cited), *Vie de Frédéric;* etc. etc. Nicolai's *Anekdoten* alone, which are not included in this Hildebrandt Collection, are of sure authenticity; the rest, occasionally true, and often with a kind of *mythic* truth in them worth attending to, are otherwise of all degrees of dubiety, down to the palpably false and absurd.

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long must these wretched Monks go on doing their lazy thrice-deleterious torpid blasphemy; and a King, not histrionic but real, merely signify that he laughs at them and it? Meseems a heavier whip than that of satire might be in place here, your Majesty? The lighter whip is easier;—Ah yes, undoubtedly! cry many men. But horrible accounts are running up, enough to sink the world at last, while the heavier whip is lazily withheld, and lazy blasphemy, fallen torpid, chronic, and quite unconscious of being blasphemous, insinuates itself into the very heart's-blood of mankind! Patience, however; the heavy whip too is coming,—unless universal death be coming. King Friedrich is not the man to wield such whip. Quite other work is in store for King Friedrich; and Nature will not, by any suggestion of that terrible task, put him out in the one he has. He is nothing of a Luther, of a Cromwell; can look upon fakeers praying by their rotatory calabash, as a ludicrous platitude; and grin delicately as above, with the approval of his wiser contemporaries. Speed to him on his own course!

What answer Friedrich found to his English proposals, —answer due here on the 24th from Captain Dickens,—I do not pointedly learn; but can judge of it by Harrington's reply to that Despatch of Dickens's, which entreated candour and open dealing towards his Prussian Majesty. Harrington is at Herrenhausen, still with the Britannic Majesty there; both of them much at a loss about their Spanish War, and the French and other aspects upon it: 'Suppose his Prussian Majesty were to give himself to France against us!' We will hope, not. Harrington's reply is to the effect, 'Hum, drum: —Berg and Jülich, say you? Impossible to answer; minds not made-up here:—What will his Prussian Majesty do for *us?*' Not much, I should guess, till something more categorical come from you! His Prussian Majesty is careful not to spoil anything by over-haste; but will wait and try farther to the utmost, Whether England or France is the likelier bargain for him.

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Better still, the Prussian Majesty is intent to do something for himself in that Berg-Jülich matter: we find him silently examining these Wesel localities for a proper 'Entrenched Camp,' Camp say of 40,000, against a certain contingency that may be looked for. Camp which will much occupy the Gazetteers when they get eye on it. This is one of the concerns he silently attends to, on occasion, while riding about in the Cleve Countries. Then there is another small item of business, important to do well, which is now in silence diligently getting under way at Wesel; which also is of remarkable nature, and will astonish the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles. This is the affair with the Bishop of Liége, called also the Affair of Herstal, which his Majesty has had privately laid-up in the corner of his mind, as a thing to be done during this Excursion. Of which the reader shall hear anon, to great lengths,—were a certain small preliminary matter, Voltaire's Arrival in these parts, once off our hands.

Friedrich's First Meeting with Voltaire! These other high things were once loud in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles, and had no doubt *they* were the World's History; and now they are sunk wholly to the Nightmares, and all mortals have forgotten them,—and it is such a task as seldom was to resuscitate the least memory of them, on just cause of a Friedrich or the like, so impatient are men of what is putrid and extinct:—and a quite unnoticed thing, Voltaire's First Interview, all readers are on the alert for it, and ready to demand of me impossibilities about it! Patience, readers. You shall see it, without and within, in such light as there was, and form some actual notion of it, if you will coöperate. From the circumambient inanity of Old Newspapers, Historical shot-rubbish, and unintelligible Correspondences, we sift-out the following particulars, of this First Meeting, or actual Osculation of the Stars.

The Newspapers, though their eyes were not yet of the Argus quality now familiar to us, have been intent on Fried-

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rich during this Baireuth-Cleve Journey, especially since that sudden eclipse of him at Strasburg lately; forming now one scheme of route for him, now another; Newspapers, and even private friends, being a good deal uncertain about his movements. Rumour now ran, since his re-appearance in the Cleve Countries, that Friedrich meant to have a look at Holland before going home. And that had, in fact, been a notion or intention of Friedrich's. 'Holland? We could pass through Brussels on the way, and see Voltaire!' thought he.

In Brussels this was, of course, the rumour of rumours. As Voltaire's Letters, visibly in a twitter, still testify to us. King of Prussia coming! Madame du Châtelet, the 'Princess Tour' (that is, Tour-and-Taxis), all manner of high Dames, are on the tiptoe. Princess Tour hopes she shall lodge this unparalleled Prince in her Palace: 'You, Madame?' answers the Du Châtelet, privately, with a toss of her head: 'His Majesty, I hope, belongs more to M. de Voltaire and me: he shall lodge here, please Heaven!' Voltaire, I can observe, has sublime hostelry arrangements chalked-out for his Majesty, in case he go to Paris; which he doesn't, as we know. Voltaire is all on the alert, awake to the great contingencies far and near; the Châtelet-Voltaire breakfast-table,—fancy it on those interesting mornings, while the post comes round![1]

Alas, in the first days of September,—Friedrich's Letter is dated 'Wesel, 2d' (and has the *Strasburg Doggerel* enclosed in it),—the Brussels Postman delivers far other intelligence at one's door; very mortifying to Madame: 'That his Majesty is fallen ill at Wesel; has an aguish fever hanging on him, and only hopes to come:' *Voilà*, Madame!—Next Letter, Wesel, Monday 5th Sept., is to the effect: 'Do still much hope to come; tomorrow is my trembling day; if that prove to be off!'—Out upon it, that proves not to be off; that is on: next Letter, Tuesday Sept. 6th, which comes by express (Courier dashing up with it, say on the Thursday following) is,—alas, Madame!—here it is:

[1] Voltaire, lxxii. 238-256 (Letters 22d August—22d September 1740).

King Friedrich to M. de Voltaire at Brussels

'Wesel, 6th Sept. 1740.

'My dear Voltaire,—In spite of myself, I have to yield to the Quartan Fever, which is more tenacious than a Jansenist; and whatever desire I had of going to Antwerp and Brussels, I find myself not in a condition to undertake such a journey without risk. I would ask of you, then, if the road from Brussels to Cleve would not to *you* seem too long for a meeting; it is the one means of seeing you which remains to me. Confess that I am unlucky; for now when I could dispose of my person, and nothing hinders me from seeing you, the fever gets its hand into the business, and seems to intend disputing me that satisfaction.

'Let us deceive the fever, my dear Voltaire; and let me at least have the pleasure of embracing you. Make my best excuses' (polite rather than sincere) 'to Madame the *Marquise*, that I cannot have the satisfaction of seeing her at Brussels. All that are about me know the intention I was in; which certainly nothing but the fever could have made me change.

'Sunday next I shall be at a little Place near Cleve,'—Schloss of Moyland, which, and the route to which, this Courier can tell you of; —'where I shall be able to possess you at my ease. If the sight of you don't cure me, I will send for a Confessor at once. Adieu; you know my sentiments and my heart.[1]—Fédéric.

After which the Correspondence suddenly extinguishes itself; ceases for about a fortnight,—in the bad *mis*dated Editions even does worse;—and we are left to thick darkness, to our own poor shifts; Dryasdust being grandly silent on this small interest of ours. What is to be done?

Particulars of First Interview, on severe Scrutiny

Here, from a painful Predecessor whose Papers I inherit, are some old Documents and Studies on the subject,—sorrowful collection, in fact, of what poor sparks of certainty were to be found hovering in that dark element;—which do at last (so luminous are *certainties* always, or 'sparks' that will shine *steady*) coalesce into some feeble general twilight,

[1] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 27.

feeble but indubitable; and even show the sympathetic reader *how* they were searched out and brought together. We number and label these poor Patches of Evidence on so small a matter; and leave them to the curious:

No. 1. *Date of the First Interview.* It is certain Voltaire did arrive at the little Schloss of Moyland, Sept. 11th, Sunday night,—which is the 'Sunday' just specified in Friedrich's Letter. Voltaire had at once decided on complying,—what else?—and lost no time in packing himself: King's Courier on Thursday late; Voltaire on the road on Saturday early, or the night before. With Madame's shrill blessing (not the most musical in this vexing case), and plenty of fuss. 'Was wont to travel in considerable style,' I am told; 'the innkeepers calling him "Your Lordship (*M. le Comte*)."' Arrives, sure enough, Sunday night; old Schloss of Moyland, six miles from Cleve; 'moonlight,' I find,—the Harvest Moon. Visit lasted three days.[1]

No. 2. *Voltaire's Drive thither.* Schloss Moyland: How far from Brussels, and by what route? By Louvain, Tillemont, Tongres to Maestricht; then from Maestricht up the Maas (left bank) to Venlo, where cross; through Geldern and Goch to Cleve: between the Maas and Rhine this last portion. Flat damp country; tolerably under tillage; original constituents bog and sand. Distances I guess to be: To Tongres 60 miles and odd; to Maestricht 12 or 15, from Maestricht 75; in all 150 miles English. Two-days driving? There is equinoctial moon, and still above twelve hours of sunlight for 'M. le Comte.'

No. 3. *Of the Place Where.* Voltaire, who should have known, calls it '*petit Château de Meuse*'; which is a Castle existing nowhere but in Dreams. Other French Biographers are still more imaginary. The little Schloss of Moyland,—by no means 'Meuse,' nor even *Mörs*, which Voltaire probably means in saying *Château de Meuse*,—was, as the least inquiry settles beyond question, the place where Voltaire and Friedrich first met. Friedrich Wilhelm used often to lodge there in his Cleve journeys: he made thither for shelter, in the sickness that overtook him in friend Ginkel's house, coming home from the Rhine Campaign in 1734; lay there for several weeks after quitting Ginkel's. Any other light I can get upon it, is darkness visible. Büsching pointedly informs me,[2] 'It is a Parish' (or patch of country under one priest), 'and Till *and* it are a Jurisdiction' (pair of patches under one court of justice):—which does not much illuminate the inquiring mind. Small patch, this

[1] Rödenbeck, p. 21; Preuss, etc. etc.

[2] *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 659, 677.

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of Moyland, size not given; 'was bought,' says he, 'in 1695, by Friedrich afterwards First King, from the Family of Spaen,'—we once knew a Lieutenant Spaen, of those Dutch regions,—'and was named a Royal Mansion ever thereafter.' Who lived in it; what kind of thing was it, is it? *Altum silentium*, from Büsching and mankind. Belonged to the Spaens, fifty years ago;—some shadow of our poor banished friend the Lieutenant resting on it? Dim enough old Mansion, with 'court' to it, with modicum of equipment; lying there in the moonlight;—did not look sublime to Voltaire on stepping out. So that all our knowledge reduces itself to this one point: of finding Moyland in the Map, with *date*, with *reminiscence* to us, hanging by it henceforth! Good.[1]

Mörs,—which is near the Town of Ruhrort, about midway between Wesel and Düsseldorf,—must be some forty miles from Moyland, forty-five from Cleve; southward of both. So that the place, '*à deux lieues de Clèves*,' is, even by Voltaire's showing, this Moyland; were there otherwise any doubt upon it. 'Château de *Meuse*,'—hanging out a prospect of *Mörs* to us,—is bad usage to readers. Of an intelligent man, not to say a Trismegistus of men, one expects he will know in what town he is, after three-days experience, as here. But he does not always; he hangs-out a mere 'shadow of Mörs by moonlight,' till we learn better. Duvernet, his Biographer, even calls it '*Sleus-Meuse*'; some wonderful idea of Sluices and a River attached to it, in Duvernet's head![2]

What Voltaire thought of the Interview Twenty Years afterwards

Of the Interview itself, with general bird's-eye view of the Visit combined (in a very incorrect state), there is direct testimony by Voltaire himself. Voltaire himself, twenty years after, in far other humour, all jarred into angry sarcasm, for causes we shall see by and by,—Voltaire, at the request of friends, writes down, as his Friedrich Reminiscences, that scandalous *Vie Privée* above spoken of, a most sad Document; and this is the passage referring to 'the little Place in the neighbourhood of Cleve,' where Friedrich now waited for

[1] Stieler's *Deutschland* (excellent Map in 25 Pieces), Piece 12.—Till is a mile or two north-east from Moyland; Moyland about 5 or 6 south-east from Cleve.

[2] Duvernet (2d *form* of him,—that is *Vie de Voltaire* par T. J. D. V.), p. 117.

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him: errors corrected by our laborious Friend. After quoting something of that Strasburg Doggerel, the whole of which is now too well known to us, Voltaire proceeds:

'From Strasburg he,' King Friedrich, 'went to see his Lower German Provinces; he said he would come and see me incognito at Brussels. We prepared a fine house for him,'—were ready to prepare such hired house as we had for him, with many apologies for its slight degree of perfection (*error first*),—'but having fallen ill in the little Mansion-Royal of Meuse (*Château de Meuse*), a couple of leagues from Cleve,'—fell ill at Wesel; and there is no Château de *Meuse* in the world (*errors 2d and 3d*),—'he wrote to me that he expected I would make the advances. I went, accordingly, to present my profound homages. Maupertuis, who already had his views, and was possessed with the rage of being President to an Academy, had of his own accord,'—no, being invited, and at my suggestion (*error 4th*),—presented himself there; and was lodged with Algarotti and Keyserling' (which latter, I suppose, had come from Berlin, not being of the Strasburg party, he) 'in a garret of this Palace.

'At the door of the court, I found, by way of guard, one soldier. Privy-Councillor Rambonet, Minister of State'—(very subaltern man; never heard of him except in the Herstal Business, and here)—'was walking in the court; blowing in his fingers to keep them warm.' Sunday night 11th September 1740; world all bathed in moonshine; and mortals mostly shrunk into their huts, out of the raw air. 'He' Rambonet 'wore big linen ruffles at his wrists, very dirty' (visibly so in the moonlight? *Error 5th* extends *ad libitum* over all the following details); 'a holed hat; an old official periwig,'—ruined into a totally unsymmetric state, as would seem,—'one side of which hung down into one of his pockets, and the other scarcely crossed his shoulder. I was told, this man was now intrusted with an affair of importance here; and that proved true,'—the Herstal Affair.

'I was led into his Majesty's apartment. Nothing but four bare walls there. By the light of a candle, I perceived, in a closet, a little truckle-bed two feet and a half broad, on which lay a little man muffled-up in a dressing-gown of coarse blue duffel: this was the King, sweating and shivering under a wretched blanket there, in a violent fit of fever. I made my reverence, and began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his chief physician. The fit over, he dressed himself, and took his place at table. Algarotti, Keyserling, Maupertuis, and the King's Envoy to the States-General'—one Räsfeld (skilled in *Herstal* matters, I could guess),—'we were of this supper, and discussed, naturally in a profound manner, the Immortality of the Soul, Liberty, Fate, the Androgynes of Plato' (the *Androgynoi*, or Men-Women, in

Plato's *Convivium*; by no means the finest symbolic fancy of the divine Plato),—'and other small topics of that nature.'[1]

This is Voltaire's account of the Visit,—which included *three* 'Suppers,' all huddled into one by him here;—and he says nothing more of it; launching off now into new errors, about *Herstal*, the *Anti-Macchiavel*, and so forth: new and uglier errors, with much more of mendacity and serious malice in them, than in this harmless half-dozen now put on the score against him.

Of this Supper-Party, I know by face four of the guests: Maupertuis, Voltaire, Algarotti, Keyserling;—Räsfeld, Rambonet can sit as simulacra or mute accompaniment. Voltaire arrived on Sunday evening; stayed till Wednesday. Wednesday morning, 14th of the month, the Party broke up: Voltaire rolling off to left hand, towards Brussels, or the Hague; King to right, on inspection business, and circuitously homewards. Three Suppers there had been, two busy Days intervening; discussions about Fate and the Androgynoi of Plato by no means the one thing done by Voltaire and the rest, on this occasion. We shall find elsewhere, 'he declaimed his *Mahomet*' (sublime new Tragedy, not yet come out), in the course of these three evenings, to the 'speechless admiration' of his Royal Host, for one; and, in the daytime, that he even drew his pen about the Herstal Business, which is now getting to its crisis, and wrote one of the Manifestos, still discoverable. And we need not doubt, in spite of his now sneering tone, that things ran high and grand here, in this paltry little Schloss of Moyland; and that those three were actually Suppers of the Gods, for the time being.

'Councillor Rambonet,' with the holed hat and unsymmetric wig, continues Voltaire in the satirical vein, 'had meanwhile mounted a hired hack (*cheval de louage*; mischievous Voltaire, I have no doubt he went on wheels, probably of his own): 'he rode all night; and next morning arrived at the gates of Liége; where he took Act in the name of the King his Master, whilst 2,000 men of the Wesel Troops laid Liége under

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Piece once called *Vie Privée*), ii. 26, 27.

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contribution. The pretext of this fine Marching of Troops,'—not a pretext at all, but the assertion, correct in all points, of just claims long trodden down, and now made good with more spirit than had been expected,—'was certain rights which the King pretended to, over a suburb of Liége. He even charged me to work at a Manifesto; and I made one, good or bad; not doubting but a King with whom I supped, and who called me his friend, must be in the right. The affair soon settled itself by means of a million of Ducats,'—nothing like the sum, as we shall see,—'which he exacted by weight, to clear the costs of the Tour to Strasburg, which, according to his complaint in that Poetic Letter' (Doggerel above given), 'were so heavy.'

That is Voltaire's view; grown very corrosive after Twenty Years. He admits, with all the satire: 'I naturally felt myself attached to him; for he had wit, graces; and moreover he was a King, which always forms a potent seduction, so weak is human nature. Usually it is we of the writing sort that flatter Kings: but this King praised me from head to foot, while the Abbé Desfontaines and other scoundrels (*gredins*) were busy defaming me in Paris at least once a week.'

What Voltaire thought of the Interview at the Time

But let us take the contemporary account, which also we have at first hand; which is almost pathetic to read; such a contrast between ruddy morning and the storms of the afternoon! Here are Two Letters from Voltaire; fine transparent human Letters, as his generally are: the first of them written directly on getting back to the Hague, and to the feeling of his eclipsed condition.

Voltaire to M. de Maupertuis (with the King)

'The Hague, 18th September 1740.

'I serve you, Monsieur, sooner than I promised; and that is the way you ought to be served. I send you the answer of M. Smith,'—probably some German or Dutch *Schmidt*, spelt here in English, connected with the Sciences, say with water-carriage, the typographies, or one need not know what;—'you will see where the question stands.

'When we both left Cleve,'—14th of the month, Wednesday last;

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18th is Sunday, in this old cobwebby Palace, where I am correcting *Anti-Macchiavel*,—'and you took to the right,'—King, homewards, got to *Ham* that evening,—'I could have thought I was at the last Judgment, where the Bon Dieu separates the elect from the damned. *Divus Fredericus* said to you, "Sit down at my right hand in the Paradise of Berlin;" and to me, "Depart, thou accursed, into Holland."

'Here I am accordingly in this phlegmatic place of punishment, far from the divine fire which animates the Friedrichs, the Maupertuis, the Algarottis. For God's love, do me the charity of some sparks in these stagnant waters where I am,'—stiffening, cooling,—'stupefying to death. Instruct me of your pleasures, of your designs. You will doubtless see M. de Valori,'—readers know de Valori; his Book has been published; edited, as too usual, by a Human Nightmare, ignorant of his subject and indeed of almost all other things, and liable to mistakes in every page; yet partly readable, if you carry lanterns, and love "*mon gros Valori*":—'offer him, I pray you, my respects. If I do not write to him, the reason is, I have no news to send: I should be as exact as I am devoted, if my correspondence could be useful or agreeable to him.

'Won't you have me send you some Books? If I be still in Holland when your orders come, I will obey in a moment. I pray you do not forget me to M. de Keyserling,'—Cæsarion whom we once had at Cirey; a headlong dusky little man of wit (library turned topsy-turvy, as Wilhelmina called him), whom we have seen.

'Tell me, I beg, if the enormous monad of Volfius,'—(Wolf, would the reader like to hear about him? If so, he has only to speak!)—is arguing at Marburg, at Berlin, or at Hall' (*Halle*, which is a very different place).

'Adieu, Monsieur: you can address your orders to me "At the Hague"; they will be forwarded wherever I am; and I shall be, anywhere on earth,—Yours forever (*à vous pour jamais*).'[1]

Letter Second, of which a fragment may be given, is to one Cideville, a month later; all the more genuine as there was no chance of the King's hearing about this one. Cideville, some kind of literary Advocate at Rouen (who is wearisomely known to the reader of Voltaire's Letters), had done, what is rather an endemical disorder at this time, some Verses for the King of Prussia, which he wished to be presented to his Majesty. The presentation, owing to accidents, did not take place; hear how Voltaire, from his cobweb Palace

[1] Voltaire, lxxii. 252.

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at the Hague, busy with *Anti-Macchiavel*, Van Duren and many other things,—18th October 1740, on which day we find him writing many Letters,—explains the sad accident:

Voltaire to M. de Cideville (at Rouen)

'At the Hague, King of Prussia's Palace,
'18th October 1740.'

* * * 'This is my case, dear Cideville. When you sent me, enclosed in your Letter, those Verses (among which there are some of charming and inimitable turn) for our Marcus Aurelius of the North, I did well design to pay my court to him with them. He was at that time to have come to Brussels incognito: we expected him there; but the Quartan Fever, which unhappily he still has, deranged all his projects. He sent me a courier to Brussels,'—mark that point, my Cideville;—'and so I set out to find him in the neighbourhood of Cleve.

'It was there I saw one of the amiablest men in the world, who forms the charm of society, who would be everywhere sought after if he were not King; a philosopher without austerity; full of sweetness, complaisance and obliging ways (*agrémens*); not remembering that he is King when he meets his friends; indeed so completely forgetting it that he made me too almost forget it, and I needed an effort of memory to recollect that I here saw sitting at the foot of my bed a Sovereign who had an Army of 100,000 men. That was the moment to have read your amiable Verses to him:'—yes; but then?—'Madame du Châtelet, who was to have sent them to me, did not, *ne l'a pas fait*.' Alas, no, they are still at Brussels, those charming Verses; and I, for a month past, am here in my cobweb Palace! But I swear to you, the instant I return to Brussels, I etc. etc.[1]

Finally, here is what Friedrich thought of it, ten days after parting with Voltaire. We will read this also (though otherwise ahead of us as yet); to be certified on all sides, and sated for the rest of our lives, concerning the Friedrich-Voltaire First Interview.

King Friedrich to M. Jordan (at Berlin)

'Potsdam, 24th September 1740.

'MOST RESPECTABLE INSPECTOR OF THE POOR, THE INVALIDS, ORPHANS, CRAZY PEOPLE AND BEDLAMS,—I have read with mature meditation the

[1] Voltaire, lxxii. 282.

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very profound Jordanic Letter which was waiting here;'—and do accept your learned proposal.

'I have seen that Voltaire whom I was so curious to know; but I saw him with the Quartan hanging on me, and my mind as unstrung as my body. With men of his kind one ought not to be sick; one ought even to be specially well, and in better health than common, if one could.

'He has the eloquence of Cicero, the mildness of Pliny, the wisdom of Agrippa; he combines, in short, what is to be collected of virtues and talents from the three greatest men of Antiquity. His intellect is at work incessantly; every drop of ink is a trait of wit from his pen. He declaimed his *Mahomet* to us, an admirable Tragedy which he has done,'—which the Official people smelling heresies in it ('toleration,' 'horrors of fanaticism,' and the like) will not let him act, as readers too well know:—'he transported us out of ourselves; I could only admire and hold my tongue. The Du Châtelet is lucky to have him: for of the good things he flings out at random, a person who had no faculty but memory might make a brilliant Book. That Minerva has just published her Work on *Physics*: not wholly bad. It was König,'—whom we know, and whose late tempest in a certain teapot,—'that dictated the theme to her: she has adjusted, ornamented here and there with some touch picked from Voltaire at her Suppers. The Chapter on Space is pitiable; the'—in short, she is still raw in the Pure Sciences, and should have waited. * * *

'Adieu, most learned, most scientific, most profound Jordan,—or rather most gallant, most amiable, most jovial Jordan;—I salute thee, with assurance of all those old feelings which thou hast the art of inspiring in every one that knows thee. *Vale.*

'I write the moment of my arrival: be obliged to me, friend; for I have been working, I am going to work still, like a Turk, or like a Jordan.'[1]

This is hastily thrown-off for Friend Jordan, the instant after his Majesty's circuitous return home. Readers cannot yet attend his Majesty there, till they have brought the Affair of Herstal, and other remainders of the Cleve Journey, along with them.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. 71.

CHAPTER V

AFFAIR OF HERSTAL

THIS Rambonet, whom Voltaire found walking in the court of the old Castle of Moyland, is an official gentleman, otherwise unknown to History, who has lately been engaged in a Public Affair; and is now off again about it, 'on a hired hack' or otherwise,—with very good instructions in his head. Affair which, though in itself but small, is now beginning to make great noise in the world, as Friedrich wends homewards out of his Cleve Journey. He has set it fairly alight, Voltaire and he, before quitting Moyland; and now it will go of itself. The Affair of Herstal, or of the Bishop of Liége; Friedrich's first appearance on the stage of politics. Concerning which some very brief notice, if intelligible, will suffice readers of the present day.

Heristal, now called Herstal, was once a Castle known to all mankind; King Pipin's Castle, who styled himself 'Pipin of Heristal,' before he became King of the Franks and begot Charlemagne. It lies on the Maas, in that fruitful Spa Country; left bank of the Maas, a little to the north of Liége; and probably began existence as a grander place than Liége (*Lüttich*), which was, at first, some Monastery dependent on secular Herstal and its grandeurs:—think only how the race has gone between these two entities; spiritual Liége now a big City, black with the smoke of forges and steam-mills; Herstal an insignificant Village, accidentally talked of for a few weeks in 1740, and no chance ever to be mentioned again by men.

Herstal, in the confused vicissitudes of a thousand years, had passed through various fortunes, and undergone change of owners often enough. Fifty years ago it was in the hands of the Nassau-Orange House; Dutch William, our English

Protestant King, who probably scarce knew of his possessing it, was Lord of Herstal till his death. Dutch William had no children to inherit Herstal: he was of kinship to the Prussian House, as readers are aware; and from that circumstance, not without a great deal of discussion, and difficult 'Division of the Orange Heritage,' this Herstal had, at the long last, fallen to Friedrich Wilhelm's share; it and Neuchâtel, and the Cobweb Palace, and some other places and pertinents.

For Dutch William was of kin, we say; Friedrich I. of Prussia, by his Mother the noble Wife of the Great Elector, was full cousin to Dutch William: and the Marriage Contracts were express,—though the High Mightinesses made difficulties, and the collateral Orange branches were abundantly reluctant, when it came to the fulfilling point. For indeed the matter was intricate. Orange itself, for example, what was to be done with the Principality of Orange? Clearly Prussia's; but it lies imbedded deep in the belly of France: that will be a Cæsarean-Operation for you! Had not Neuchâtel happened just then to fall home to France (or in some measure to France) and be heirless, Prussia's Heritage of Orange would have done little for Prussia! Principality of Orange was, by this chance, long since, mainly in the First King's time, got settled:[1] but there needed many years more of good waiting, and of good pushing, on Friedrich Wilhelm's part; and it was not till 1732 that Friedrich Wilhelm got the Dutch Heritages finally brought to the square: Neuchâtel and Valengin, as aforesaid, in lieu of Orange; and now furthermore, the Old Palace at Loo (that *Vieille Cour* and biggest cobwebs), with pertinents, with Garden of Honslardik; and a string of items, bigger and less, not worth enumerating. Of the items, this Herstal was one;—and truly, so far as this went,

[1] Neuchâtel, 3d November 1707, to Friedrich I., natives preferring him to 'Fifteen other Claimants;' Louis XIV. loudly protesting: not till Treaty of Utrecht (14th March 1713, first month of Friedrich Wilhelm's reign) would Louis XIV., on cession of Orange, consent and sanction.

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Friedrich Wilhelm often thought he had better never have seen it, so much trouble did it bring him.

How the Herstallers had behaved to Friedrich Wilhelm

The Herstal people, knowing the Prussian recruiting-system and other rigours, were extremely unwilling to come under Friedrich Wilhelm's sway, could they have helped it. They refused fealty, swore they never would swear: nor did they, till the appearance, or indubitable foreshine, of Friedrich Wilhelm's bayonets advancing on them from the East, brought compliance. And always after, spite of such quasi-fealty, they showed a pig-like obstinacy of humour; a certain insignificant, and as it were impertinent, deep-rooted desire to thwart, irritate and contradict the said Friedrich Wilhelm. Especially in any recruiting matter that might arise, knowing that to be the weak side of his Prussian Majesty. All this would have amounted to nothing, had it not been that their neighbour, the Prince Bishop of Liége, who imagined himself to have some obscure claims of sovereignty over Herstal, and thought the present a good opportunity for asserting these, was diligent to aid and abet the Herstal people in such their mutinous acts. Obscure claims; of which this is the summary, should the reader not prefer to skip it:

'The Bishop of Liége's claims on Herstal (which lie wrapt from mankind in the extensive jungle of his law-pleadings, like a Bedlam happily fallen extinct) seem to me to have grown mainly from two facts more or less radical.

'*Fact first.* In Kaiser Barbarossa's time, year 1171, Herstal had been given in pawn to the Church of Liége, for a loan, by the then proprietor, Duke of Lorraine and Brabant. Loan was repaid, I do not learn when, and the Pawn given back; to the satisfaction of said Duke, or Duke's Heirs; never quite to the satisfaction of the Church, which had been in possession, and was loath to quit, after hoping to continue. "Give us back Herstal; it ought to be ours!" Unappeasable sigh or grumble to this effect is heard thenceforth, at intervals, in the Chapter of Liége, and has not ceased in Friedrich's time. But as the world, in its loud

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thoroughfares, seldom or never heard, or could hear, such sighing in the Chapter, nothing had come of it,—till—

'*Fact second.* In Kaiser Karl v.'s time, the Prince Bishop of Liége happened to be a Natural Son of old Kaiser Max's;—and had friends at headquarters, of a very choice nature. Had, namely, in this sort, Kaiser Karl for Nephew or Half-Nephew; and what perhaps was still better, as nearer hand, had Karl's Aunt, Maria Queen of Hungary, then Governess of the Netherlands, for Half-Sister. Liége, in these choice circumstances, and by other good chances that turned up, again got temporary clutch or half-clutch of Herstal, for a couple of years (date 1546-'8, the Prince of Orange, real proprietor, whose Ancestor had bought it for money down, being then a minor); once, and perhaps a second time in like circumstance; but had always to renounce it again, when the Prince of Orange came to maturity. And ever since, the Chapter of Liége sighs as before, "Herstal is perhaps in a sense ours. We had once some kind of right to it!"—sigh inaudible in the loud public thoroughfares. That is the Bishop's claim. The name of him, if anybody care for it, is "Georg Ludwig, titular *Count of Berg*," now a very old man: Bishop of Liége he, and has been snatching at Herstal again, very eagerly by any skirt or tagrag that might happen to fly loose, these eight years past, in a rash and provoking manner;[1]—age eighty-two at present; poor old fool, he had better have sat quiet. There lies a rod in pickle for him, during these late months; and will be surprisingly laid-on, were the time come!'

'I have Law Authority over Herstal, and power of judging there in the last appeal,' said this Bishop:—'You!' thought Friedrich Wilhelm, who was far off, and had little time to waste.—'Any Prussian recruiter that behaves ill, bring him to me!' said the Bishop, who was on the spot. And accordingly it had been done; one notable instance two years ago: a Prussian Lieutenant locked in the Liége jail, on complaint of riotous Herstal; thereupon a Prussian Officer of rank (Colonel Kreutzen, worthy old Malplaquet gentleman) coming as Royal Messenger, not admitted to audience, nay, laid hold of by the Liége bailiff instead; and other unheard-of procedures.[2] So that Friedrich Wilhelm had nothing but trouble with this petty Herstal, and must have thought his

[1] *Délices du Pais de Liége* (Liége, 1738); *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 57-62.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 63-73.

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neighbour Bishop a very contentious highflying gentleman, who took great liberties with the Lion's whiskers, when he had the big animal at an advantage.

The episcopal procedures, eight years ago, about the First Homaging of Herstal, had been of similar complexion; nor had other such failed in the interim, though this last outrage exceeded them all. This last began in the end of 1738; and span itself out through 1739, when Friedrich Wilhelm lay in his final sickness, less able to deal with it than formerly. Being a peaceable man, unwilling to awaken conflagrations for a small matter, Friedrich Wilhelm had offered, through Kreutzen on this occasion, to part with Herstal altogether; to sell it, 'for 100,000 thalers,' say 16,000*l.*, to the highflying Bishop, and honestly wash his hands of it. But the highflying Bishop did not consent, gave no definite answer; and so the matter lay,—like an unsettled extremely irritating paltry little matter,—at the time Friedrich Wilhelm died.

The Gazetteers and public knew little about these particulars, or had forgotten them again; but at the Prussian Court they were in lively remembrance. What the young Friedrich's opinion about them had been we gather from this succinct notice of the thing, written seven or eight years afterwards, exact in all points, and still carrying a breath of the old humour in it. 'A miserable Bishop of Liége thought it a proud thing to insult the late King. Some subjects of Herstal, which belongs to Prussia, had revolted; the Bishop gave them his protection. Colonel Kreutzen was sent to Liége, to compose the thing by treaty; credentials with him, full power, and all in order. Imagine it, the Bishop would not receive him! Three days, day after day, he saw this Envoy apply at his Palace, and always denied him entrance. These things had grown past endurance.'[1] And Friedrich had taken note of Herstal along with him, on this Cleve Journey; privately intending to put Herstal and the high-

[1] Preuss, *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), ii. 53.

flying Bishop on a suitabler footing, before his return from those countries.

For indeed, on Friedrich's Accession, matters had grown worse, not better. Of course there was Fealty to be sworn; but the Herstal people, abetted by the highflying Bishop, have declined swearing it. Apology for the past, prospect of amendment for the future, there is less than ever. What is the young King to do with this paltry little Hamlet of Herstal? He could, in theory, go into some Reichs-Hofrath, some Reichs-Kammergericht (kind of treble and tenfold English Court-of-Chancery, which has lawsuits 280 years old), —if he were a theoretic German King. He can plead in the Diets, and the Wetzlar Reichs-Kammergericht without end: 'All German Sovereigns have power to send their Ambassador thither, who is like a mastiff chained in the backyard' (observes Friedrich elsewhere) 'with privilege of barking at the Moon,'—unrestricted privilege of barking at the Moon, if that will avail a practical man, or King's Ambassador. Or perhaps the Bishop of Liége will bethink him, at last, what considerable liberty he is taking with some people's whiskers? Four months are gone; Bishop of Liége has not in the least bethought him: we are in the neighbourhood in person, with note of the thing in our memory.

Friedrich takes the Rod out of Pickle

Accordingly the Rath Rambonet, whom Voltaire found at Moyland that Sunday night, had been over at Liége; went exactly a week before; with this message of very peremptory tenor from his Majesty:

To the Prince Bishop of Liége

'Wesel, 4th September 1740.

'My Cousin,—Knowing all the assaults (*atteintes*) made by you upon my indisputable rights over my free Barony of Herstal; and how the seditious ringleaders there, for several years past, have been counten-

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anced (*bestärket*) by you in their detestable acts of disobedience against me,—I have commanded my Privy Councillor Rambonet to repair to your presence, and in my name to require from you, within two days, a distinct and categorical answer to this question: Whether you are still minded to assert your pretended sovereignty over Herstal; and whether you will protect the rebels at Herstal, in their disorders and abominable disobedience?

'In case you refuse, or delay beyond the term, the Answer which I hereby of right demand, you will render yourself alone responsible, before the world, for the consequences which infallibly will follow. I am, with much consideration,—My Cousin,—Your very affectionate Cousin, FRIEDRICH.'[1]

Rambonet had started straightway for Liége, with this missive; and had duly presented it there, I guess on the 7th, —with notice that he would wait forty-eight hours, and then return with what answer or no-answer there might be. Getting no written answer, or distinct verbal one; getting only some vague mumblement as good as none, Rambonet had disappeared from Liége on the 9th; and was home at Moyland when Voltaire arrived that Sunday evening,—just walking about to come to heat again, after reporting progress to the above effect.

Rambonet, I judge, enjoyed only one of those divine Suppers at Moyland; and dashed off again, 'on hired hack' or otherwise, the very next morning; that contingency of No-answer having been the anticipated one, and all things put in perfect readiness for it. Rambonet's new errand was to 'take act,' as Voltaire calls it, 'at the Gates of Liége,'— to deliver at Liége a succinct Manifesto, Pair of Manifestos, both in Print (ready beforehand), and bearing date that same Sunday, 'Wesel, 11th September';—much calculated to amaze his Reverence at Liége. Succinct good Manifestos, said to be of Friedrich's own writing; the essential of the two is this:

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 75, 111.

Exposition of the Reasons which have induced his Majesty the King of Prussia to make just Reprisals on the Prince Bishop of Liége

'His Majesty the King of Prussia, being driven beyond bounds by the rude proceedings of the Prince Bishop of Liége, has with regret seen himself forced to recur to the Method of Arms, in order to repress the violence and affront which the Bishop has attempted to put upon him. This resolution has cost his Majesty much pain; the rather as he is, by principle and disposition, far remote from whatever could have the least relation to rigour and severity.

'But seeing himself compelled by the Bishop of Liége to take new methods, he had no other course but to maintain the justice of his rights (*le justice de ses droits*), and demand reparation for the indignity done upon his Minister von Kreutzen, as well as for the contempt with which the Bishop of Liége has neglected even to answer the Letter of the King.

'As too much rigour borders upon cruelty, so too much patience resembles weakness. Thus, although the King would willingly have sacrificed his interests to the public peace and tranquillity, it was not possible to do so in reference to his honour; and that is the chief motive which has determined him to this resolution, so contrary to his intentions.

'In vain has it been attempted, by methods of mildness, to come to a friendly agreement: it has been found, on the contrary, that the King's moderation only increased the Prince's arrogance; that mildness of conduct on one side only furnished resources to pride on the other; and that, in fine, instead of gaining by soft procedure, one was insensibly becoming an object of vexation and disdain.

'There being no means to have justice but in doing it for oneself, and the King being Sovereign enough for such a duty,—he intends to make the Prince of Liége feel how far he was in the wrong to abuse such moderation so unworthily. But in spite of so much unhandsome behaviour on the part of this Prince, the King will not be inflexible; satisfied with having shown the said Prince that he can punish him, and too just to overwhelm him. FRÉDÉRIC.'[1]

'Wesel, September 11th, 1740.'

Whether Rambonet insinuated his Paper-Packet into the Palace of Seraing, left it at the Gate of Liége (fixed by nail,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 77. Said to be by Friedrich himself (Stenzel, iv. 59).

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if he saw good), or in what manner he 'took act,' I never knew; and indeed Rambonet vanishes from human History at this point: it is certain only that he did his Formality, say two days hence;—and that the Fact foreshadowed by it is likewise in the same hours, hour after hour, getting steadily done.

For the Manifestos printed beforehand, dated Wesel, 11th September, were not the only thing ready at Wesel; waiting, as on the slip, for the contingency of No-answer. Major-General Borck, with the due battalions, squadrons and equipments, was also ready. Major-General Borck, the same who was with us at Baireuth lately, had just returned from that journey, when he got orders to collect 2,000 men, horse and foot, with the due proportion of artillery, from the Prussian Garrisons in these parts; and to be ready for marching with them, the instant the contingency of No-answer arrives,—Sunday 11th, as can be foreseen. Borck knows his route: To Maaseyk, a respectable Town of the Bishop's, the handiest for Wesel; to occupy Maaseyk and the adjoining 'Counties of Lotz and Horn'; and lie there at the Bishop's charge till his Reverence's mind alter.

Borck is ready, to the last pontoon, the last munition-loaf; and no sooner is signal given of the No-answer come, than Borck, that same 'Sunday 11th,' gets under way; marches, steady as clockwork, towards Maaseyk (fifty miles southwest of him, distance now lessening every hour); crosses the Maas, by help of his pontoons; is now in the Bishop's Territory, and enters Maaseyk, evening of 'Wednesday 14th,'—that very day Voltaire and his Majesty had parted, going different ways from Moyland; and probably about the same hour while Rambonet was 'taking act at the Gate of Liége,' by nail-hammer or otherwise. All goes punctual, swift, cog hitting pinion far and near, in this small Herstal Business; and there is no mistake made, and a minimum of time spent.

Borck's management was throughout good: punctual,

quietly exact, polite, mildly inflexible. Fain would the Maaseyk Town-Raths have shut their gates on him; desperately conjuring him, 'Respite for a few hours, till we send to Liége for instructions!' But it was to no purpose. 'Unbolt, *ihr Herren*; swift, or the petard will have to do it!' Borck publishes his Proclamation, a mild-spoken rigorous Piece; signifies to the Maaseyk Authorities, That he has to exact a Contribution of 20,000 thalers (3,000*l.*) here, Contribution payable in three days; that he furthermore, while he continues in these parts, will need such and such rations, accommodations, allowances,—'fifty *louis* (say guineas) daily for his own private expenses,' one item;—and, in mild rhadamanthine language, waves aside all remonstrance, refusal or delay, as superfluous considerations: Unless said Contribution and required supplies come in, it will be his painful duty to bring them in.[1]

The highflying Bishop, much astonished, does now eagerly answer his Prussian Majesty, 'Was from home, was ill, thought he had answered; is the most ill-used of Bishops'; and other things of a hysteric character.[2] And there came forth, as natural to the situation, multitudinous complainings, manifestoings, applications to the Kaiser, to the French, to the Dutch, of a very shrieky character on the Bishop of Liége's part; sparingly, if at all noticed on Friedrich's: the whole of which we shall consider ourselves free to leave undisturbed in the rubbish-abysses, as henceforth conceivable to the reader. '*Sed spem stupende fefellit eventus*,' shrieks the poor old Bishop, making moan to the Kaiser: '*ecce enim, præmissâ duntaxat unâ Literâ*, one Letter,' and little more, 'the said King of Borussia has, with about 2,000 horse and foot, and warlike engines, in this month of September, entered the Territory of Liége;'[3] which is an undeniable truth, but an unavailing. Borck is there, and '2,000 good arguments with him,' as Voltaire defines the phenomenon.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 427; ii. 113.
[2] *Ibid.* ii. 85, 86 (date, 16th September).
[3] *Ibid.* ii. 88.

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Friedrich, except to explain pertinently what my readers already know, does not write or speak farther on the subject; and readers and he may consider the Herstal Affair, thus set agoing under Brock's auspices, as in effect finished; and that his Majesty has left it on a satisfactory footing, and may safely turn his back on it, to wait the sure issue at Berlin before long.

What Voltaire thought of Herstal

Voltaire told us he himself 'did one Manifesto, good or bad,' on this Herstal business:—where is that Piece, then, what has become of it? Dig well in the realms of Chaos, rectifying stupidities more or less enormous, the Piece itself is still discoverable; and, were pieces by Voltaire much a rarity instead of the reverse, might be resuscitated by a good Editor, and printed in his *Works*. Lies buried in the lonesome rubbish-mountains of that *Helden-Geschichte*,—let a *Siste Viator*, scratched on the surface, mark where.[1] Apparently that is the Piece by Voltaire? Yes, on reading that, it has every internal evidence; distinguishes itself from the surrounding pieces, like a slab of compact polished stone, in a floor rammed together out of ruinous old bricks, broken bottles and mortar-dust;—agrees, too, if you examine by the microscope, with the external indications, which are sure and at last clear, though infinitesimally small; and is beyond doubt Voltaire's, if it were now good for much.

It is not properly a Manifesto, but an anonymous memoir published in the Newspapers, explaining to impartial mankind, in a legible brief manner, what the old and recent History of Herstal, and the Troubles of Herstal, have been, and how chimerical and 'null to the extreme of nullity (*nulles de toute nullité*)' this poor Bishop's pretensions upon it are. Voltaire expressly piques himself on this Piece;[2] brags also

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 93-98.

[2] Letter to Friedrich: dateless, dateable 'soon after 17th September'; which the rash dark Editors have by guess misdated 'August'; or, what was safer for

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how he settled 'M. de Fénelon' (French Ambassador at the Hague), 'who came to me the day before yesterday,' much out of square upon the Herstal Business, till I pulled him straight. And it is evident (beautifully so, your Majesty) how Voltaire busied himself in the Gazettes and Diplomatic circles, setting Friedrich's case right; Voltaire very loyal to Friedrich and his Liége Cause at that time;—and the contrast between what his contemporary Letters say on the subject, and what his ulterior Pasquil called *Vie Privée* says, is again great.

The dull stagnant world, shaken awake by this Liége adventure, gives voice variously; and in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles it is much criticised, by no means everywhere in the favourable tone at this first blush of the business. 'He had written an *Anti*-Macchiavel,' says the Abbé St. Pierre, and even says Voltaire (in the *Pasquil*, not the contemporary *Letters*), 'and he acts thus!' Truly he does, Monsieur de Voltaire; and all men, with light upon the subject, or even with the reverse upon it, must make their criticisms. For the rest, Borck's '2,000 arguments' are there; which Borck handles well, with polite calm rigour: by degrees the dust will fall, and facts everywhere be seen for what they are.

As to the highflying Bishop, finding that hysterics are but wasted on Friedrich and Borck, and produce no effect with their 2,000 validities, he flies next to the Kaiser, to the Imperial Diet, in shrill-sounding Latin obtestations, of which we already gave a flying snatch: 'Your *humilissimus* and *fidelissimus Vassallus*, and most obsequient Servant, Georgius Ludovicus; meek, modest, and unspeakably in the right: was ever Member of the Holy Roman Empire so snubbed, and grasped by the windpipe, before? O, help him, great Kaiser, bid the iron gripe loosen itself!'[1] The Kaiser does so, in

them, omitted it altogether. *Œuvres de Voltaire* (Paris, 1818, 40 voll.) gives the Letter, xxxix. 442 (see also *ibid.* 453, 463); later Editors, and even Preuss, take the safer course.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 86-116.

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heavy Latin rescripts, in German *Dehortatoriums* more than one, of a sulky, imperative, and indeed very lofty tenor; 'Let Georgius Ludovicus go, foolish rash young Dilection (*Liebden*, not *Majesty*, we ourselves being the only Majesty), and I will judge between you; otherwise—!' said the Kaiser, ponderously shaking his Olympian wig, and lifting his gilt cane, or sceptre of mankind, in an Olympian manner. Here are some touches of his second sublimest *Dehortatorium* addressed to Friedrich, in a very compressed state:[1]

We Karl the Sixth, Kaiser of (*Titles enough*), * * * 'Considering these, in the Holy Roman Reich, almost unheard-of violent Doings (*Thätlichkeiten*), which We, in Our Supreme-Judge Office, cannot altogether justify, nor will endure . . . . . We have the trust that you yourself will magnanimously see How evil counsellors have misled your Dilection to commence your Reign, not by showing example of Obedience to the Laws appointed for all members of the Reich, for the weak and for the strong alike, but by such Doings (*Thathandlungen*) as in all quarters must cause a great surprise.

'We give your Dilection to know, therefore, That you must straightway withdraw those troops which have broken into the Liége Territory; make speedy restitution of all that has been extorted;—especially General von Borck to give back at once those 50 louis d'or daily drawn by him, to renounce his demand of the 20,000 thalers, to make good all damage done, and retire with his whole military force (*Militz*) over the Liége boundaries;—and in brief, that you will, by law or arbitration, manage to agree with the Prince Bishop of Liége, who wishes it very much. These things We expect from your Dilection, as Kurfürst of Brandenburg, within the space of Two Months from the Issuing of this; and remain,'—Yours as you shall demean yourself,—KARL.

'Given at Wien, 4th of October 1740.'—The last Dehortatorium ever signed by Karl VI. In two weeks after he ate too many mushrooms,—and immense results followed!

Dehortatoriums had their interest, at Berlin and elsewhere, for the Diplomatic circles; but did not produce the least effect on Borck or Friedrich; though Friedrich noted the Kaiser's manner in these things, and thought privately to himself, as was evident to the discerning, 'What an amount

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 127; a *first* and milder (*ibid.* 73).

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of wig on that old gentleman!' A notable Kaiser's Ambassador, Herr Botta, who had come with some Accession compliments, in these weeks, was treated slightingly by Friedrich; hardly admitted to Audience; and Friedrich's public reply to the last Dehortatorium had almost something of sarcasm in it: Evil counsellors yourself, Most Dread Kaiser! It is you that are 'misled by counsellors, who might chance to set Germany on fire, were others as unwise as they!' Which latter phrase was remarkable to mankind. —There is a long account already run-up between that old gentleman, with his Seckendorfs, Grumkows, with his dull insolencies, wiggeries, and this young gentleman, who has nearly had his heart broken and his Father's house driven mad by them! Borck remains at his post; rations duly delivered, and fifty louis a day for his own private expenses; and there is no answer to the Kaiser, or in sharp brief terms (about 'chances of setting Germany on fire'), rather worse than none.

Readers see, as well as Friedrich did, what the upshot of this affair must be;—we will now finish it off, and wash our hands of it, before following his Majesty to Berlin. The poor Bishop had applied, shrieking, to the French for help;—and there came some colloquial passages between Voltaire and Fénelon, if that were a result. He had shrieked in like manner to the Dutch, but without result of any kind traceable in that quarter: nowhere, except from the Kaiser, is so much as a *Dehortatorium* to be got. Whereupon the once highflying, now vainly shrieking Bishop discerns clearly that there is but one course left,—the course which has lain wide open for some years past, had not his flight gone too high for seeing it. Before three weeks are over, seeing how Dehortatoriums go, he sends his Ambassadors to Berlin, his apologies, proposals:[1] 'Would not your Majesty perhaps consent to sell

[1] Ambassadors arrived 28th September; last Dehortatorium not yet out. Business was completed 20th October (Rödenbeck, *in diebus*).

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this Herstal, as your Father of glorious memory was pleased to be willing once?'—

Friedrich answers straightway to the effect: 'Certainly! Pay me the price it was once already offered for: 100,000 thalers, *plus* the expenses since incurred. That will be 180,000 thalers, besides what you have spent already on General Borck's days' wages. To which we will add that wretched little fraction of Old Debt, clear as noon, but never paid nor any part of it; 60,000 thalers, due by the See of Liége ever since the Treaty of Utrecht; 60,000, for which we will charge no interest: that will make 240,000 thalers, —36,000*l.*, instead of the old sum you might have had it at. Produce that cash; and take Herstal, and all the dust that has risen out of it, well home with you.'[1] The Bishop thankfully complies in all points; negotiation speedily done ('20th Oct.' the final date): Bishop has not, I think, quite so much cash on hand; but will pay all he has, and 4 per centum interest till the whole be liquidated. His Ambassadors 'get gold snuff-boxes'; and return mildly glad!

And thus, in some six weeks after Borck's arrival in those parts, Borck's function is well done. The noise of Gazettes and Diplomatic circles lays itself again; and Herstal, famous once for King Pipin, and famous again for King Friedrich, lapses at length into obscurity, which we hope will never end. Hope;—though who can say? *Roucoux*, quite close upon it, becomes a Battle-ground in some few years; and memorabilities go much at random in this world!

CHAPTER VI

RETURNS BY HANOVER; DOES NOT CALL ON HIS ROYAL UNCLE THERE

Friedrich spent ten days on his circuitous journey home; considerable inspection to be done, in Minden, Magdeburg,

[1] Stenzel, iv. 60, who counts in gulden, and is not distinct.

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not to speak of other businesses he had. The old Newspapers are still more intent upon him, now that the Herstal Affair has broken into flame: especially the English Newspapers; who guess that there are passages of courtship going on between great George their King and him. Here is one fact, correct in every point, for the old London Public: 'Letters from Hanover say, that the King of Prussia passed within a small distance of that City the 16th inst. N.S., on his return to Berlin, but did not stop at Herrenhausen;'—about which there has been such hoping and speculating among us lately.[1] A fact which the extinct Editor seems to meditate for a day or two; after which he says (partly in *italics*), opening his lips the second time, like a Friar Bacon's Head significant to the Public: 'Letters from Hanover tell us that the Interview, which it was said his Majesty was to have with the King of Prussia, did not take place, for certain *private reasons*, which our Correspondent leaves us to guess at!'

It is well known Friedrich did not love his little Uncle, then or thenceforth; still less his little Uncle him: 'What is this Prussia, rising alongside of us, higher and higher, as if it would reach our own sublime level!' thinks the little Uncle to himself. At present there is no quarrel between them; on the contrary, as we have seen, there is a mutual capability of helping one another, which both recognise; but will an interview tend to forward that useful result? Friedrich, in the intervals of an ague, with Herstal just broken out, may have wisely decided, No. 'Our sublime little Uncle, of the waxy complexion, with the proudly staring fish-eyes,—no wit in him, not much sense, and a great deal of pride,—stands dreadfully erect, "plumb and more," with the Garter-leg advanced, when one goes to see him; and his remarks are not of an entertaining nature. Leave him standing there: to him let Truchsess and Bielfeld suffice, in these hurries, in this ague that is still upon us.' Upon which the dull old

[1] *Daily Post*, 22d Sept. 1740; other London Newspapers from July 31st downwards.

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Newspapers, Owls of Minerva that then were, endeavour to draw inferences. The noticeable fact is, Friedrich did, on this occasion, pass within a mile or two of his royal Uncle, without seeing him; and had not, through life, another opportunity; never saw the sublime little man at all, nor was again so near him.

I believe Friedrich little knows the thick-coming difficulties of his Britannic Majesty at this juncture; and is too impatient of these laggard procedures on the part of a man with eyes *à fleur-de-tête*. Modern readers too have forgotten Jenkins's Ear; it is not till after long study and survey that one begins to perceive the anomalous profundities of that phenomenon to the poor English Nation and its poor George II.

The English sent off, last year, a scanty Expedition, 'six ships of the line,' only six, under Vernon, a fiery Admiral, a little given to be fiery in Parliamentary talk withal; and these did proceed to Porto-Bello on the Spanish Main of South America; did hurl-out on Porto-Bello such a fiery destructive deluge, of gunnery and bayonet-work, as quickly reduced the poor place to the verge of ruin, and forced it to surrender with whatever navy, garrison, goods and resources were in it, to the discretion of fiery Vernon,—who does not prove implacable, he or his, to a petitioning enemy. Yes, humble the insolent, but then be merciful to them, say the admiring Gazetteers. 'The actual monster,' how cheering to think, 'who tore-off Mr. Jenkins's Ear, was got hold of' (actual monster, or even three or four different monsters who each did it, the 'hold got' being *mythical*, as readers see), 'and naturally thought he would be slit to ribbons; but our people magnanimously pardoned him, magnanimously flung him aside out of sight;'[1] impossible to shoot a dog in cold blood.

Whereupon Vernon returned home triumphant; and there burst forth such a jubilation, over the day of small things, as is now astonishing to think of. Had the Termagant's own

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, x. 124, 145 (date of the Event is 3d Dec. N.S. 1739).

Thalamus and Treasury been bombarded suddenly one night by redhot balls, Madrid City laid in ashes, or Baby Carlos's Apanage extinguished from Creation, there could hardly have been greater English joy (witness the 'Porto-Bellos' they still have, new Towns so-named); so flamy is the murky element growing on that head. And indeed had the cipher of tar-barrels burnt, and of ale-barrels drunk, and the general account of wick and tallow spent in illuminations and in aldermanic exertions on the matter, been accurately taken, one doubts if Porto-Bello sold, without shot fired, to the highest bidder, at its floweriest, would have covered such a sum. For they are a singular Nation, if stirred-up from their stagnancy; and are much in earnest about this Spanish War.

It is said there is now another far grander Expedition on the stocks: military this time as well as naval, intended for the Spanish Main;—but of that, for the present, we will defer speaking. Enough, the Spanish War is a most serious and most furious business to those old English; and, to us, after forced study of it, shines out like far-off conflagration, with a certain lurid significance in the then night of things. Night otherwise fallen dark and somniferous to modern mankind. As Britannic Majesty and his Walpoles have, from the first, been dead against this Spanish War, the problem is all the more ominous, and the dreadful corollaries that may hang by it the more distressing to the royal mind.

For example, there is known, or as good as known, to be virtually some Family Compact, or covenanted Brotherhood of Bourbonism, French and Spanish: political people quake to ask themselves, 'How will the French keep out of this War, if it continue any length of time? And in that case, how will Austria, Europe at large? Jenkins's Ear will have kindled the Universe, not the Spanish Main only, and we shall be at a fine pass!' The Britannic Majesty reflects that if France take to fighting him, the first stab given will probably be in the accessiblest quarter and the intensely

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most sensitive,—our own Electoral Dominions where no Parliament plagues us, our dear native country, Hanover. Extremely interesting to know what Friedrich of Prussia will do in such contingency?

Well, truly it might have been King George's best bargain to close with Friedrich; to guarantee Jülich and Berg, and get Friedrich to stand between the French and Hanover; while George, with an England behind him, in such humour, went wholly into that Spanish Business, the one thing needful to them at present. Truly; but then again, there are considerations: 'What *is* this Friedrich, just come out upon the world? What real fighting power has he, after all that ridiculous drilling and recruiting Friedrich Wilhelm made? Will he be faithful in bargain; is not, perhaps, from of old, his bias always toward France rather? And the Kaiser, what will the Kaiser say to it?' These are questions for a Britannic Majesty! Seldom was seen such an insoluble imbroglio of potentialities; dangerous to touch, dangerous to leave lying;—and his Britannic Majesty's procedures upon it are of a very slow intricate sort; and will grow still more so, year after year, in the new intricacies that are coming, and be a weariness to my readers and me. For observe the simultaneous fact. All this while, Robinson at Vienna is dunning the Imperial Majesty to remember old Marlborough days and the Laws of Nature; and declare for us against France, in case of the worst. What an attempt! Imperial Majesty has no money; Imperial Majesty remembers recent days rather, and his own last quarrel with France (on the Polish-Election score), in which you Sea Powers cruelly stood neuter! One comfort, and pretty much one only, is left to a nearly bankrupt Imperial heart; that France does at any rate ratify Pragmatic Sanction, and instead of enemy to that inestimable Document has become friend,—if only she be well let alone. 'Let well alone,' says the sad Kaiser, bankrupt of heart as well as purse: 'I have saved the Pragmatic, got Fleury to guarantee it; I will hunt wild swine and not

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shadows any more; ask me not!' And now this Herstal business; the Imperial Dehortatoriums, perhaps of a high nature, that are like to come? More hopeless proposition the Britannic Majesty never made than this to the Kaiser. But he persists in it, orders Robinson to persist; knocks at the Austrian door with one hand, at the Prussian or Anti-Austrian with the other; and gazes, with those proud fish-eyes, into perils and potentialities and a sea of troubles. Wearisome to think of, were not one bound to it! Here, from a singular *Constitutional History of England*, not yet got into print, are two Excerpts; which I will request the reader to try if he can take along with him, in view of much that is coming:

1. *A just War.*—'This War, which posterity scoffs at as the *War for Jenkins's Ear*, was, if we examine it, a quite indispensable one; the dim much-bewildered English, driven into it by their deepest instincts, were, in a chaotic inarticulate way, right and not wrong in taking it as the Commandment of Heaven. For such, in a sense, it was; as shall by and by appear. Not perhaps since the grand Reformation Controversy, under Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth, had there, to this poor English People (who are essentially dumb, *in*articulate, from the weight of meaning they have, notwithstanding the palaver one hears from them in certain epochs), been a more authentic cause of War. And, what was the fatal and yet foolish circumstance, their Constitutional Captains, especially their King, would never and could never regard it as such; but had to be forced into it by the public rage, there being no other method left in the case.

'I say, a most necessary War, though of a most stupid appearance; such the fatality of it:—begun, carried on, ended, as if by a People in a state of somnambulism! More confused operation never was. A solid placid People, heavily asleep—(and *snoring* much, shall we say, and inarticulately grunting and struggling under indigestions, Constitutional and other? Do but listen to the hum of those extinct Pamphlets and Parliamentary Oratories of theirs!),—yet an honestly intending People; and keenly alive to any commandment from Heaven, that could pierce through the thick skin of them into their big obstinate heart. Such a commandment, then and there, was that monition about Jenkins's Ear. Upon which, so pungent was it to them, they started violently out of bed, into painful sleep-walking; and went, for twenty years and more, clambering and sprawling about, far and wide, on the giddy edge of precipices, over housetops and frightful cornices and parapets; in a dim

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fulfilment of the said Heaven's command. I reckon that this War, though there were intervals, Treaties of Peace more than one, and the War had various names,—did not end till 1763. And then, by degrees, the poor English Nation found that (at, say, a thousand times the necessary expense, and with imminent peril to its poor head, and all the bones of its body) it had actually succeeded,—by dreadful exertions in its sleep! This will be more apparent by and by; and may be a kind of comfort to the sad English reader, drearily surveying such somnambulisms on the part of his poor ancestors.'

2. *Two Difficulties.*—'There are Two grand Difficulties in this Farce-Tragedy of a War; of which only one, and that not the worst of the Pair, is in the least surmised by the English hitherto. Difficulty First, which is even worse than the other, and will surprisingly attend the English in all their Wars now coming, is: That their fighting-apparatus, though made of excellent material, cannot fight,—being in disorganic condition; one branch of it, especially the "Military" one as they are pleased to call it, being as good as totally chaotic, and this in a quite habitual manner, this long while back. With the Naval branch it is otherwise; which also is habitual there. The English almost as if by nature can sail, and fight, in ships; cannot well help doing it. Sailors innumerable are bred to them; they are planted in the Ocean, opulent stormy Neptune clipping them in all his moods forever: and then by nature, being a dumb, much-enduring, much-reflecting, stout, veracious and valiant kind of People, they shine in that way of life, which specially requires such. Without much forethought, they have sailors innumerable, and of the best quality. The English have among them also, strange as it may seem to the cursory observer, a great gift of organising; witness their Arkwrights and others: and this gift they may often, in matters Naval more than elsewhere, get the chance of exercising. For a Ship's Crew, or even a Fleet, unlike a land Army, is of itself a unity, its fortunes disjoined, dependent on its own management; and it falls, moreover, as no land Army can, to the undivided guidance of one man,—who (by hypothesis, being English) has now and then, from of old, chanced to be an organising man; and who is always much interested to know and practise what *has* been well organised. For you are in contact with verities, to an unexampled degree, when you get upon the Ocean, with intent to sail on it, much more to fight on it;—bottomless destruction raging beneath you and on all hands of you, if you neglect, for any reason, the methods of keeping *it* down, and making it float you to your aim!

'The English Navy is in tolerable order at that period. But as to the English Army,—we may say it is, in a wrong sense, the wonder of the world, and continues so throughout the whole of this History and farther!

Never before, among the rational sons of Adam, were Armies sent out on such terms,—namely without a General, or with no General understanding the least of his business. The English have a notion that Generalship is not wanted; that War is not an Art, as playing Chess is, as finding the Longitude, and doing the Differential Calculus are (and a much deeper Art than any of these); that War is taught by Nature, as eating is; that courageous soldiers, led on by a courageous Wooden Pole with Cocked-hat on it will do very well. In the world I have not found opacity of platitude go deeper among any People. This is difficulty First,—not yet suspected by an English People, capable of great opacity on some subjects.

'Difficulty Second is, That their Ministry, whom they had to force into this War, perhaps do not go zealously upon it. And perhaps even, in the above circumstances, they totally want knowledge how to go upon it, were they never so zealous! Difficulty Second might be much helped, were it not for Difficulty First. But the administering of war is a thing also that does not come to a man like eating.—This Second Difficulty, suspicion that Walpole and perhaps still higher heads want zeal, gives his Britannic Majesty infinite trouble; and'—

—And so, in short, he stands there, with the Garter-leg advanced, looking loftily into a considerable sea of troubles, —that day when Friedrich drove past him, Friday 16th September 1740, and never came so near him again.

The next business for Friedrich was a Visit at Brunswick, to the Affinities and Kindred, in passing; where also was an important little act to be done: Betrothal of the young Prince, August Wilhelm, Heir-Presumptive whom we saw in Strasburg, to a Princess of that House, Louisa Amelia, younger Sister of Friedrich's own Queen. A modest promising arrangement; which turned out well enough,—though the young Prince, Father to the Kings that since are, was not supremely fortunate otherwise.[1] After which, the review at Magdeburg; and home on the 24th, there to 'be busy as a Turk or as a M. Jordan,'—according to what we read long since.

[1] Betrothal was 20th September 1740; Marriage, 5th January 1742 (Buchholz, i. 207).

CHAPTER VII

WITHDRAWS TO REINSBERG, HOPING A PEACEABLE WINTER

By this Herstal token, which is now blazing abroad, now and for a month to come, it can be judged that the young King of Prussia intends to stand on his own footing, quite peremptorily if need be; and will by no means have himself led about in Imperial harness, as his late Father was. So that a dull Public (Herrenhausen very specially), and Gazetteer Owls of Minerva everywhere, may expect events. All the more indubitably, when that spade-work comes to light in the Wesel Country. It is privately certain (the Gazetteers not yet sure about it, till they see the actual spades going), this new King does fully intend to assert his rights on Berg-Jülich; and will appear there with his iron ramrods, the instant old Kur-Pfalz shall decease, let France and the Kaiser say No to it or say Yes. There are, in fact, at a fit place, 'Büderich in the neighbourhood of Wesel,' certain rampart-works, beginnings as of an Entrenched Camp, going on;—'for Review purposes merely,' say the Gazetteers, *in italics*. Here, it privately is Friedrich's resolution, shall a Prussian Army, of the due strength (could be wellnigh 100,000 strong if needful), make its appearance, directly on old Kur-Pfalz's decease, if one live to see such event.[1] France and the Kaiser will probably take good survey of that Büderich phenomenon before meddling.

To do his work like a King, and shun no peril and no toil in the course of what his work may be, is Friedrich's rule and intention. Nevertheless it is clear he expects to approve himself magnanimous rather in the Peaceable operations than in the Warlike; and his outlooks are, of all places and pursuits, towards Reinsberg and the Fine Arts, for the time being.

[1] Stenzel, iv. 61.

His Public activity meanwhile they describe as 'prodigious,' though the ague still clings to him; such building, instituting, managing: Opera-House, French Theatre, Palace for his Mother;—day by day, many things to be recorded by Editor Formey, though the rule about them here is silence except on cause.

No doubt the ague is itself privately a point of moment. Such a vexatious paltry little thing, in this bright whirl of Activities, Public and other, which he continues managing in spite of it; impatient to be rid of it. But it will not go: there *it* reappears always, punctual to its 'fourth day,'—like a snarling street-dog, in the high Ball-room and Work-room. 'He is drinking Pyrmont water;' has himself proposed Quinquina, a remedy just come up, but the Doctors shook their heads; has tried snatches of Reinsberg, too short; he intends soon to be out there for a right spell of country, there to be 'happy,' and get quit of his ague. The ague went,—and by a remedy which surprised the whole world, as will be seen!

Wilhelmina's Return-Visit

Monday 17th October, came the Baireuth Visitors; Wilhelmina all in a flutter, and tremor of joy and sorrow, to see her Brother again, her old kindred and the altered scene of things. Poor Lady, she is perceptibly more tremulous than usual; and her Narrative, not in dates only, but in more memorable points, dances about at a sad rate; interior agitations and tremulous shrill feelings shivering her this way and that, and throwing things topsyturvy in one's recollection. Like the magnetic needle, shaky but steadfast (*agitée mais constante*). Truer nothing can be, points forever to the Pole; but also what obliquities it makes; will shiver aside in mad escapades, if you hold the paltriest bit of old iron near it,—paltriest clack of gossip about this loved Brother of mine! Brother, we will hope, silently continues to be Pole, so that the needle always comes back again; otherwise all would go

to wreck. Here, in abridged and partly rectified form, are the phenomena witnessed:

'We arrived at Berlin the end of October' (Monday 17th, as above said). 'My younger Brothers, followed by the Princes of the Blood and by all the Court, received us at the bottom of the stairs. I was led to my apartment, where I found the Reigning Queen, my Sisters' (Ulrique, Amelia), 'and the Princesses' (of the Blood, as above, Schwedt and the rest). 'I learned with much chagrin that the King was ill of tertian ague' (quartan; but that is no matter). 'He sent me word that, being in his fit, he could not see me; but that he depended on having that pleasure tomorrow. The Queen Mother, to whom I went without delay, was in a dark condition; rooms all hung with their lugubrious drapery, everything yet in the depth of mourning for my Father. What a scene for me! Nature has her rights; I can say with truth, I have almost never in my life been so moved as on this occasion.' Interview with Mamma,—we can fancy it,—'was of the most touching.' Wilhelmina had been absent eight years. She scarcely knows the young ones again, all so grown;—finds change on change; and that Time, as he always is, has been busy. That night the Supper-Party was exclusively a Family one.

Her Brother's welcome to her on the morrow, though ardent enough, she found deficient in sincerity, deficient in several points; as indeed a Brother up to the neck in business, and just come out of an ague-fit, does not appear to the best advantage. Wilhelmina noticed how ill he looked, so lean and broken-down (*maigre et défait*) within the last two months; but seems to have taken no account of it farther, in striking her balances with Friedrich. And indeed in her Narrative of this Visit, not, we will hope, in the Visit itself, she must have been in a high state of magnetic deflection,—pretty nearly her maximum of such, discoverable in those famous *Memoirs*,—such a tumult is there in her statements, all gone to ground-and-lofty tumbling in this place; so discrepant are the still ascertainable facts from this topsyturvy picture of them, sketched by her four years hence (in 1744). The truest of magnetic needles; but so sensitive, if you bring foreign iron near it!

Wilhelmina was loaded with honours by an impartial Berlin Public, that is, Court Public; 'but, all being in mourning, the Court was not brilliant. The Queen Mother saw little company, and was sunk in sorrow;—had not the least influence in affairs, so jealous was the new King of his Authority,—to the Queen Mother's surprise,' says Wilhelmina. For the rest, here is a King 'becoming truly unpopular' or, we fancy so, in our deflected state, and judging by the rumour of cliques); 'a general discontent reigning in the Country, love of his subjects pretty much gone; people speaking of him in no measured terms' (in certain

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cliques). 'Cares nothing about those who helped him as Prince Royal, say some; others complain of his avarice' (meaning steady vigilance in outlay) 'as surpassing the late King's; this one complained of his violences of temper (*emportemens*); that one of his suspicions, of his distrust, his haughtinesses, his dissimulation' (meaning polite impenetrability when he saw good). Several circumstances, known to Wilhelmina's own experience, compel Wilhelmina's assent on those points. 'I would have spoken to him about them, if my Brother of Prussia' (young August Wilhelm, betrothed the other day) 'and the Queen Regnant had not dissuaded me. Farther on I will give the explanation of all this,'—never did it anywhere. 'I beg those who may one day read these *Memoirs*, to suspend their judgment on the character of this great Prince till I have developed it.'[1] Oh my Princess, you are true and bright, but you are shrill; and I admire the effect of atmospheric electricity, not to say, of any neighbouring marine-store shop, or miserable bit of broken pan, on one of the finest magnetic needles ever made and set trembling!

Wilhelmina is incapable of deliberate falsehood; and this her impression or reminiscence, with all its exaggeration, is entitled to be heard in evidence so far. From this, and from other sources, readers will assure themselves that discontents were not wanting; that King Friedrich was not amiable to everybody at this time,—which indeed he never grew to be at any other time. He had to be a King; that was the trade he followed, not the quite different one of being amiable all round. Amiability is good, my Princess; but the question rises, 'To whom?—for example, to the young gentleman who shot himself in Löbegun?' There are young gentlemen and old sometimes in considerable quantities, to whom, if you were in your duty, as a King of men (or even as a 'King of one man and his affairs,' if that is all your kingdom), you should have been hateful instead of amiable! That is a stern truth; too much forgotten by Wilhelmina and others. Again, what a deadening and killing circumstance is it in the career of amiability, that you are bound *not* to be communicative of your inner man, but perpetually and strictly the reverse! It may be doubted if a good King can be amiable; certainly he

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 326.

cannot in any but the noblest ages, and then only to a select few. I should guess Friedrich was at no time fairly loved, not by those nearest to him. He was rapid, decisive; of wiry compact nature; had nothing of his Father's amplitudes, simplicities; nothing to sport with and fondle, far from it. Tremulous sensibilities, ardent affections; these we clearly discover in him, in extraordinary vivacity; but he wears them under his polished panoply, and is outwardly a radiant but metallic object to mankind. Let us carry this along with us in studying him; and thank Wilhelmina for giving us hint of it in her oblique way.—Wilhelmina's love for her Brother rose to quite heroic pitch in coming years, and was at its highest when she died. That continuation of her *Memoirs* in which she is to develop her Brother's character, was never written: it has been sought for in modern times; and a few insignificant pages, with evidence that there is not, and was not, any more, are all that has turned up.[1]

Incapable of falsity prepense, we say; but the known facts, which stand abundantly on record if you care to search them out, are merely as follows: Friedrich, with such sincerity as there might be, did welcome Wilhelmina on the morrow of her arrival; spoke of Reinsberg, and of air and rest, and how pleasant it would be; rolled-off next morning, having at last gathered-up his businesses, and got them well in hand, to Reinsberg accordingly; whither Wilhelmina, with the Queen Regnant and others of agreeable quality, followed in two days; intending a long and pleasant spell of country out there. Which hope was tolerably fulfilled, even for Wilhelmina, though there did come unexpected interruptions, not of Friedrich's bringing.

Unexpected News at Reinsberg

Friedrich's pursuits and intended conquests, for the present, are of peaceable and even gay nature. French Theatre,

[1] Pertz, *Ueber die Denkwürdigkeiten der Markgräfin von Bayreuth* (Paper read in the *Akademie der Wissenschaften*, Berlin, 25th April 1850).

Italian Opera-House, these are among the immediate outlooks. Voltaire, skilled in French acting, if anybody ever were, is multifariously negotiating for a Company of that kind,—let him be swift, be successful.[1] An Italian Opera there shall be; the House is still to be built: Captain Knobelsdorf, who built Reinsberg, whom we have known, is to do it. Knobelsdorf has gone to Italy on that errand; 'went by Dresden, carefully examining the Opera-House there, and all the famed Opera-Houses on his road.' Graun, one of the best judges living, is likewise off to Italy, gathering singers. Our Opera too shall be a successful thing, and we hope, a speedy. Such are Friedrich's outlooks at this time.

A miscellaneous pleasant company is here; Truchsess and Bielfeld, home from Hanover, among them; Wilhelmina is here;—Voltaire himself perhaps coming again. Friedrich drinks his Pyrmont waters; works at his public businesses all day, which are now well in hand, and manageable by couriers; at evening he appears in company, and is the astonishment of everybody; brilliant, like a new-risen sun, as if he knew of no illness, knew of no business, but lived for amusement only. 'He intends Private Theatricals withal, and is getting ready Voltaire's *Mort de César*.'[2] These were pretty days at Reinsberg. This kind of life lasted seven or eight weeks,—in spite of interruptions of subterranean volcanic nature, some of which were surely considerable. Here, in the very first week, coming almost volcanically, is one, which indeed is the sum of them all.

Tuesday forenoon 25th October 1740, Express arrives at Reinsberg; direct from Vienna five days ago; finds Friedrich under eclipse, hidden in the interior, labouring under his ague-fit: question rises, Shall the Express be introduced, or be held back? The news he brings is huge, unexpected, transcendent, and may agitate the sick King. Six or seven heads go wagging on this point,—who by accident are nameable,

[1] Letters of Voltaire (*passim*, in these months).
[2] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 415.

if readers care: 'Prince August Wilhelm,' lately betrothed; 'Graf Truchsess,' home from Hanover; 'Colonel Graf von Finkenstein,' old Tutor's Son, a familiar from boyhood upwards; 'Baron Pöllnitz,' kind of chief Goldstick now, or Master of the Ceremonies, not too witty, but the cause of wit; 'Jordan, Bielfeld,' known to us; and lastly, 'Fredersdorf,' Major-domo and Factotum, who is grown from Valet to be Purse-Keeper, confidential Manager, and almost friend,—a notable personage in Friedrich's History. They decide, 'Better wait!'—

They wait accordingly; and then, after about an hour, the trembling-fit being over, and Fredersdorf having cautiously preluded a little, and prepared the way, the Despatch is delivered, and the King left with his immense piece of news. News that his Imperial Majesty Karl VI. died, after short illness, on Thursday the 20th last. Kaiser dead: House of Hapsburg, and its Five Centuries of tough wrestling, and uneasy Dominancy in this world, ended, gone to the distaff: —the counter-wrestling Ambitions and Cupidities not dead; and nothing but Pragmatic Sanction left between the fallen House and them! Friedrich kept silence; showed no sign how transfixed he was to hear such tidings; which, he foresaw, would have immeasurable consequences in the world.

One of the first was, that it cured Friedrich of his ague. It braced him (it, and perhaps 'a little quinquina which he now insisted on') into such a tensity of spirit as drove out his ague like a mere hiccup; quite gone in the course of next week; and we hear no more of that importunate annoyance. He summoned Secretary Eichel, 'Be ready in so many minutes hence;' rose from his bed, dressed himself;[1]—and then, by Eichel's help, sent off expresses for Schwerin his chief General, and Podewils his chief Minister. A resolution, which is rising or has risen in the Royal mind, will be ready for communicating to these Two by the time they arrive, on the second day hence. This done, Friedrich, I believe, joined his

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 416.

company in the evening; and was as light and brilliant as if nothing had happened.

CHAPTER VIII

THE KAISER'S DEATH

THE Kaiser's death came upon the Public unexpectedly; though not quite so upon observant persons closer at hand. He was not yet fifty-six out; a firm-built man; had been of sound constitution, of active, not intemperate habits: but in the last six years, there had come such torrents of ill-luck rolling down on him, he had suffered immensely, far beyond what the world knew of; and to those near him, and anxious for him, his strength seemed much undermined. Five years ago, in summer 1735, Robinson reported, from a sure hand: 'Nothing can equal the Emperor's agitation under these disasters' (brought upon him by Fleury and the Spaniards, as afterclap to his Polish-Election feat). 'His good Empress is terrified, many times, he will die in the course of the night, when singly with her he gives a loose to his affliction, confusion and despair.' Sea-Powers will not help; Fleury and mere ruin will engulf! 'What augments this agitation is his distrust in every one of his own Ministers, except perhaps Bartenstein,'[1]—who is not much of a support either, though a gnarled weighty old stick in his way ('Professor at Strasburg once'): not interesting to us here. The rest his Imperial Majesty considers to be of sublimated blockhead type, it appears. Prince Eugene had died lately, and with Eugene all good fortune.

And then, close following, the miseries of that Turk War, crashing down upon a man! They say, Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, nominal Commander in those Campaigns, with the Seckendorfs and Wallises under him going such a road, was privately eager to have done with the Business, on

[1] Robinson to Lord Harrington, 5th July 1735 (in State-Paper Office).

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any terms, lest the Kaiser should die first, and leave it weltering. No wonder the poor Kaiser felt broken, disgusted with the long Shadow-Hunt of Life; and took to practical field-sports rather. An Army that cannot fight, War-Generals good only to be locked in Fortresses, an Exchequer that has no money; after such wagging of the wigs, and such Privy-Councilling and such War-Councilling:—let us hunt wild-swine, and not think of it! That, thank Heaven, we still have; that, and Pragmatic Sanction well engrossed, and generally sworn to by mankind, after much effort!—

The outer Public of that time, and Voltaire among them more deliberately afterwards, spoke of 'mushrooms,' an 'indigestion of mushrooms'; and it is probable there was something of mushrooms concerned in the event. Another subsequent Frenchman, still more irreverent, adds to this of the 'excess of mushrooms,' that the Kaiser made light of it. 'When the Doctors told him he had few hours to live, he would not believe it; and bantered his Physicians on the sad news. "Look me in the eyes," said he; "have I the air of one dying? When you see my sight growing dim, then let the sacraments be administered, whether I order or not."' Doctors insisting, the Kaiser replied: '"Since you are foolish fellows, who know neither the cause nor the state of my disorder, I command that, once I am dead, you open my body, to know what the matter was; you can then come and let me know!"'[1]—in which also there is perhaps a glimmering of distorted truth, though, as Monsieur mistakes even the day ('18th October,' says he, not 20th), one can only accept it as rumour from the outside.

Here, by an extremely sombre domestic Gentleman of great punctuality and great dulness, are the authentic particulars, such as it was good to mention in Vienna circles.[2] An

[1] *Anecdotes Germaniques* (Paris, 1769), p. 692.

[2] (Anonymous) *Des etc. Römischen Kaisers Carl VI. Leben und Thaten* (Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1741), pp. 220-227.

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extremely dull Gentleman, but to appearance an authentic; and so little defective in reverence that he delicately expresses some astonishment at Death's audacity this year, in killing so many Crowned Heads. 'This year 1740,' says he, 'though the weather throughout Europe had been extraordinarily fine,' or fine for a cold year, 'had already witnessed several Deaths of Sovereigns: Pope Clement XII., Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, the Queen Dowager of Spain' (Termagant's old stepmother, not Termagant's self by a great way). 'But that was not enough: unfathomable Destiny ventured now on Imperial Heads (*wagte sich auch an Kaiserkronen*): Karl VI., namely, and Russia's great Monarchess:'—an audacity to be remarked. Of Russia's great Monarchess (Czarina Anne, with the big cheek) we will say nothing at present; but of Karl VI. only,—abridging much, and studying arrangement.

'Thursday October 13th, returning from Halbthurn, a Hunting Seat of his,' over in Hungary some fifty miles, 'to the Palace Favorita at Vienna, his Imperial Majesty felt slightly indisposed,'—indigestion of mushrooms or whatever it was: had begun *at* Halbthurn the night before, we rather understand, and was the occasion of his leaving. 'The Doctors called it cold on the stomach, and thought it of no consequence. In the night of Saturday, it became alarming;' inflammation, thought the Doctors, inflammation of the liver, and used their potent appliances, which only made the danger come and go; 'and on the Tuesday, all day, the Doctors did not doubt his Imperial Majesty was dying.' ('Look me in the eyes; pack of fools; you will have to dissect me, you will then know:' Any truth in all that? No matter.)

'At noon of that Tuesday he took the Sacrament, the Pope's Nuncio administering. His Majesty showed uncommonly great composure of soul, and resignation to the Divine Will;' being indeed 'certain,'—so he expressed it to 'a principal Official Person sunk in grief' (Bartenstein, shall we guess?), who stood by him—'certain of his cause,' not afraid in contemplating that dread Judgment now near: 'Look at me! A man that is certain of his cause can enter on such a Journey with good courage and a composed mind (*mit gutem und gelassenem Muth*).' To the Doctors, dubitating what the disease was, he said, 'If Gazelli,' my late worthy Doctor, 'were still here, you would soon know; but as it is, you will learn it when you dissect me';—and once asked to be shown the Cup where his heart would lie after that operation.

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'Sacrament being over,' Tuesday afternoon, 'he sent for his Family, to bless them each separately. He had a long conversation with Grand Duke Franz,' titular of Lorraine, actual of Tuscany, 'who had assiduously attended him, and continued to do so, during the whole illness. The Grand Duke's Spouse,'—Maria Theresa, the noble-hearted and the overwhelmed; who is now in an interesting state again withal; a little Kaiserkin (Joseph II.) coming in five months; first child, a little girl, is now two years old;—'had been obliged to take to bed three days ago; laid up of grief and terror (*vor Schmerzen und Schrecken*), ever since Sunday the 16th. Nor would his Imperial Majesty permit her to enter this death-room, on account of her condition, so important to the world; but his Majesty, turning towards that side where her apartment was, raised his right hand, and commanded her Husband, and the Archduchess her younger Sister, to tell his Theresa, That he blessed her herewith, notwithstanding her absence.' Poor Kaiser, poor Theresa! 'Most distressing of all was the scene with the Kaiserin. The night before, on getting knowledge of the sad certainty, she had fainted utterly away (*starke Ohnmacht*), and had to be carried into the Grand Duchess's (Maria Theresa's) room. Being summoned now with her Children, for the last blessing, she cried as in despair, "Do not leave me, Your Dilection, do not (*Ach, Euer Liebden, verlassen mich doch nicht*)!"' Poor good souls! Her Imperial Majesty would not quit the room again, but remained to the last.

'Wednesday 19th, all day, anxiety, mournful suspense;' poor weeping Kaiserin and all the world waiting; the Inevitable visibly struggling on. 'And in the night of that day' (night of 19th-20th Oct. 1740), 'between one and two in the morning, Death snatched away this most invaluable Monarch (*den preiswürdigsten Monarchen*) in the 56th year of his life;' and Kaiser Karl VI., and the House of Hapsburg and its Five tough Centuries of good and evil in this world had ended. The poor Kaiserin 'closed the eyes' that could now no more behold her; 'kissed his hands, and was carried out more dead than alive.'[1]

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[1] Anonymous, *ut suprà*, pp. 220-227.—Adelung, *Pragmatische Staatsgeschichte* (Gotha, 1762-1767), ii. 120. *Johan Christoph* Adelung; the same who did the *Dictionary* and many other deserving Books; here is the precise Title: '*Pragmatische Staatsgeschichte Europens*,' that is, 'Documentary History of Europe, from Kaiser Karl's Death, 1740, till Peace of Paris, 1763.' A solid, laborious and meritorious Work, of its kind; extremely extensive (9 voll. 4to, some of which are double and even treble), mostly in the undigested, sometimes in the quite uncooked or raw condition; perhaps about a fifth part of it consists of 'Documents' proper, which are skippable. It cannot help being dull, waste, dreary, but is everywhere intelligible (excellent Indexes too),—and offers an unhappy reader by far the best resource attainable for survey of that sad Period.

A good affectionate Kaiserin, I do believe; honourable, truthful, though unwitty of speech, and converted by Grandpapa in a peculiar manner. For her Kaiser too, after all, I have a kind of love. Of brilliant articulate intellect there is nothing; nor of inarticulate (as in Friedrich Wilhelm's case) anything considerable: in fact his Shadow-Hunting, and Duelling with the Termagant, seemed the reverse of wise. But there was something of a high proud heart in it, too, if we examine; and even the Pragmatic Sanction, though in practice not worth one regiment of iron ramrods, indicates a profoundly fixed determination, partly of loyal nature, such as the gods more or less reward. 'He had been a great builder,' say the Histories; 'was a great musician, fit to lead orchestras, and had composed an Opera,'—poor Kaiser. There came out large traits of him, in Maria Theresa again, under an improved form, which were much admired by the world. He looks, in his Portraits, intensely serious; a handsome man, stoically grave; much the gentleman, much the Kaiser or Supreme Gentleman. As, in life and fact, he was; 'something solemn in him, even when he laughs,' the people used to say. A man honestly doing his very best with his poor Kaisership, and dying of chagrin by it. 'On opening the body, the liver-region proved to be entirely deranged; in the place where the gall-bladder should have been, a stone of the size of a pigeon's egg was found grown into the liver, and no gall-bladder now there.'

That same morning, with earliest daylight, 'Thursday 20th, six A.M.,' Maria Theresa is proclaimed by her Heralds over Vienna: 'According to Pragmatic Sanction, Inheritress of all the' etc. etc;—Sovereign Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, for chief items. 'At seven her Majesty took the Oath from the Generals and Presidents of Tribunals, —said, through her tears, "All was to stand on the old footing, each in his post,"'—and the other needful words. Couriers shoot forth towards all Countries;—one express

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courier to Regensburg, and the Enchanted Wiggeries there, to say That a new Kaiser will be needed; *Reichs*-Vicar or Vicars (Kur-Sachsen and whoever more, for they are sometimes disagreed about it) will have to administer in the interim.

A second courier we saw arrive at Reinsberg; he likewise may be important. The Bavarian Minister, Karl Albert Kur-Baiern's man; shot off his express, like the others; answer is, by return of courier, or even earlier (for a messenger was already on the road), Make protest! 'We, Kur-Baiern solemnly protest against Pragmatic Sanction, and the assumption of such Titles by the Daughter of the late Kaiser. King of Bohemia, and in good part even of Austria, it is not you, Madam, but of right *we*; as, by Heaven's help, it is our fixed resolution to make good!' Protest was presented, accordingly, with all the solemnities, without loss of a moment. To which Bartenstein and the Authorities answered 'Pooh-pooh,' as if it were nothing. It is the first ripple of an immeasurable tide or deluge in that kind, threatening to submerge the new Majesty of Hungary;—as had been foreseen at Reinsberg; though Bartenstein and the Authorities made light of it, answering 'Pooh-pooh,' or almost 'Ha-ha,' for the present.

Her Hungarian Majesty's chief Generals, Seckendorf, Wallis, Neipperg, sit in their respective prisonwards at this time (from which she soon liberates them): Kur-Baiern has lodged protest; at Reinsberg there will be an important resolution ready: —and in the Austrian Treasury (which employs 40,000 persons, big and little) there is of cash or available resource, 100,000 florins, that is to say 10,000*l.* net.[1] And unless Pragmatic sheepskin hold tighter than some persons expect, the affairs of Austria and of this young Archduchess are in a threatening way.

His Britannic Majesty was on the road home, about Helvoetsluys or on the sea for Harwich, that night the Kaiser died; of whose illness he had heard nothing. At London, ten

[1] Mailath, *Geschichte des Oestreichischen Kaiserstaats* (Hamburg, 1850), v. 8.

days after, the sudden news struck dismally upon his Majesty and the Political Circles there: 'No help, then, from that quarter, in our Spanish War; perhaps far other than help!' —Nay, certain Gazetteers were afraid the grand new Anti-Spanish Expedition itself, which was now, at the long last, after such confusions and delays, lying ready, in great strength, Naval and Military, would be countermanded,—on Pragmatic-Sanction considerations, and the crisis probably imminent.[1] But it was not countermanded; it sailed all the same, 'November 6th' (seventh day after the bad news); and made towards—Shall we tell the reader, what is Officially a dead secret, though by this time well guessed at by the Public, English and also Spanish?—towards Carthagena, to reinforce fiery Vernon, in the tropical latitudes; and overset Spanish America, beginning with that important Town!

Commodore Anson, he also, after long fatal delays, is off, several weeks ago;[2] round Cape Horn; hoping (or perhaps already not hoping) to coöperate from the Other Ocean, and be simultaneous with Vernon,—on these loose principles of keeping time! Commodore Anson does, in effect, make a Voyage which is beautiful, and to mankind memorable; but as to keeping tryst with Vernon, the very gods could not do it on those terms!

CHAPTER IX

RESOLUTION FORMED AT REINSBERG IN CONSEQUENCE

THURSDAY 27th October, two days after the Expresses went for them, Schwerin and Podewils punctually arrived at Reinsberg. They were carried into the interior privacies, 'to long conferences with his Majesty that day, and for the next four days; Majesty and they even dining privately together;'

[1] London Newspapers (31st Oct.-6th Nov. 1740).
[2] 29th (18th) September 1740.

grave business of state, none guesses how grave, evidently going on. The resolution Friedrich laid before them, fruit of these two days since the news from Vienna, was probably the most important ever formed in Prussia, or in Europe during that Century: Resolution to make good our Rights on Silesia, by this great opportunity, the best that will ever offer. Resolution which had sprung, I find, and got to sudden fixity in the head of the young King himself; and which met with little save opposition from all the other sons of Adam, at the first blush and for long afterwards. And, indeed, the making of it good (of it, and of the immense results that hung by it) was the main business of this young King's Life henceforth; and cost him Labours like those of Hercules, and was in the highest degree momentous to existing and not yet existing millions of mankind,—to the readers of this History especially.

It is almost touching to reflect how unexpectedly, like a bolt out of the blue, all this had come upon Friedrich; and how it overset his fine program for the winter at Reinsberg, and for his Life generally. Not the Peaceable magnanimities but the Warlike, are the thing appointed Friedrich this winter, and mainly henceforth. Those '*golden* or soft radiances' which we saw in him, admirable to Voltaire and to Friedrich, and to an esurient philanthropic world,—it is not those, it is 'the *steel-bright* or stellar kind,' that are to become predominant in Friedrich's existence: grim hailstorms, thunders and tornado for an existence to him, instead of the opulent genialities and halcyon weather, anticipated by himself and others! Indisputably enough to us, if not yet to Friedrich, 'Reinsberg and Life to the Muses' are done. On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see, miraculous Opportunity, rushing hitherward,—swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods: dare you clutch *him* by the thunder-mane, and fling yourself upon him, and make for the Empyrean by that course rather? Be immediate about it, then; the time is now, or else never!—No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming

Opportunity in this manner, and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an opportunity, and perilously mount upon it, was the part of a young magnanimous King, less sensible to the perils, and more to the other considerations, than one older would have been.

Schwerin and Podewils were, no doubt, astonished to learn what the Royal purpose was; and could not want for commonplace objections many and strong, had this been the scene for dwelling on them, or dressing them out at eloquent length. But they knew well this was not the scene for doing more than, with eloquent modesty, hint them; that the Resolution, being already taken, would not alter for commonplace; and that the question now lying for honourable members was, How to execute it? It is on this, as I collect, that Schwerin and Podewils in the King's company did, with extreme intensity, consult during those four days; and were, most probably, of considerable use to the King, though some of their modifications adopted by him turned out, not as they had predicted, but as he. On all the Military details and outlines, and on all the Diplomacies of this business, here are two Oracles extremely worth consulting by the young King.

To seize Silesia is easy: a Country open on all but the south side; open especially on our side, where a battalion of foot might force it; the three or four fortresses, of which only two, Glogau and Neisse, can be reckoned strong, are provided with nothing as they ought to be; not above 3,000 fighting men in the whole Province, and these little expecting fight. Silesia can be seized: but the maintaining of it?—We must try to maintain it, thinks Friedrich.

At Reinsberg it is not yet known that Kur-Baiern has protested; but it is well guessed he means to do so, and that France is at his back in some sort. Kur-Baiern, probably Kur-Sachsen, and plenty more, France being secretly at their back. What low condition Austria stands in, all its ready resources run to the lees, is known; and that France, getting

lively at present with its Belleisles and adventurous spirits not restrainable by Fleury, is always on the watch to bring Austria lower;—capable, in spite of Pragmatic Sanction, to snatch the golden moment, and spring hunter-like on a moribund Austria, were the hunting-dogs once out and in cry. To Friedrich it seems unlikely the Pragmatic Sanction will be a Law of Nature to mankind, in these circumstances. His opinion is, 'the old political system has expired with the Kaiser.' Here is Europe, burning in one corner of it by Jenkins's Ear, and such a smoulder of combustible material awakening nearer hand: will not Europe, probably, blaze into general War; Pragmatic Sanction going to waste sheepskin, and universal scramble ensuing? In which he who has 100,000 good soldiers, and can handle them, may be an important figure in urging claims, and keeping what he has got hold of!—

Friedrich's mind, as to the fact, is fixed: seize Silesia we will: but as to the manner of doing it, Schwerin and Podewils modify him. Their counsel is: 'Do not step out in hostile attitude at the very first, saying, "These Duchies, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau, Jägerndorf, are mine, and I will fight for them;" say only, "Having, as is well known, interests of various kinds in this Silesia, I venture to take charge of it in the perilous times now come, and will keep it safe for the real owner." Silesia seized in this fashion,' continue they, 'negotiate with the Queen of Hungary; offer her help, large help in men and money, against her other enemies; perhaps she will consent to do us right?'—'She never will consent,' is Friedrich's opinion. 'But it is worth trying?' urge the Ministers.—'Well,' answers Friedrich, 'be it in that form; that is the soft-spoken cautious form: any form will do, if the fact be there.' That is understood to have been the figure of the deliberation in this conclave at Reinsberg, during the four days.[1] And now it remains only to fix the Military details, to

[1] Stenzel (from what sources he does not clearly say, no doubt from sources of some authenticity) gives this as summary of it, iv. 61-65.

be ready in a minimum of time; and to keep our preparations and intentions in impenetrable darkness from all men, in the interim. Adieu, Messieurs.

And so, on the 1st of November, fifth morning since they came, Schwerin and Podewils, a world of new business silently ahead of them, return to Berlin, intent to begin the same. All the Kings will have to take their resolution on this matter; wisely, or else unwisely. King Friedrich's, let it prove the wisest or not, is notably the rapidest,—complete, and fairly entering upon action, on November 1st. At London the news of the Kaiser's death had arrived the day before; Britannic Majesty and Ministry, thrown much into the dumps by it, much into the vague, are nothing like so prompt with their resolution on it. Somewhat sorrowfully in the vague. In fact, they will go jumbling hither and thither for about three years to come, before making up their minds to a resolution: so intricate is the affair to the English Nation and them! Intricate indeed; and even imaginary;—definable mainly as a bottomless abyss of nightmare dreams to the English Nation and them! Productive of strong somnambulisms, as my friend has it!—

Mystery in Berlin, for Seven Weeks, while the Preparations go on; Voltaire visits Friedrich to decipher it, but cannot

Podewils and Schwerin gone, King Friedrich, though still very busy in working-hours, returns to his society and its gaieties and brilliancies; apparently with increased appetite after these four days of abstinence. Still busy in his working-hours, as a King must be; couriers coming and going, hundreds of businesses despatched each day; and in the evening what a relish for society,—Prätorius is quite astonished at it. Music, dancing, play-acting, suppers of the gods, 'not done till four in the morning sometimes,' these are the accounts Prätorius hears at Berlin. 'From all persons who return from Reinsberg,' writes he, 'the unanimous report is,

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That the King works, the whole day through, with an assiduity that is unique; and then, in the evening, gives himself to the pleasures of society, with a vivacity of mirth and sprightly humour which makes those Evening-Parties charming.'[1] So it had to last, with frequent short journeys on Friedrich's part, and at last with change to Berlin as headquarters, for about seven weeks to come,—till the beginning of December, and the day of action, namely. A notable little Interim in Friedrich's History and that of Europe.

Friedrich's secret, till almost the very end, remained impenetrable; though, by degrees, his movements excited much guessing in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic world everywhere. Military matters do seem to be getting brisk in Prussia; arsenals much astir; troops are seen mustering, marching, plainly to a singular degree. Marching towards the Austrian side, towards Silesia, some note. Yes; but also towards Cleve, certain detachments of troops are marching,—do not men see? And the Entrenchment at Büderich in those parts, that is getting forward withal,—though privately there is not the least prospect of using it, in these altered circumstances. Friedrich already guesses that if he could get Silesia, so invaluable on the one skirt of him, he will probably have to give-up his Berg-Jülich claims on the other; I fancy he is getting ready to do so, should the time come for such alternative. But he labours at Büderich, all the same, and 'improves the roads in that quarter,'—which at least may help to keep an inquisitive public at bay. These are seven busy weeks on Friedrich's part, and on the world's: constant realities of preparation on the one part, industriously veiled; on the other part, such shadows, guessings, spyings, spectral movements above ground and below; Diplomatic shadows fencing, Gazetteer shadows rumouring;—dreams of a world as if near awakening to something great!' 'All Officers on furlough have been ordered to their posts,' writes Bielfeld, on those vague terms of his: 'On arriving at Berlin, you notice a great

[1] Excerpt, in Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 418.

agitation in all departments of the State. The regiments are ordered to prepare their equipages, and to hold themselves in readiness for marching. There are magazines being formed at Frankfurt-on-Oder and at Crossen,'—handy for Silesia, you would say? 'There are considerable trains of Artillery getting ready, and the King has frequent conferences with his Generals.'[1] The authentic fact is: 'By the middle of November, Troops, to the extent of 30,000 and more, had got orders to be ready for marching in three weeks hence;' their public motions very visible ever since, their actual purpose a mystery to all mortals except Three.

Towards the end of November, it becomes the prevailing guess that the business is immediate, not prospective; that Silesia may be in the wind, not Jülich and Berg. Which infinitely quickens the shadowy rumourings and Diplomatic fencings of mankind. The French have their special Ambassador here; a Marquis de Beauvau, observant military gentleman, who came with the Accession Compliment some time ago, and keeps his eyes well open, but cannot see through millstones. Fleury is intensely desirous to know Friedrich's secret; but would fain keep his own (if he yet have one), and is himself quite tacit and reserved. To Fleury's Marquis de Beauvau Friedrich is very gracious; but in regard to secrets, is for a reciprocal procedure. Could not Voltaire go and try? It is thought Fleury had let fall some hint to that effect, carried by a bird of the air. Sure enough Voltaire does go; is actually on visit to his royal Friend; 'six days with him at Reinsberg'; perhaps near a fortnight in all (20 November—2 December or so), hanging about those Berlin regions, on the survey. Here is an unexpected pleasure to the parties;—but in regard to penetrating of secrets, an unproductive one!

Voltaire's ostensible errand was, To report progress about the *Anti-Macchiavel*, the Van Duren nonsense; and, at any rate, to settle the Money-accounts on these and other scores;

[1] Bielfeld, i. 165 (Berlin, 30th November, is the date he puts to it).

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and to discourse Philosophies, for a day or two, with the First of Men. The real errand, it is pretty clear, was as above. Voltaire has always a wistful eye towards political employment, and would fain make himself useful in high quarters. Fleury and he have their touches of direct Correspondence now and then; and obliquely there are always intermediates and channels. Small hint, the slightest twinkle of Fleury's eyelashes, would be duly speeded to Voltaire, and set him going. We shall see him expressly missioned hither, on similar errand, by and by; though with as bad success as at present.

Of this his First Visit to Berlin, his Second to Friedrich, Voltaire in the *Vie Privée* says nothing. But in his *Siècle de Louis XV.* he drops, with proud modesty, a little footnote upon it: 'The Author was with the King of Prussia at that time; and can affirm that Cardinal de Fleury was totally astray in regard to the Prince he had now to do with.' To which a *date* slightly wrong is added; the rest being perfectly correct.[1] No other details are to be got anywhere, if they were of importance; the very dates of it in the best Prussian Books are all slightly awry. Here, by accident, are two poor flint-sparks caught from the dust whirlwind, which yield a certain sufficing twilight, when put in their place; and show us both sides of the matter, the smooth side and the seamy:

1. *Friedrich to Algarotti, at Berlin.* From 'Reinsberg, 21st Nov.,' showing the smooth side

'My dear Swan of Padua,—Voltaire has arrived; all sparkling with new beauties, and far more sociable than at Cleve. He is in very good humour; and makes less complaining about his ailments than usual. Nothing can be more frivolous than our occupations here:' mere verse-making, dancing, philosophising, then card-playing, dining, flirting; merry as birds on the bough (and Silesia *in*visible, except to oneself and two others).[2]

[1] *Œuvres* (siècle de Louis xv., c. 6), xxviii. 74.
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 25.

2. *Friedrich to Jordan, at Berlin.* 'Ruppin, 28th November'

* * 'Thy Miser' (Voltaire, now gone to Berlin, of whom Jordan is to send news, as of all things else), 'thy Miser shall drink to the lees of his insatiable desire (*sic*) to enrich himself: he shall have the 3,000 thalers (450*l.*). He was with me six days: that will be at the rate of 500 thalers (75*l.*) a day. That is paying dear for one's merry-andrew (*c'est bien payer un fou*); never had court-fool such wages before.'[1]

Which latter, also at first hand, shows us the seamy side. And here, finally, with date happily appended, is a poetic snatch, in Voltaire's exquisite style, which with the response gives us the medium view:

VOLTAIRE'S ADIEU ('*Billet de Congé*, 2 December 1740')

'*Non, malgré vos vertus, non, malgré vos appas,*
Mon âme n'est point satisfaite;
Non, vous n'êtes qu'une coquette,
Qui subjuguez les cœurs, et ne vous donnez pas.'

FRIEDRICH'S RESPONSE

'*Mon âme sent le prix de vos divins appas;*
Mais ne présumez point qu'elle soit satisfaite.
Traître, vous me quittez pour suivre une coquette;
Moi je ne vous quitterais pas.'[2]

—Meaning, perhaps, in brief English: *V.* 'Ah, you are but a beautiful coquette; you charm away our hearts, and do not give your own' (won't tell me your secret at all)! *F.* 'Treacherous Lothario, it is you that quit me for a coquette' (your divine Emilie; and won't stay here, and be of *my* Academy); 'but however—!'—Friedrich looked hopingly on the French, but could not give his secret except by degrees and with reciprocity. Some days hence he said to Marquis de Beauvau, in the Audience of leave, a word which was remembered.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. 72. Particulars of the money-payment (travelling expenses chiefly, rather exorbitant, and *this* journey added to the list; and no whisper of the considerable Van-Duren moneys, and copyright of *Anti-Macchiavel*, in abatement,) are in Rödenbeck, i. 27. Exact sum paid is 3,300 thalers; 2,000 a good while ago, 1,300 at this time, which settles the greedy bill.

[2] *Ibid.* (xiv. 167); *Œuvres de Voltaire*; etc. etc.

View of Friedrich behind the Veil

As to Friedrich himself, since about the middle of November his plans seem to have been definitely shaped out in all points; Troops so many, when to be on march, and how; no important detail uncertain since then. November 17th, he jots-down a little Note, which is to go to Vienna, were the due hour come, by a special Ambassador, one Count Gotter, acquainted with the ground there; and explain to her Hungarian Majesty, what his exact demands are, and what the exact services he will render. Of which important little Paper readers shall hear again. Gotter's demands are at first to be high: Our Four Duchies, due by law so long; these and even more, considering the important services we propose; this is to be his first word;—but, it appears, he is privately prepared to put-up with Two Duchies, if he can have them peaceably: Duchies of Sagan and Glogau, which are not of the Four at all, but which lie nearest us, and are far below the value of the Four, to Austria especially. This intricate point Friedrich has already settled in his mind. And indeed it is notably the habit of this young King to settle matters with himself in good time: and in regard to all manner of points, he will be found, on the day of bargaining about them, to have his own resolution formed and definitely fixed;—much to his advantage over conflicting parties, who have theirs still flying loose.

Another thing of much concernment is, To secure himself from danger of Russian interference. To this end, he despatches Major Winterfeld to Russia, a man well known to him;—day of Winterfeld's departure is not given; day of his arrival in Petersburg is '19th December' just coming. Russia, at present, is rather in a staggering condition; hopeful for Winterfeld's object. On the 28th of October last, only eight days after the Kaiser, Czarina Anne of Russia, she with the big cheek, once of Courland, had died; 'audacious Death,'

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as our poor friend had it, 'venturing upon another Crowned Head' there. Bieren, her dear Courlander, once little better than a Horse-groom, now Duke of Courland, Quasi-Husband to the late Big Cheek, and thereby sovereign of Russia, this long while past, is left Official Head in Russia. Poor little Anton Ulrich and his august Spouse, well enough known to us, have indeed produced a Czar Iwan, some months ago, to the joy of mankind: but Czar Iwan is in his cradle; Father and Mother's function is little other than to rock the cradle of Iwan; Bieren to be Regent and Autocrat over him and them in the interim. To their chagrin, to that of Feldmarschall Münnich and many others: the upshot of which will be visible before long. Czarina Anne's death had seemed to Friedrich the opportune removal of a dangerous neighbour, known to be in the pay of Austria: here now are new mutually hostile parties springing up; chance, surely, of a bargain with some of them? He despatches Winterfeld on this errand;—probably the fittest man in Prussia for it. How soon and perfectly Winterfeld succeeded, and what Winterfeld was, and something of what a Russia he found it, we propose to mention by and by.

These, and all points of importance, Friedrich has settled with himself some time ago. What his own private thoughts on the Silesian Adventure are, readers will wish to know, since they can at first hand. Hear Friedrich himself, whose veracity is unquestionable to such as know anything of him:

'This Silesian Project fulfilled all his (the King's) political views,'—summed them all well up into one head. 'It was a means of acquiring reputation; of increasing the power of the State; and of terminating what concerned that long-litigated question of the Berg-Jülich Succession;'—can be sure of getting that, at lowest; intends to give that up, if necessary.

'Meanwhile, before entirely determining, the King weighed the risks there were in undertaking such a War, and the advantages that were to be hoped from it. On one side, presented itself the potent house of Austria, not likely to want resources with so many vast Provinces under it; an Emperor's Daughter attacked, who would naturally find allies in

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the King of England, in the Dutch Republic, and so many Princes of the Empire who had signed the Pragmatic Sanction.' Russia was,—or had been, and might again be,—in the pay of Vienna. Saxony might have some clippings from Bohemia thrown to it, and so be gained over. Scanty Harvest, 1740, threatened difficulties as to provisioning of troops. 'The risks were great. One had to apprehend the vicissitudes of war. A single battle lost might be decisive. The King had no allies; and his troops, hitherto without experience, would have to front old Austrian soldiers, grown gray in harness, and trained to war by so many campaigns.

'On the other side were hopeful considerations,'—four in number: *First*, Weak condition of the Austrian court, Treasury empty, War-Apparatus broken in pieces; inexperienced young Princess to defend a disputed succession, on those terms. *Second*, There *will* be allies; France and England always in rivalry, both meddling in these matters, King is sure to get either the one or the other. *Third*, Silesian War lies handy to us, and is the only kind of Offensive War that does; Country bordering on our frontier, and with the Oder running through it as a sure high-road for everything. *Fourth*, 'What suddenly turned the balance,' or at least what kept it steady in that posture,—'news of the Czarina's death arrives:' Russia has ceased to count against us; and become a manageable quantity. On, therefore!—

'Add to these reasons,' says the King, with a candour which has not been well treated in the History Books, 'Add to these reasons, an Army ready for acting; Funds, Supplies all found' (lying barrelled in the Schloss at Berlin);—'and perhaps the desire of making oneself a name,' from which few mortals able to achieve it are exempt in their young time: 'all this was cause of the War which the King now entered upon.'[1]

'Desire to make himself a name; how shocking!' exclaim several Historians. 'Candour of confession that he may have had some such desire; how honest!' is what they do not exclaim. As to the justice of his Silesian Claims, or even to his own belief about their justice, Friedrich affords not the least light which can be new to readers here. He speaks, when business requires it, of 'those known rights' of his, and with the air of a man who expects to be believed on his word; but it is cursorily, and in the business way only; and there is not here or elsewhere the least pleading:—a man, you would say,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (Histoire de mon Temps), i. 128.

considerably indifferent to our belief on that head; his eye set on the practical merely. 'Just rights? What are rights, never so just, which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If you have rights and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth doing!'—

We must add two Notes, two small absinthine drops, bitter but wholesome, administered by him to the Old Dessauer, whose gloomy wonder over all this military whirl of Prussian things, and discontent that he, lately the head authority, has never once been spoken to on it, have been great. Guessing, at last, that it was meant for Austria, a Power rather dear to Leopold, he can suppress himself no longer; but breaks out into Cassandra prophesyings, which have piqued the young King, and provoke this return:

1. '*Reinsberg, 24th November* 1740.—I have received your Letter, and seen with what inquietude you view the approaching march of my Troops. I hope you will set your mind at ease on that score; and wait with patience what I intend with them and you. I have made all my dispositions; and Your Serenity will learn, time enough, what my orders are, without disquieting yourself about them, as nothing has been forgotten or delayed.'—FRIEDRICH.

Old Dessauer, cut to the bone, perceives he will have to quit that method and never resume it; writes next how painful it is to an old General to see himself neglected, as if good for nothing, while his scholars are allowed to gather laurels. Friedrich's answer is of soothing character:

2. '*Berlin, 2d December* 1740.—You may be assured I honour your merits and capacity as a young Officer ought to honour an old one, who has given the world so many proofs of his talent (*Dexterität*); nor will I neglect Your Serenity on any occasion when you can help me by your good counsel and coöperation.' But it is a mere 'bagatelle' this that I am now upon; though, next year, it may become serious.

For the rest, Saxony being a neighbour whose intentions one does not know, I have privately purposed Your Serenity should keep an outlook that way, in my absence. Plenty of employment coming for Your Serenity. 'But as to this present Expedition, I reserve it for myself

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alone; that the world may not think the King of Prussia marches with a Tutor to the Field.'—FRIEDRICH.[1]

And therewith Leopold, eagerly complying, has to rest satisfied; and beware of too much freedom with this young King again.

'Berlin, December 2d,' is the date of that last Note to the Dessauer; date also of Voltaire's *Adieu* with the *Response*;—on which same day, 'Friday December 2d,' as I find from the Old Books, his Majesty, quitting the Reinsberg sojourn, 'had arrived in Berlin about 2 P.M.; accompanied by Prince August Wilhelm' (betrothed at Brunswick lately); 'such a crowd on the streets as if they had never seen him before.' He continued at Berlin or in the neighbourhood thenceforth. Busy days these; and Berlin a much whispering City, as Regiment after Regiment marches away. King soon to follow, as is thought,—'who himself sometimes deigns to take the Regiments into highest own eyeshine *höchst-eigenen Augenschein*' (that is, to review them), say the reverential Editors. December 6th—But let us follow the strict sequence of Phenomena at Berlin.

Excellency Botta has Audience; then Excellency Dickens, and others: December 6th, the Mystery is out

Of course her Hungarian Majesty, and her Bartensteins and Ministries, heard enough of those Prussian rumours, interior Military activities, and enigmatic movements; but they seem strangely supine on the matter; indeed, they seem strangely supine on such matters; and lean at ease upon the Sea-Powers, upon Pragmatic Sanction and other Laws of Nature. But at length even they become painfully interested as to Friedrich's intentions; and despatch an Envoy to sift him a little: an expert Marchese di Botta, Genoese by birth, skilful in the Russian and other intricacies; who was here at Berlin lately, doing the Accession Compliment (rather ill

[1] Orlich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i. 38, 39.

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received at that time), and is fit for the job. Perhaps Botta will penetrate him? That is becoming desirable, in spite of the gay Private Theatricals at Reinsberg, and the Berlin Carnival Balls he is so occupied with.

England is not less interested, and the diligent Sir Guy is doing his best; but can make out nothing satisfactory;—much the reverse indeed; and falls into angry black anticipations. 'Nobody here, great or small,' says his Excellency, 'dares make any representation to this young Prince against the measures he is pursuing; though all are sensible of the confusion which must follow. A Prince who had the least regard to honour, truth and justice, could not act the part he is going to do.' Alas, no, Excellency Dickens! 'But it is plain his only view was, to deceive us all, and conceal for a while his ambitious and mischievous designs.'[1] 'Never was such dissimulation!' exclaims the Diplomatic world everywhere, being angered at it, as if it were a vice on the part of a King about to invade Silesia. Dissimulation, if that mean mendacity, is not the name of the thing; it is the art of wearing a polite cloak of darkness, and the King is little disturbed what name they call it.

Botta did not get to Berlin till December 1st, had no Audience till the 5th;—by which time it is becoming evident to Excellency Dickens, and to everybody, that Silesia is the thing meant. Botta hints as much in that first Audience, December 5th: 'Terrible roads, those Silesian ones, your Majesty!' says Botta, as if historically merely, but with a glance of the eye. 'Hm,' answers his Majesty in the same tone, 'the worst that comes of them is a little mud!'—Next day, Dickens had express Audience, 'Berlin, Tuesday 6th': a smartish, somewhat flurried Colloquy with the King; which, well abridged, may stand as follows:

Dickens. * * 'Indivisibility of the Austrian Monarchy, Sire!'—*King.* 'Indivisibility? What do you mean?'—*Dickens.* 'The maintenance of

[1] Despatch, 29th November—3d December 1740; Raumer, p. 58.

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the Pragmatic Sanction.'—*King.* 'Do you intend to support it? I hope not; for such is not my intention.' ('There is for you!) * * *

Dickens. 'England and Holland will much wonder at the measures your Majesty was taking, at the moment when your Majesty proposed to join with them, and were making friendly proposals!' (Has been a deceitful man, Sir Guy, at least an impenetrable;—but this latter is rather strong on your part!) 'What shall I write to England?' ('When I mentioned this,' says Dickens, 'the King grew red in the face,' eyes considerably flashing, I should think.)

King. 'You can have no instructions to ask that question! And if you had, I have an answer ready for you. England has no right to inquire into my designs. Your great Sea-Armaments, did I ask you any questions about them? No; I was and am silent on that head; only wishing you good luck, and that you may not get beaten by the Spaniards.' (Dickens hastily draws-in his rash horns again; after a pass or two, King's natural colour returns.) * *

King. 'Austria as a Power is necessary against the Turks. But in Germany, what need of Austria being so superlative? Why should not, say, Three Electors united be able to oppose her? * * * Monsieur, I find it is your notion in England, as well as theirs in France, to bring other Sovereigns under your tutorage, and lead them about. Understand that I will not be led by either. * * Tush, *you* are like the Athenians, who, when Philip of Macedon was ready to invade them, spent their time in haranguing!'

Dickens. * * 'Berg and Jülich, if we were to guarantee them?'—*King.* 'Hm. Don't so much mind that Rhine Country: difficulties there,—Dutch always jealous of one. But, on the other Frontier, neither England nor Holland could take umbrage,'—points clearly to Silesia, then, your Excellency Dickens?[1]

Alas, yes! Troops and military equipments are, for days past, evidently wending towards Frankfurt, towards Crossen, and even the Newspapers now hint that something is on hand in that quarter. Nay, this same day, *Tuesday 6th December*, there has come out brief Official Announcement, to all the Foreign Ministers at Berlin, Excellency Dickens among them, 'That his Royal Majesty, our most all-gracious Herr, has taken the resolution to advance a Body of Troops into Schlesien,'—rather out of friendly views towards Austria (much business lying between us about Schlesien), not out of

[1] Raumer (from State-Paper Office), pp. 63, 64.

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hostile views by any means, as all Excellencies shall assure their respective Courts.[1] Announcement which had thrown the Excellency Dickens into such a frame of mind, before he got his Audience today!—

Saturday following, which was December 10th, Marquis de Beauvau had his Audience of leave; intending for Paris shortly: Audience very gracious; covertly hinting, on both sides, more than it said; ending in these words, on the King's side, which have become famous: 'Adieu, then, M. le Marquis. I believe I am going to play your game; if the aces fall to me, we will share (*Je vais, je crois, jouer votre jeu: si les as me viennent, nous partagerons*)!'[2]

To Botta, all this while, Friedrich strove to be specially civil; took him out to Charlottenburg, that same Saturday, with the Queen and other guests; but Botta, and all the world, being now certain about Silesia, and that no amount of mud, or other terror on the roads, would be regarded, Botta's thoughts in this evening party are not of cheerful nature. Next day, Sunday December 11th, he too gets his Audience of leave; and cannot help bursting-out, when the King plainly tells him what is now afoot, and that the Prussian Ambassador has got instructions what to offer upon it at Vienna. 'Sire, you are going to ruin the House of Austria,' cried Botta, 'and to plunge yourself into destruction (*vous abîmer*) at the same time!'—'Depends on the Queen,' said Friedrich, 'to accept the Offers I have made her.' Botta sank silent, seemed to reflect, but gathering himself again, added with an ironical air and tone of voice, 'They are fine Troops, those of yours, Sire. Ours have not the same splendour of appearance; but they have looked the wolf in the face. Think, I conjure you, what you are getting into!' Friedrich answered with vivacity, a little nettled at the ironical tone of Botta, and his mixed sympathy and menace: 'You find my troops are beautiful; perhaps I shall convince you they are good too.'

[1] Copy of the Paper in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 447.

[2] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Siècle de Louis XV. c. 6), xxviii. 74.

12th Dec. 1740]
Yes, Excellency Botta, goodish troops; and very capable 'to look the wolf in the face,'—or perhaps in the tail too, before all end! 'Botta urged and entreated that at least there should be some delay in executing this project. But the King gave him to understand that it was now too late, and that the Rubicon was passed.'[1]

The secret is now out, therefore; Invasion of Silesia certain and close at hand. 'A day or two before marching,' may have been this very day when Botta got his audience, the King assembled his Chief Generals, all things ready out in the Frankfurt-Crossen region yonder; and spoke to them as follows; briefly and to the point:

'Gentlemen, I am undertaking a War, in which I have no allies but your valour and your goodwill. My cause is just; my resources are what we ourselves can do; and the issue lies in Fortune. Remember continually the glory which your Ancestors acquired in the plains of Warsaw, at Fehrbellin, and in the Expedition to Preussen' (across the Frische Haf on ice, that time). 'Your lot is in your own hands: distinctions and rewards wait upon your fine actions which shall merit them.

'But what need have I to excite you to glory? It is the one thing you keep before your eyes; the sole object worthy of your labours. We are going to front troops who, under Prince Eugene, had the highest reputation. Though Prince Eugene is gone, we shall have to measure our strength against brave soldiers: the greater will be the honour if we can conquer. Adieu, go forth. I will follow you straightway, to the rendezvous of glory which awaits us.'[2]

Masked Ball, at Berlin, 12th-13th December

On the evening of Monday 12th, there was, as usual, Masked (or Half-Masked) Ball, at the Palace. As usual; but this time it has become mentionable in World-History. Bielfeld, personally interested, gives us a vivid Glance into it; —which, though pretending to be real and contemporaneous, is unfortunately *mythical* only, and done at a great interval of

[1] Friedrich's own Account (*Œuvres*, ii. 57).
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 58.

years (dates, and even slight circumstances of fact, refusing to conform);—which, however, for the truth there is in it, we will give, as better than nothing. Bielfeld's pretended date is, 'Berlin, 15th December;' should have been 14th,—wrong by a day, after one's best effort!

'*Berlin, 15th December* 1740. As for me, dear Sister, I am like a shuttlecock whom the Kings of Prussia and of England hit with their rackets, and knock to and fro. The night before last, I was at the Palace Evening Party (*Assemblée*); which is a sort of Ball, where you go in domino, but without mask on the face. The Queen was there, and all the Court. About eight o'clock the King also made his appearance. His Majesty, noticing M. de G * *' (that is *de Guidiken*, or Guy Dickens), 'English Minister, addressed him; led him into the embrasure of a window, and talked alone with him for more than an hour' (uncertain, probably apocryphal this). 'I threw, from time to time, a stolen glance at this dialogue, which appeared to me to be very lively. A moment after, being just dancing with Madame the Countess de—*Three-Asterisks*,—I felt myself twitched by the domino; and turning, was much surprised to see that it was the King; who took me aside, and said, "Are your boots oiled (*Vos bottes sont-elles graissées*, Are you ready for a journey)?' I replied, "Sire, they will always be so for your Majesty's service."—"Well, then, Truchsess and you are for England; the day after to-morrow you go. Speak to M. de Podewils!"—This was said like a flash of lightning. His Majesty passed into another apartment; and I, I went to finish my minuet with the Lady; who had been not less astonished to see me disappear from her eyes, in the middle of the dance, than I was at what the King said to me.'[1] Next morning, I—

The fact is, next morning, Truchsess and I began preparation for the Court of London,—and we did there, for many months afterwards, strive our best to keep the Britannic Majesty in some kind of tune, amid the prevailing discord of events;—fact interesting to some. And the other fact, interesting to everybody, though Bielfeld has not mentioned it, is, That King Friedrich, the same next morning, punctually 'at the stroke of 9,' rolled away Frankfurt-ward,—into the First Silesian War! Tuesday '13th December, this morning, the King, privately quitting the Ball, has gone' (after some

[1] Bielfeld, i. 167, 168.

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little snatch of sleep, we will hope) 'for Frankfurt, to put himself at the head of his Troops.'[1] Bellona his companion for long years henceforth, instead of Minerva and the Muses, as he had been anticipating.

Hereby is like to be fulfilled (except that Friedrich himself is perhaps this 'little stone') what Friedrich prophesied to his Voltaire, the day after hearing of the Kaiser's Death: 'I believe there will, by June next, be more talk of cannon, soldiers, trenches, than of actresses, and dancers for the ballet. This small Event changes the entire system of Europe. It is the little stone which Nebuchadnezzar saw, in his dream, loosening itself, and rolling down on the Image made of Four Metals, which it shivers to ruin.'[2]

[1] Dickens (in State-Paper Office), 13th December 1740; see also *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 452; etc. etc.

[2] Friedrich to Voltaire, busy gathering actors at that time, 26th Oct. 1740 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 49).

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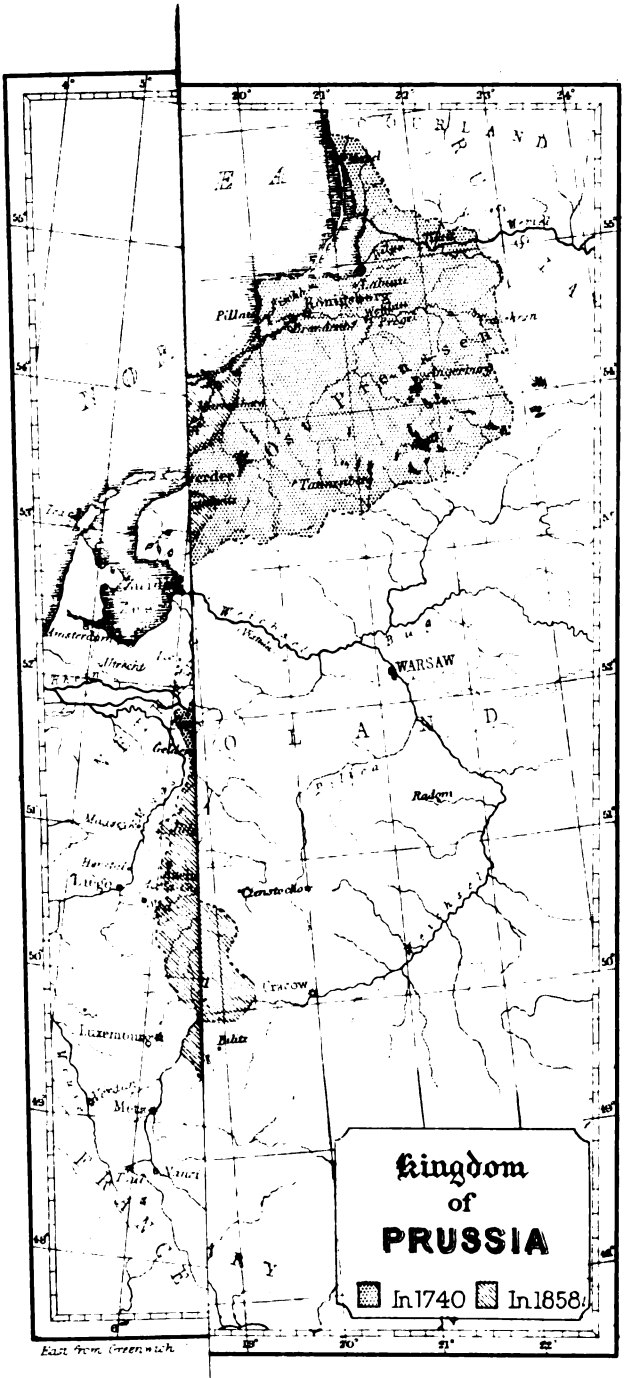
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